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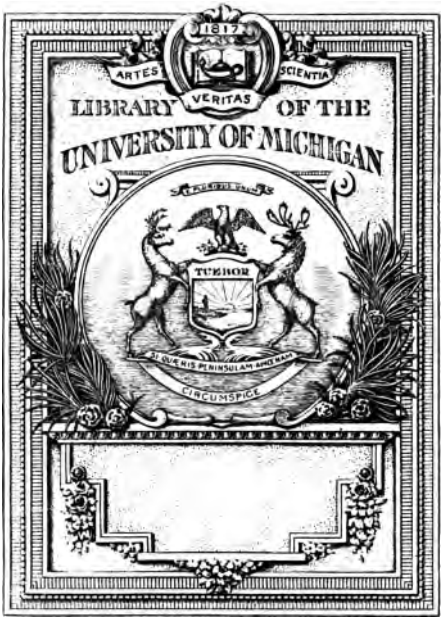
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The Worthies of Westmorland:

OR,

NOTABLE PERSONS BORN IN THAT COUNTY

SINCE

The Reformation.

BY

GEORGE ATKINSON, Esq.,
Barrister-at-Law.

"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN."

London:
J. ROBINSON, 40, HIGH HOLBORN.

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LONDON:

GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,

ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

535636-128

To

Lady Musgrave,

of

Bartley Castle and Eden Hall,

These Presents come

Greeting.

John Barwick.

CHAPLAIN TO HIS MAJESTY KING CHARLES THE SECOND;
DEAN AND PREBENDARY OF THE CATHEDRAL AT DURHAM;
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON;
PROLOCUTOR OF THE HOUSE OF CONVOCATION IN THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY;
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ETC.*

1612—1664.

"Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of Conscience, King, and Nation."

ALLAN RAMSAY.

GIBBON, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," writes thus:—"Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest

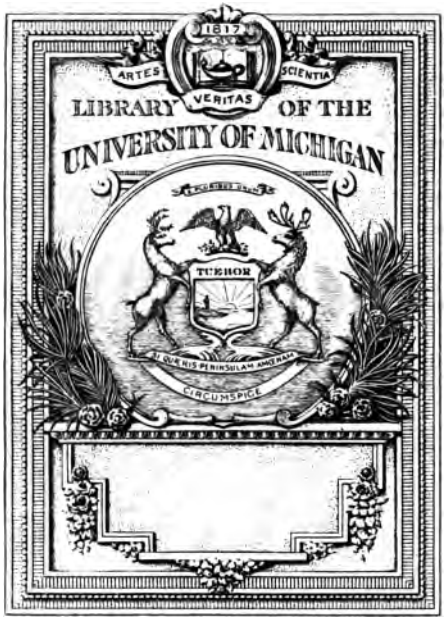
* See his Life, written in Latin by his brother, Dr. Peter Barwick; translated into English, with Appendix of Letters from King Charles I. in his confinement; from Charles II. and the Earl of Clarendon in exile; published from originals in St. John's College, Cambridge, 12mo. London, 1724.

scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate, without an indignant smile, that on the father's decease the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself; and that the bravest warriors and the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees and protestations of inviolable fidelity! Satire and declamation may paint these obvious topics in their most dazzling colours; but our more serious thoughts will respect a useful prejudice, that establishes a rule of succession, independent of the passions of mankind: and we shall cheerfully acquiesce in any expedient, which deprives the multitude of the dangerous power of giving themselves a master. . . . . The superior prerogative of birth, when it has obtained the sanction of time and popular opinion, is the plainest and least invidious of all distinctions among mankind: the acknowledged right extinguishes the hopes of faction, and the conscious security disarms the cruelty of the monarch." He that regards monarchical principles in state policy, as Gibbon did, will say that John Barwick was a great and worthy man; on the other hand, he that prefers a democratic form of government, may condemn him as a bigot, or as a traitor to Liberty. There are, however, some noble traits in his character, to which none will refuse their praise; we mean his Christian fortitude, his uncommon

piety, his manly bearing under fanatic persecutions, his honesty, his self-denial, and his steady devotion to the fallen fortunes of the Stuarts. Again, with the exception of General Monk, no man took so active a part in the Restoration; and we except the commander of the forces out of deference to general history, rather than from any well-grounded conviction of our own, that Barwick acted an inferior part in that great drama: for he, who by a bold and decisive stroke of arms or policy finishes a campaign, may gather all the fruits of it; yet the head that planned it is, in truth and justice, oft entitled to as great, if not to a greater share of the prize-money. Even if Barwick is to be measured by Monk's shadow, he is then a man of no mean stature. He had not, upon the restoration of the Stuarts, the honours and rewards equal to those of the General, or to his deserving, only because he would not have them. Like the northern apostle, he refused a bishoprick; and, upon all occasions, preferred the advancement of others to his own aggrandisement.

John Barwick was born in 1612, at Witherslack. He was the third son of George and Jane Barwick. Her maiden name was Barrow. *Ex parte paternâ*, he was a descendant of the ancient family of the Barwicks of Fair Rigg, near the little village of Staveley, in the north part of Lancashire.

Dr. Peter Barwick, who wrote the life of his brother, says that his brothers Nicholas and William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words to blows, Barwick took a decided and active part for the King. He, in concert with the most considerable of the King's friends in the university, took care to transmit to him money and plate. But this could not be effected without first outwitting Cromwell, who had been apprized of their design by some of the townsmen of Cambridge (by whose interest he had been chosen M.P. for that town), and with a disorderly band of peasants on foot lay in wait for the rich booty at a place called Lowler Hedges, between Cambridge and Huntingdon. But Barwick and some other select persons of the university, to whose care and prudence the management of this important affair was committed, having got intelligence of Cromwell's waylaying them, sent away the Royal supply through bye-roads, convoyed by a small party of horse, that very night in which Cromwell with his foot beset the common road; or else the spoil had the next morning certainly fallen into his hands. This took place in August, 1642. It arrived safe at Nottingham Castle.

How exasperated Cromwell was at the failure of his counterplot, what barbarities were then committed, the public edifices, the libraries, the walks, and college grounds, still bear lasting marks; not to speak of the personal cruelties inflicted upon the aged and venerable professors of Divinity and Law.

Barwick, together with others of the university, each taking a particular account of the sufferings of his own college, gave a distinct narrative of all

these barbarities, under the title of "*Querela Cantabrigiensis*, or the University of Cambridge's Complaint." Barwick had also published another work, written by him and some others, against the National Covenant, entitled "Certain Disquisitions," &c.: but his enemies having got intelligence of it, sent their messengers unexpectedly to the press, and seizing upon the impression, committed it immediately to the flames; yet some few copies of it, privately concealed by the booksellers, were saved.

After this vindication of the Royal cause, those who were the authors of it, with several others of the university, men of great learning and piety, being turned out of their colleges, repaired to the Royal camp; but Mr. Barwick went to London, the chief garrison of the Parliamentarians, and there concealed himself. This was probably towards the end of the year 1643; for amongst the *Gratiæ concessæ* of the University of Cambridge, Feb. 29, 1643, there is a grant of their letters testimonial to him under their public seal, which seem to have been taken out to secure his character, and recommend him to the world. This was the month before *ejectments* began there. Here he had the management of the King's affairs, and carried on a private correspondence betwixt London and Oxford, where the King's head-quarters were. That he might carry on this negociation with more safety and convenience, he got into the family of Dr. Morton, Lord Bishop of Durham. He was thus

always furnished with a true as well as a convenient answer, (if he should be questioned what business he had in London,) that he performed the office of chaplain to that most reverend prelate.

The means he took of bringing over the Earl of Pembroke and others, and of communicating with the Royal camp; the varied fortunes of the unhappy monarch and his family; the base treachery of the Scotch; the conduct of Joyce; the divisions of the army and parliament; are too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say, that Barwick was the centre of all that concerned the Royal cause—the mainspring of every movement; and with such caution did he act, that few knew of or suspected his designs. The King placed every confidence in him: and well he might, for he never had any one who discharged his trust with greater prudence, more fidelity, or with better success. After the King had been surprised at Holmby Castle, and carried to the army's head-quarters, he enjoyed a greater degree of personal liberty, and was allowed to see his friends more frequently; Barwick especially was often with him, and was of great service to the Royal cause in attempting to reconcile many in Parliament, and especially some of the chief citizens of London.

But now both parties make preparations for war: on one side the veteran soldiers against the Parliament (their masters); on the other the Parliament, with some new raised forces of the citizens, against

their own hired soldiers; each party pretending a very honourable cause of war; the one to take arms for the King and Parliament, the other for the King and people. His Majesty, in the mean time, commanded Barwick to put himself into a lay habit, and, with a sword by his side, to join that expedition which Cromwell's party were making towards London, with a pretence of fighting under their banners; but in reality, that from a careful observation of their behaviour and acclamations, he might inform himself how both the common soldiers and their officers stood affected towards the King and their country, and give an account thereof to his Majesty. He accompanied this expedition in the character suggested, and found the common soldiers well disposed towards the King.

On his arrival in London, he became chaplain to Dr. Morton, as we have said before, and mainly lived in his house until his arrest in 1650.

By the course of events, we now find the King at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. By the assistance of a Mr. Cresset, his Majesty securely deposited a cypher with Barwick in London, and through whose hands every week he sent him his commands, all written with his own hand in secret characters, to be interpreted only by that cypher, and as often received back his answers to be explained also thereby: of this cypher the King kept a copy hid in a crack of the wall: but Barwick often rode to Carisbrook to see the King. He used to say,

which is remarkable, that he had gone from London to the Isle of Wight in *one* day, and returned thence to London in the same space of time, without being tired.

His Royal Master is at length hurried away to the scaffold. On this sad occasion Barwick (among others) did not despair of the restoration of the monarchy, but resolved to employ the same endeavours, and that, with the same hazard of his life, for the cause, now it was evidently ruined, which he had hitherto used in its behalf, when it was only tottering and in danger. But while he was doing this, he became very ill, harassed with a continual cough, followed by spitting of blood. Yet this distemper did not interrupt the daily correspondence with the King's ministers, now in exile with their new master King Charles II. But his brothers, Dr. Peter Barwick and Edward, at length with some difficulty prevailed upon him to allow the latter to go to the post-office for letters, and to carry on the correspondence; but he had hardly executed this office two months, before one Bostock, who belonged to the post-office, treacherously delivered up both the brothers, John and Edward, into the hands of the Cromwellians, together with some letters that came from the King's ministers abroad. The letters were addressed to a feigned name, viz., to Mr. James Van Delft, Dutch merchant in London. A little before this imprisonment, so ill had he been, that he had prepared himself a burying-place, where

according to the rites of the Church of England, then almost everywhere abolished, he might by his friends be decently interred, as he expected to be very soon. But, being detected, they were hurried away to an examination before those in power. Both the brothers, the elder as found guilty of high treason, the younger as suspected of it, by a warrant of the 9th of April, 1650, signed by Bradshaw, President of the new republic, were sent to the Gate-house at Westminster, where they were both treated with much hardship and indignity. After a few weeks, however, Edward, when almost destroyed with cold and hunger, as being the less offender of the two (in the opinion of those who used them so cruelly) and only employed by his brother, was let out of prison, upon security given to return thither on their first summons. But from the barbarous treatment he had undergone, he soon after died.

John had hardly been three days confined, when he was again brought to examination, and threatened with the torture; from which, it seems, he only escaped because his emaciated and consumptive frame did not seem worth the trouble. But they committed him to another prison: by a warrant under Bradshaw's own hand, dated the 12th of April, 1650, they committed him to the custody of West, Lieutenant of the Tower of London; giving this reason for changing his prison, and confining him in the Tower, that he might be nearer to the rack. It was on Good Friday that all this was done, as

we find noted by him in his diary. West executed his masters' orders with many refinements of cruelty; the very light of heaven being only admitted through crevices he had not found. Out of the sum of 1000*l.* at that time generously contributed to his Majesty's subsistence by the Lady Savile, the King ordered 200*l.* to be immediately employed for Barwick's relief, and made every effort for his release. Barwick himself, of the recovery of whose health the physicians had long since despaired, thought it a matter of little moment whether he drew his last breath in a free or a close air; but, strange to tell, while almost without light, air, and the common necessaries of life, he recovered, "throve daily, and grew fatter." There had now passed fifteen months, in which it had been accounted a crime to salute him so much as at the prison doors. At last, however, Mr. Otway, with a few others of Gray's Inn, both his and Barwick's intimate acquaintance, went boldly to Bradshaw, (himself also a Bencher of that Inn,) and begged that he and they might have leave to visit and relieve him as far as it was in their power. Bradshaw broke out into the most bitter invectives against him, calling him an enemy and pest of the Commonwealth, subtle artificer of mischief, and the like. They declared, that as to his principles of government, if he had offended, they came not to intercede for him; that they had always looked upon him as a person of great goodness, piety, and sincerity, of an unblamable life, and

worthy of the kindness and friendship of all good men; and all that they desired at present was, that now he was in so much need of it, they might be permitted to renew their old acquaintance with him, who on many accounts was most dear to them, and in that his distress might afford him any relief which he desired, and they were able to give him. Otway was, at length, allowed to go to West, by a warrant under Bradshaw's hand. He hastened to West with the warrant, and found him very ready to comply therewith: for, said he, there is nothing I desire more than to do Mr. Barwick those good offices which I have been hitherto restrained from doing him by my masters at the helm: nor could any good man but love and admire him, as a wonderful example of Christian piety, if he were not such an enemy to the present government. With what joy he and his friend Mr. Otway embraced each other at this first so long desired meeting, is not easy to express.

This Christian patience and unwearied piety made such an impression upon Browne, the Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower, who under West had the chief care of the whole prison, that he was very forward to do him all the good offices in his power. Browne was with his wife and family daily at prayers with him, received the sacrament from his hands, brought his child to be baptized by him according to the rites of the Church of England, and indeed became so thorough a penitent, that he

would no longer serve under the Commonwealth, but soon after returned to his own trade, that of a cabinet-maker, as more honest, though less gainful. The godfathers at this christening were two Scotch noblemen, Lord Ogilby and Lord Spiney, and the godmother the wife of General David Lesley, commander of the Scotch horse, who, having formerly served with the Parliamentarians, at length coming over to the King's side, was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. West, too, who not long since so officiously guarded him, and treated him with more rigour and severity even than he could justify from express orders, was now so much softened, that he was as ready to do him all offices of humanity, as Browne was those of duty and religion.

After having now suffered two years and four months' close confinement, without being ever brought to trial, they at last discharged him, namely, on the 7th of August, 1652, on giving security to appear and take his trial, if summoned within twelve months. After his release he visited his parents, Dr. Morton, Lady Savile, Sir Thomas Ersfield, and other friends.

The twelve months expired, within which he had given security to appear, and no indictment against him, he went to Bradshaw, whom Cromwell had now turned out, to consult with him what was to be done, in order to get his bond cancelled; since it ought to lay him under no farther obligation to the Commonwealth, now changed into a new tyranny.

Bradshaw received him with great courtesy and civility, and professed himself willing to do him any good office even with Cromwell himself, if he had interest enough with him. "But, sir," says he, "there is no occasion that you should be very solicitous about this matter; for such papers are either all lost, or otherwise lie in so much disorder and confusion, that they are never like to give trouble to any one." Hence he took occasion to express himself with great bitterness against Cromwell, but spoke as respectfully of the Royal authority exercised within those bounds prescribed by the laws, as if he had had a mind to return into favour with Kings. "But you cavaliers," says he, smiling, "must needs laugh in your sleeves at our dissensions, and the struggle there is amongst us, who shall have the government; and promise your King, not without reason, great advantages from our disagreement."

He now dwelt with his brother Peter, who was lately come to London to practise physic. He lived in St. Paul's Church Yard, where, on the 8th of May, 1661, the Bishop of London (Sheldon), and other of the bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c., met in the morning, and proceeded thence to the cathedral, and began the first session of the Convocation for revising the Book of Common Prayer. At this time he supplied Dr. Bramhall (the learned Bishop of Derry) with materials, from the lips of Dr. Mor-

ton, for refuting the Nagg's Head Ordination of Bishops; as that prelate effectually did.

Cromwell was now dead; and in consequence of his successor's unwillingness or inability to act his father's part in the affairs of state, the Royal cause began to assume a fresh and bold appearance. Barwick was still the centre of every motion towards a restoration. Charles was in daily correspondence with him, and he with the leading men of the Royal party. Barwick, by his Majesty's direction, desired Otway to take a journey into Scotland, and prevail with his brother-in-law, Colonel Clobery, to endeavour by all means possible to bring over Monk to the King's interest. Otway most willingly undertook it, and performed the journey at his own expense. It was at this time (July 21, 1659) that Charles wrote, by the suggestion of Barwick, to General Monk. The letter was sent enclosed to Sir John Grenville, Bart., afterwards Earl of Bath, and by him transmitted to the general by his own brother, Nicholas Monk, afterwards Bishop of Hereford. What success this plan, suggested by Barwick, had, is too well known to need any remark. Monk was brought over, and the House of Stuart restored to the throne.

When General Monk had openly declared himself in favour of monarchy, Barwick was sent by the bishops to the King, then at Breda, to give him an account of the Church, and to receive his com-

mands respecting his landing and the like. He preached there before the King, and was made one of his chaplains. He obtained for his friend Otway* the Vice-Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, it seems, had previously been granted to him; and he presented many petitions for other adherents to the Royal cause. No petition seems to have been refused. The universities and cathedrals were, at his request and under his direction, restored to their original rights; the generals were ennobled; individuals promoted in Church and State; amongst others, his friend and benefactor, Thomas Fothergill, (his tutor in Cambridge,) was advanced to a prebendal stall in the Cathedral of York, and he himself to the Deanery of Durham†. Dr. Morton (now dead) had, while Barwick was his chaplain, not only given him a prebendal stall in Durham Cathedral, but also the rectory of Wolsingham, and the rectory of Houghton. He seems to have held the deanery and this rectory about one year; within the short time he was at Durham he seems effectually to have restored the cathedral, its revenues, and services, and to have left it much regretted. He resigned them at a great personal sacrifice, at the desire of his Majesty, for the Deanery of St. Paul's, London.

He undertook his new charge, the Deanery of St.

* Afterwards Sir John Otway.

† Surtees' Hist. of Durham, 157, tit. Houghton-le-Spring and Wolsingham. Ib. c. iii. (n.)

Paul's, in October, 1661. He found the fabric, service, and revenues of the cathedral in as deplorable a condition as he had found those of Durham. To the restoration of them he applied himself as earnestly as before, and the like success crowned his exertions.

While so engaged, he was called to the highest degree in the order of Presbyters in our Church—to the Prolocutorship of the Convocation. Our fellow-countryman, Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, held this high office; an office which may, by another name, be called the Speakership of the House of Convocation; the Prolocutor being, like the Speakers of the Houses of Lords and Commons, the first man in it. Westmoreland can boast, then, amongst other things, of having had *two* Prolocutors of the House of Convocation! Can any other county do so?

Before this, however, his Majesty had appointed him one of the nine assistants to the twelve bishops commissioned to hold a conference with the like number of Presbyterian ministers upon the review of the Liturgy; this conference was held at the Bishop of London's lodgings in the Savoy.

Before we bring his life to a close, we must also mention the fact that the Earl of Derby offered him the Bishoprick of Man, and he refused it.

He wrote the life of Bishop Morton; there is a funeral sermon by him prefixed to it. The life of his friend and benefactor is well written.

His D.D. degree in Cambridge (by mandate) bears date the 21st June, 1660. He was also admitted *ad eundem* in Oxford; his B.D. there bearing date the 21st February, 1645*.

About the end of November, 1662, from over-exerting himself in the discharge of his duties, he relapsed into his old distemper, and was confined to his chamber. From this he might, perhaps, have recovered, but he would on Christmas Day officiate at the altar; and the consequence was a most violent cough, which disturbed him day and night, "followed," as Dr. Peter Barwick tells us, "with an excessive discharge of blood from his breast, in such quantities as filled whole basins." He had lately taken the rectory of Therfield in Hertfordshire, and wished to retire thither, but was induced to go to Chiswick, to the house of the Rev. Thomas Elborow, the vicar of Chiswick, and formerly one of the dean's pupils in Cambridge. For a while the change of air and rest from business had a good effect; but, on some occasion, having returned to London, he was seized with his usual efflux of blood, and in three days he died. His death took place on the 22nd of October, 1664, and in the 53rd year of his age. Dr. Hencham (Bishop of London) read the service over his departed friend; and Dr. Gunning (Bishop of Chichester) preached the funeral sermon. He made Dr. Peter Barwick the executor of his will, and left him with the rest of his

* Wood's Fasti, 50. Ib. 691.

relatives and friends small legacies. He left in ready money 40*l.* to Sedbergh School, and 300*l.* to St. John's College, Cambridge, and 100*l.* to St. Paul's Church: these three sums to be employed in the repairs of all those public buildings, besides 500*l.* which he had given to St. Paul's before. He likewise procured an estate of 50*l.* a year, belonging to the church, but formerly alienated to secular uses, to be redeemed for about 700*l.* paid down, with the greatest part of which revenue he added to the poor endowment of the chapel of Witherslack an augmentation of 30*l.* a year; and the fabric being almost ruined with age, and the injuries of the civil war, he rebuilt it. The surplusage of that estate every year he ordered to be employed either in mending the highways, or in instructing the sons of the poorer sort, or in marrying their daughters that wanted portions, the better to preserve their chastity. Thus, for the most part, he disposed of all he had, either in ready money by him, or in such debts as there would be no great difficulty to get in. The residue of his estate, by reason of the doubtful credit of some of his debtors, and the less doubtful indigence of others, he could not reduce to any just estimate. But whatever it should amount to, after his funeral expenses and other debts paid, he directed it to be disposed of, either for the relief of poor families, or to other pious uses, at his discretion to whom he intrusted the care and execution of his will. And indeed

this surplusage of his estate, by the diligence and faithfulness of some persons that had a just value for his memory, and were well versed in the practice of the law, amounted, beyond all expectation, to little less than 1000*l*. He lived and died unmarried.

The following (composed by Mr. Samuel Howlet, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge,) is his

Epitaph.

Amori et Æternitati.
Quisquis es Viator,
Oculum, animum huc adverte, lege, luge.
Jacent sub hoc marmore
Tenues exuviæ non tenuis animæ
Johannis Barwick, S. S. Th. D.
Quem suum
Natalibus gloriatur Ager Westmoriensis,
Studiis Academia Cantabrigiensis,
Admissum socium in S. Johannis Collegium.
Indeque, quod magis honori est,
Pulsum à Rebellibus.
Qui nec Perduellium rabiem,
Nec Hæmoptysin, quamvis æque cruentam,
Et certius heu ! tandem percussuram,
Quicquam moratus,
Pro Rege et Ecclesiâ summè ardua molitus,
Diro carcere perquam inhumana passus,
(Inconcussâ semper virtute)
Renatum denuò vidit et Diadema et Infulam,
Etiam suâ non parum obstetricante manu.
Qui deinde functus
Decanatu { Dunelmensi paucis mensibus,
Paulino verò triennio,

Parùm diu utroque, sed fidelitèr;
Tandem (post cœlibatum
Cum primis castè cum primis sanctè cultum)
Labe pulmonum, et curis publicis confectus,
Heic requiescit in Domino,
Atque inter sacras Ædis Paulinæ ruinas
Reponit suas,
(Utrasque resurrecturas securus.)
Anno { Ætatis LIII.
Salutis MDCLXIV.
Cætera scire si velis,
Discede, et Disce
Ex illustri primævæ pietatis Exemplo,
Etiam sequiore hoc seculo,
Quid sit esse veri nominis
Christianum.

Lancelot Addison.

DEAN OF LICHFIELD, ARCHDEACON OF COVENTRY,
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY,
AND CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND *.

1632—1703.

"How can the advantages of travel be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and politics of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery on a cobweb."

ADDISON.

An ancient philosopher has said, "that we should not have heard of Sophroniscus, but for his son Socrates; nor of Aristo and Gryllus, if it had not been for Xenophon and Plato."† It may be, that the author of Cato has thrown a halo round his father's name; but, in truth, Lancelot Addison needs no borrowed light. He is seldom seen, because there cannot be two of the same name in the same hemisphere.

* See Biogr. Dict. Wood's Ath. Oxon.

† Seneca.

His history is a short, but an interesting one. It is the history of a scholar, of a traveller, and of a thinking man. He was the son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison; and was born in 1632 at Mauls-Meaburn, in the parish of Crosby-Ravensworth; where, and in the neighbourhood whereof, some collateral male branches of the family still live. The Addison family of Dinsdale, in the county of Durham, (a member of which is Mr. Joseph Addison, the able and estimable member of the Northern Circuit bar,) had also a common propositus with the subject of the present memoir.

All that is recorded of his early education is, that he received his *last* preparations for the university in the Grammar School at Appleby*.

In 1650, he was admitted into Queen's College, Oxford, where he became Taberdar on the (old) Foundation. His B.A. degree bears date the 25th of January, 1654; and his M.A. degree the 4th of July, 1657. He was now so well known, and his learning so generally acknowledged, that he was chosen to be one of the *terræ filii* for the Act that was celebrated in 1658. But in his oration he inveighed bitterly against the ignorance, hypocrisy, and avarice of the men then in power; and for this the Saints (as Wood calls them) came about him like bees: he was thereupon summoned to the bar of the House of Convocation. As the weakest ever go to the wall, he was censured; or, as some allege,

* As to this school, see 9th Rep. of the Com. on Charities.

made in due form his submission, and recanted what he had said. He probably felt that he had exceeded the just bounds of prudence, in making a public oration the vehicle of his own individual views; and, therefore, with the moral courage that gave the offensive matter utterance, he retracted it. Be that as it may, it is evident, that it made a deep and lasting impression upon him, and gave a different direction to the whole course of his after life; for he left the University immediately, and did not return to it until after the *saints* themselves had made submission and recanted, upon the restoration of the House of Stuart. As he was a Taberdar on the Foundation of his College, but never a Fellow, it would seem, that he suffered in this respect for his attachment to the royal cause, or from the confusion at this time in the University.

It first occurred to us, that, in consequence of his oration in the said Act of 1658, he had been stripped of his Taberd; but in his Epistle Dedicatory to Sir Jos. Williamson, prefixed to "The Present State of the Jews," (1682,) he calls Queen's *our common mother*, the *ancient nursery of loyalty and good letters;* and often elsewhere speaks of the Institution in terms of great affection, inconsistent with any sense of ill usage; besides, in 1675, he took his B.D. and D.D. degrees there.

From his leaving the University until the Restoration, he lived at Petworth in Sussex. Here,

with a steadiness and prudence which forcibly reminds one of the life of Dean Barwick, he kept alive the royal cause, when it was no small danger to be even suspected of harbouring a thought favourable to the House of Stuart. At the Restoration, Henry King, the then Bishop of Chichester, being made sensible by the gentry in Sussex how serviceable Addison had been to them, took him under his wing, and was (as it is said) about to confer upon him some preferment, when he accepted, contrary to the prelate's advice, of a chaplaincy in the English garrison at Dunkirk. This prelate seems to have been a worthy man, and sincere in his intentions, but it needed no ghost from the grave to tell a north-countryman not to build his hopes on the air of men's fair looks; so he wisely took the tide at flood that led on to present fortune, rather than risk the world's slippery turns—the moving accidents which to-morrow so often brings to mortal men, in mockery of their plans. He stayed at Dunkirk until 1662, or thereabouts, when it was given up to the French.

He then returned to England; but was presently solicited to go out to Tangier, as chaplain to the garrison there. It is probable, that the regiment at Dunkirk was removed to Tangier, and that the officers solicited their former chaplain to go with them; but this is mere conjecture: certain, however, it is, that he did go, and remained there for several years; unwilling (as he says) to leave the

place until he had settled and established there the Protestant Religion, and the affairs of the Protestant Church, upon a secure and permanent foundation.

At Tangier (as a review of his works will show) he was no idle looker on. Independently of his duties as a Protestant minister, his "West Barbary;" "The Present State of the Jews in Barbary, with an Account of their Customs, Secular and Religious;" his "Life and Death of Mahomet;" (papers collected while at Tangier;) attest alike the assiduous employment of his time, his vast acquirements, and the happy direction of his genius.

About the beginning of the year 1670 he returned to England; with the intention, however, of returning to Tangier to resume his duties; but (as Wood says) "things were *so contrived at home*, that, another being put into his place, he was disappointed of returning, and *had been thereby wholly frustrated of a livelihood*, had not a worthy knight, acquainted with his circumstances, bestowed upon him the small rectory of Milston, near to Amesbury, in Wiltshire." What these contrivances at home were, we cannot learn. It is remarkable, that his illustrious son was once reduced to the same necessity, as may be inferred from Swift, when he says:—

> "Thus Addison, by lords carest,
> Was left in foreign lands distrest;
> Forgot at home, became for hire,
> A travelling tutor to a squire."

By, however, an All-wise decree, the very crisis, that seemed to threaten the father with ruin, became the first motion of his advancement, of his happiness, and of his glory; for it was at Milston that he now settled in life and married, and where the immortal author of Cato first drew the breath of life. From the facts of Joseph Addison having an elder sister, and being himself born on the 1st of May, 1672, his father must have been married to Miss Gulston (his first wife) within a few days or weeks of his induction into the rectory of Milston. This living was not worth more than £120 a year; yet he was, as we are told, passing rich, and, as Goldsmith says of his Country Clergyman,

"His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd!
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won:
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began."

From the date of his writings it is evident, indeed, we know from positive authority, as well as from deductions of reasoning, that he at once betook himself to a studious life, especially to a reconsidera-

tion of the papers and matter collected during his stay at Tangier; saying to himself, in the after-born words of his son,

> " 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we 'll do more, Sempronius, we 'll deserve it."

The first work with which he favoured the world, was his " West Barbary; or a Short Narration of the Revolutions of the Kingdom of Fez and Morocco, with an Account of the present Customs, Sacred, Civil, and Domestic," dedicated to his friend Sir Joseph Williamson*. In his preface he tells us, that they are not barely the occasionals of a journey, nor scraped up from casual discourses, but the result of some years' inspection into the people of whom he writes; it not being his intent to be known for writing things strange and romantic, but to be very civil to the world, in putting nothing upon them, but what is firm and solid. He also assures us, that he had the assistance of some ancient observing Moors, who were themselves actors in the revolutions he writes of, especially of an inquisitive noting person, a Hebrew Sabio, one Joseph Messias, who for many years had been secretary of Tituan. Although his narrative ascends no higher than the *Xeriffian* family, and the division of Kiram's usurpation of the crown of Morocco; in other words, is not derived beyond the annals of his own memory; yet, in tracing the civil discords

* 1671, 8vo, Oxon.

among the Mauritanian princes to the point where his own narrative of facts begins, he shows a knowledge of Mahometanism, of the habits, feelings, and manners of the people, and the resources of the country, which is as surprising as it is novel and pleasing. The nature of the soil, productions, commodities, and husbandry of the country, in the following pages form the subject-matter of distinct chapters; in which (amongst other things), he describes the *Alcarôbe* tree (the fruit of which he supposes to be the same with the Prodigal's *ceratia*, or husks), the white mulberry tree and silk worm, their orange orchards, vineyards, lemons, limes, bread, corn, &c. He tells us also, that their horses are both few and mean; but that the Moors have stores of fine camels, of which they have this general rule, viz., *that those which when young drink much and often are of a degenerate lineage, and will never prove serviceable;* he has also some philosophical as well as amusing reflections respecting the habits and physical properties of this docile and useful animal. He then proceeds to the division of the inhabitants, their manner of living and their genius, their entertainments, mode of travelling, giammas or churches, their priests, revenue, their judicatory, their punishment for adultery (which is capital), murder, thieving, bribery, and the like, their hospitals, diet, fasts and feasts, pastimes, and then concludes what he calls his *tumultuary remarks* with observations on the air, diseases, medicine, poison,

education of children, and apparel. In a word, it is a delightful and instructive little book.

His next two works were, "The Primitive Institution; or, a seasonable Discourse of Catechizing: wherein is shewn the antiquity, benefit, and necessity thereof; together with its suitableness to heal the present distempers of this National Church;"* "The present state of the Jews: wherein is contained an exact account of the customs, secular and religious;"† a summary discourse on the Misna, Talmud, and Gemara, printed with the former book.

This last seems to be his *chef d'œuvre;* although, from his styling himself, in his subsequent writings, the author of the "Life and Death of Mahomet," it may be inferred, that he himself prized the latter more. It is difficult to describe it in a few words, except by saying that it is the ablest book on the subject we have met with. It is not the historic production of Josephus, nor the poetico-historic essay of Milman; it is rather the diary of a philosophic thinking mind brought to bear upon one isolated branch of the Hebrew race, and through it upon the faith, the destiny, condition, and influence, social and political, of the universal race of Israel. He enters minutely into the books whence the Jews of West Barbary, and the Jews in general, derive the canons of their sacred law, and their rules of practice. The canons of the Sepher Ik-

* Lond. 12mo, 1674. † Lond. 12mo, 1675-6.

karim, or Book of Fundamentals, he dissects in the most masterly way; and concludes by a learned disquisition on the Talmud, the Misna, and Gemara.

For the sake of those who may not have the means of seeing these books, or of knowing what they mean, or what they contain, we will explain; that the Sepher Ikkarim, or Book of Fundamentals, contains the substance of their faith, and the rules of their actions. The Talmud (which means *doctrinal*) is by way of eminence called *the law*. The two Talmuds are the pandects of their sacred and civil laws. The Misna, or secondary law, contains the traditions of Moses; and the Misna and Gemara together constitute the Hierusalem Talmud, or the doctrinal of the Jews who dwelt in the city of Judæa.

Then followed "A Modest Plea for the Clergy: wherein is briefly considered the original antiquity and necessity of that calling; together with the spurious and genuine occasions of their present contempt." *

His next work was "The first state of Mahomedism; or, an account of the Author and Doctrines of that Impostor." † In a former page an opinion was expressed that "The Present State of

* Lond. 8vo, 1677.

† "Mahometism fully explained, written for the instruction of the Moriscoes in Spain," by Mahomet Rabadau, an Arragonian Moor, translated, with notes, by Morgan, 2 vols., 8vo, 1733, seems to be now highly valued on the same subject. In Addison's day, as he tells us, Mahometans were to Christians as

the Jews" ranks before it as a literary production; upon reconsideration, however, we doubt the justness of the conclusion: perhaps the difference may be found to be this, that the former is characterized by more book-learning, the latter by a better knowledge of the world. But whatever are their comparative merits, the work now open before us is one of great intrinsic worth. The Author calls it in his Preface, (dedicatory to his Cumberland and old college friend, Sir Joseph Williamson) "a short and plain account of the only great Impostor that ever continued so long prosperous in the world. The consideration of whose mean original, sudden progress, and present grandeur, may justly awaken all Christian magistrates into a timely suppression of false teachers, though never so despicable, on their first appearance, lest, like Mahumed, they second heresie with force and propagate enthusiasm with conquest." He then proceeds to the name, pedigree, tribe, birth, education, marriages, filthiness of life, and revelations pretended to justify the looseness and retirement of the Impostor to the cave of Hera, where he pretended to receive from the angel Gabriel some of the chapters in the Koran. And in chapter ix. gives an account of the *Koran* itself, its authenticity, the Mussulman's reverence for it, its contents, its history, its authors,

six to five. This book was afterwards reprinted under a somewhat different title, Lond. 12mo, 1679. A clever Life of Mahomet, by Washington Irving, has just appeared.

and the like. He also describes the sunè; but as this would lead us to a life of Mahomet, rather than to that of Lancelot Addison, we must, reluctantly, stop here.

His next work was an "Introduction to the Sacrament, or a Short, Plain, and Safe Way to the Communion Table; being an Instruction for the Worthy Receiving of the Lord's Supper, collected for, and familiarly addressed to every particular Communicant."*

"A Discourse of Tangier, under the Government of the Earl of Tiviot."†

"The Communicant's Assistant, being a Collection of Devotions to that purpose."‡

"The Catechumen; or an Account given by the Young Person of his Knowledge in Religion before his admission to the Lord's Supper, as a groundwork for the right understanding of the Sacrament."§

All these books were composed in his retirement at Milston; where he seems to have found rest from all his troubles, a life of happiness, and the way to honors. Indeed, the Evil Genius that had haunted and pursued him from Tangier had taken wing, and Fortune had at once on his settlement there claimed him as her own. Promotion followed on promotion, in such rapid succession as to leave him nothing to desire at home, nothing to règret abroad.

* Lond. 12mo, 1681.
† 1685.
‡ Lond. 12mo, 1686.
§ Lond. 12mo, 1690.

In the course of ten or twelve years he could style himself Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, Prebendary of Salisbury, Archdeacon of Coventry, and Dean of Lichfield*. The former enabled him to live with more hospitality; the two last enabled the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Affairs to do him tardy justice, and to requite him in part for his long, zealous, and useful services abroad. Wood tells us that a fire at Milston was one of the elements of their consideration; but what, or when, or where this fire, or what loss he sustained, nowhere appears. And not the least of blessings that waited on his smiles at Milston was the birth of his illustrious son Joseph Addison, vouchsafed to him on the 1st of May, 1672: of whom it has been with great beauty said, "The Graces having searched all the world round for a Temple, where they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Addison;"† and with no less truth spoken of by another, as "one who left the world better than he found it."‡

As the father was inducted into the Rectory of Milston some time in the year 1670, and remained until his installation into the Deanery of Lichfield (in 1683), about thirteen years may be assigned to this period of his life.

He was twice married: first to Jane, daughter of Nathaniel Gulston, Esq., and sister to Dr. Wm. Gulston, Bishop of Bristol; by whom he had Jane;

* July 3, 1683. † Fitzosborne.
‡ Tyers.

Joseph; Gulston, who died Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies; Dorothy; Anne; and Lancelot, Fellow of Mag. Coll., Oxford, an able classical scholar. Of his second marriage we have no note; it must have been during his residence at Lichfield, and that is all we know.

Biographers generally assign a Mr. Naish as Joseph Addison's tutor during their stay at Milston; but it would be no unfair suggestion to make, in the absence of positive authority to the contrary, that he was the object of his father's tenderest solicitude; that it was from him that the great Essayist, in part, at least, drew, as from a living fountain, that pure and refreshing influence which in after life he poured in such copious streams over the literature of his country and the morals of the nation. We mean, before he went to the Charter House, where he formed that connection with Steele and others which lasted through his brilliant career. As he was but thirty-one years of age when his father died, his star was in the ascendant, but yet far from its meridian; high enough, however, to console his dying parent that he had not lived in vain.

Lancelot Addison died April 20, 1703, and was buried in the churchyard at Lichfield. At the entrance of the West door is the following

Epitaph.

Hic jacet Lancelotus Addison, S. T. P., hujus ecclesiæ decanus necnon Archidiaconus Coventriæ, qui obiit 20 die Aprilis, Ann. Dom. 1703. Ætatis suæ 71.

John Mill.

PREBENDARY OF EXETER; CANON OF CANTERBURY;
CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND;
AND PRINCIPAL OF ST. EDMUND'S HALL, OXFORD.

1645—1707.

"He sought on *one* book his troubled thoughts to rest,
And rightly deemed the Word of God the best." *

ÆSOP, one of the shrewdest men the world ever saw, has the following pithy fable, under the name of the *The Lioness and the Fox:*—"The Lioness and the Fox (says he) meeting together, fell into discourse, and the conversation turning upon the breeding and the fruitfulness of some living creatures above others, the Fox could not forbear taking the opportunity of observing to the Lioness, that, for her part, she thought Foxes were as happy in that respect as almost any other creatures; for that they bred constantly once a year, if not oftener, and always had a good litter of cubs at every birth;

* Hayley.

and yet, says she, there are those who are never delivered of more than one at a time, and that perhaps not above once or twice through their whole life, who hold up their noses and value themselves so much upon it, that they think all other creatures beneath them, and scarce worthy to be spoken to. The Lioness, who all the while perceived at whom this reflection pointed, was fired with resentment, and with a good deal of vehemence replied:—What you have observed may be true, and that not without reason; you produce a great many at a litter, and often; but what are they? Foxes! I, indeed, have but one at a time, but you should remember that this one is a Lion!" Be pleased, kind reader, to turn Pythagorean for a moment, and believe in the transmigration of souls. Imagine the soul of John Mill, by the process of transmigration, or otherwise, in the lioness, and holding this discourse (in fable) to one of the prolific literary vermin which infest society, and attempt to stifle true worth by their babbling pretensions, and you will form some estimate of their relative merits. For, while the fox-like of mankind were increasing and multiplying their little cubs daily, some ten-fold and some an hundred-fold, John Mill toiled and laboured for thirty long years of his life, and at last produced *one* book; *but remember! that one was a lion.*

This one great work was an edition of the New Testament, in Greek, into the merits of which we

will more fully enter when we have given a brief sketch of the man himself*.

He was the son of Thomas Mill, formerly of High Knipe, near Bampton. He was born in Hardendale, in Shap parish, in 1645. As the school at Bampton was then a good classical school, the probability is, for we have no positive evidence of the fact, that he was educated there: some incidents in the life of Edmund Gibson (Bishop of London, a native of Bampton, and educated there,) tend to confirm this notion, and to fix with tolerable certainty the place of John Mill's education. At the age of sixteen, namely, in 1661, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he was entered as a servitor, a grade no longer in existence in the college. He took his B.A. degree in May, 1666. So distinguished was he, even at this time, for his classical knowledge, that he was selected (that is, while yet a Bachelor of Arts) to pronounce an *Oratio panegyrica* at the opening of the Sheldon Theatre, in 1669; a reputation he maintained in its integrity to the hour of his death. Bishop Kennet says that "he talked and wrote the best Latin of any man in the university." His *prolegomena*, or introductory essay to his great work, is, in our judgment, one of the most elegant and learned Latin essays to be found in our libraries. As a scholar and as a divine

* He published (as it is said) "A Sermon, preached on the feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at St. Martin's in the Fields, in Westminster, on Luke i. 28;" printed at the Savoy, 1676.

his fame was known and acknowledged by the learned throughout Europe, especially in the German universities.

In November, 1669, he took his M.A. degree, and became fellow of his college. About this time he entered into holy orders, and was, according to Kennet (who was Vice-Principal and Tutor in St. Edmund Hall, when Dr. Mill was Principal), "a ready extempore preacher;" according to Anthony Wood, "a florid preacher." We have the same authority for saying that he was "an eminent and noted tutor; that he was airy and facetious in conversation, and in all respects a bright man." As tutor, he seems to have remained in college until 1676, when Dr. Lamplugh (a Queen's man, from Cumberland), was made Bishop of Exeter. Mill was made his chaplain, and one of the minor prebends in Exeter Cathedral. In July, 1680, he took his B.D., and in December, 1681, his D.D., degree. In August, 1681, by the death of Henry Denton, the Rectory of Blechingdon, in Oxfordshire (a college living of great value), fell in, and he was inducted into it. About this time, he was made Chaplain in Ordinary to King Charles the Second, by the interest (as it is said) of the father of one of his pupils. In May, 1685, he was made Principal of St. Edmund Hall. In 1704, Archbishop Sharp obtained for him, from Queen Anne, a canonry in Canterbury Cathedral, in which he succeeded Dr. Beveridge, then promoted to the see of St. Asaph.

We must now return to the great work upon which his memory lives. The Scriptures, by the Almighty Will, written with like perishable materials, recorded on like perishable tablets, not in the keeping of angels, but of men, are, in common with the productions of uninspired writers, subject to the effects of time, to the negligence, and errors, and waywardness of men. When Mill lived, the text of the New Testament had suffered much from such causes. The necessity of a pure edition had been long felt, not only in England, but over the Christianized world. It is true that, before Mill's time, the great and learned Erasmus had directed his mighty energies towards so sublime an undertaking; it is true also, that Cardinal Ximenes had caused to be published the *Biblia Polyglotta Complutensia*, 1516, called the Complutensian or Polyglot Edition, 1520; and Robert Stephens his celebrated Paris Edition, 1546; but it remained for Mill, followed by Wetstein, to trace the sacred streams to their source, to explore their beauties, and to communicate the result of their glorious progress to an admiring and grateful world. Some faint notion may be conceived of the necessity of the task, as well as of its magnitude and result, when we say, that Mill collected from Mss., Fathers, and Versions, not less than *thirty thousand* various readings! and was engaged upon it *thirty* of the best years of his life. But of its merits, hear what Michaëlis says: remembering always, that he as well as his editor,

Dr. Marsh, prefers Wetstein to Mill, and speaks of him rather in the style of Collins, and Whitby, and Hoadley, than as a just and impartial critic. After speaking of Dr. Fell's edition, Michaëlis says, "Here ends the infancy of criticism, in respect to the New Testament; and the age of manhood commences with the edition which I am now going to describe. This is the celebrated edition of John Mill, which he finished only fourteen days before his death, after having bestowed on it the labour of thirty years. The origin and progress of it he has described in his *Prolegomena*. . . . The collections of various readings which had been made before the time of Mill, the Velesian, the Barberini, those of Stephens, the London Polyglot, and Fell's edition, with those which the Bishop* had left in Mss., and whatever he was able to procure elsewhere, he brought together into one large collection. He made, likewise, considerable additions to it. He collated several original editions more accurately than had been done before; he procured extracts from Greek Mss. which had never been collated, and of such as had been before collated, but not with sufficient attention, he obtained more complete extracts. . . . He also added, as far as he was able, readings from the ancient versions, and he displayed his critical judgment in not filling the margin of his edition with quotations from the modern European versions, which have no weight in

* Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford.

Sacred Criticism. He is likewise to be commended for the great attention which he paid to the quotations of the Fathers, the importance of which he had sagacity enough to discern: and he is the more to be commended, because he had, in this point, to contend with the opinion of his friend and patron (Bishop Fell), who advised him to hasten his work, and devote less time to the writings of the Fathers. It is said that he had collected from Mss., Fathers, and Versions, not less than 30,000 various readings. . . . Wetstein travelled into different countries; examined with his own eyes a much greater number of Mss. than his predecessor; had more genius, and a greater share of learning; but, on the other hand, Mill was more diligent, had more critical phlegma, and, I believe, adhered more strictly to the truth." Such is the testimony of Michaëlis. Mill (it should be observed) made no alterations in the text of the Greek Testament, but copied exactly the third edition of Stephens. In his *prolegomena*, or preface (which, as already observed, is one of the most elegant and learned Latin essays that ever fell under our notice), he enters fully into the necessity and nature of his labours, and the sources of his information; he delivers his opinion on particular readings, and gives the first genealogy of the editions of the Greek Testament. Many set a higher value on this than upon the body of the work itself: too high a value, indeed, cannot be set upon the prolegomena; but, as we think, such persons would do well to study the

book itself. Romance readers may be permitted to read the title page, and give an opinion upon a book at large, but such conduct is surely beneath the dignity of a scholar, and duty of a divine. As it was well known that he had been labouring upon this great work for years, its appearance produced far and wide a great sensation—to use Bentley's phrase—a *panic*. The English clergy, for the most part, and the professors in the English universities, at once denounced it as a work of evil tendency; objecting (among other things) that its various readings were dangerous to our religion, and rendered the Word of God *uncertain*. When these severe strictures upon it were ushered into the world, the hand that could have charmed the serpent was cold in death: Dr. Mill was dead, and this they knew. But his spirit lived, which they dreamt not of: Bengel, a man of great piety, learning, and authority, whose little finger was thicker than their loins, stood forth in its defence, and the sensitive plants of envy, ignorance, and bigotry contracted their dimensions, from which they seem never for a moment to have recovered. It cannot be denied that there were some objections to it of a substantial kind; indeed, what work of man is perfect? But these have led the way to more inquiry since, and better results. Hence, truth has been extracted out of his very errors. It was objected, that in his extracts from his Oriental versions he had recourse to the Latin translation of the

Walton Polyglot, and that, in many other of his versions, by relying upon the *Latin* translation, he had been led into mistakes which might have been prevented by consulting the originals instead. There is some truth in this objection; but that he had not the wealth of Wetstein was his misfortune, not his fault: the latter could afford to travel, and inspect the original Mss., Mill could not, and his patron, Dr. Fell, had neither the head nor the heart to give him the means. Poverty is no crime; and the eminent productions of a man, unaided by extrinsic circumstances, derive from the very humility of their birthplace an hundred-fold more grace and merit.

Though Mill had his enemies in England, he also had his friends here. Dr. Bentley, in his *Philoleutherus Lipsiensis,* took up the cudgels for his departed friend, and says, in answer to Collins's discourse on *free thinking,* "Yes! but poor Dr. Mill has still more to answer for, and meets with a sorry recompense for his long labour of thirty years. For if we are to believe not only this wise author, but a wiser doctor of your own, he was *labouring* all that while to prove the text of Scripture *precarious;* having scraped together such an immense collection of *various readings* as amount in the whole, by a late author's computation, to above 30,000. Now, this is a matter of some consequence, and will well deserve a few reflections. I am forced to confess with grief, that several well meaning

priests, of greater zeal than knowledge, have often, by their own false alarms and *panic*, both frighted others of their own side and given advantage to their enemies. What an uproar once there was, as if all were ruined and undone, when *Capellus* wrote against the antiquity of the Hebrew points, and another for various *lections* in the Hebrew text itself, and yet time and experience has cured them of those imaginary fears; and the great author in his grave has now that honour universally, which the few only of his own age paid him when alive. The case is and will be the same with your learned countryman Dr. Mill, whose friendship (while I stayed at Oxford) and memory will ever be dear to me. For what is it that your Whitby so inveighs and exclaims at? The Doctor's labours (says he) make the whole text precarious, and expose both the Reformation to the Papists and Religion itself to the *Atheists*. God forbid! we'll still hope better things. For surely these various readings existed before in several exemplaries; Dr. Mill did not make and coin them, he only exhibited them to our view. If religion, therefore, was true before, though such various readings were in being, it will be as true and consequently as safe still, though everybody sees them. Depend on 't, no truth, no matter of fact fairly laid open, can ever subvert true religion. The 30,000 various lections are allowed then, and confessed, and if more copies yet are collated, the sum will still amount higher; and what

is the inference from this? Why, one Gregory, here quoted, infers *that no profane author whatever has suffered so much by the hand of time as the New Testament has done.* Now, if this should be found utterly false, and if the *scriptural text* has no more variations than what must necessarily have happened from the nature of things, and what are common and in equal proportion in all classics whatever, I hope this *panic* will be removed, and the text be thought as fine as before. If there had been but one Ms. of the Greek Testament, at the restoration of learning about two centuries ago, then we had no various readings at all, and would the text be in a better condition then than now we have 30,000? So far from that, that in the best single copy extant we should have had hundreds of faults, and some omissions irreparable. Besides that, the suspicions of fraud and foul play would have been increased immensely. It is good, therefore, you will allow, to have more anchors than one, and another Ms. to join with the first would give more authority as well as security. Now, choose that second where you will, there shall be a thousand variations from the first, and yet half or more of the faults still remain in them both. A third, therefore, and so a fourth and still on, are desirable, that by a joint and mutual help all the faults may be mended; some copy preserving the true reading in one place and some in another; and yet the more copies you call to assistance the more

do the various readings multiply upon you, every copy having its peculiar slips, though in a principal passage or two it do singular service; and this, in fact, not only in the New Testament, but in all ancient books whatever. It is a good Providence and a great blessing, that so many Mss. of the Greek Testament are still amongst us; some procured from *Egypt*, others from *Asia*, others found in the *Western* churches; for the very distances of places, as well as numbers, demonstrate that there could be no collusion, no altering nor interpolating one copy from another, nor all by any of them." And, by pursuing his line of argument into the profane writers, Terence, Tibullus, and others, Bentley in this essay demolishes the *freethinkers* and the enemies of Mill, in his best style of defensive warfare; and so ends the controversy, leaving to posterity to determine the merits of the work and of the objections. What the *freethinkers* and clergy of his own age refused to grant to Mill, an enlightened and religious and grateful posterity have honoured him with—a monument more lasting than brass! With the custody of the Holy Scriptures, with learning and industry, the name of John Mill will, for ages yet to come, be associated—associated when Collins, and Whitby, and Michaëlis (who degraded him in words but honoured him in deed), are buried in the dust of oblivion.

This great work was published in June, 1707, fourteen days before his death. In 1710, Küster

published an edition of Mill's work, at Rotterdam, and enriched it with the readings of twelve additional Mss. The text of Mill was reprinted in Oxford, in 1830; and again in Trollope's edition, in 1837. It would be tedious to enumerate the vast use that has since his time been made of it, and the many times it has been reprinted. The catalogue in the British Museum will afford every information on this point, and show how much it is valued.

While this great work was growing under his fostering care, the great work of his own salvation was progressing as steadily and as surely, by the practice of every Christian virtue. In every relation of life he was a worthy man.

He married Priscilla, daughter of Sir William Palmer, Bart., of Wardon, in the county of Bedford. She died about four years after his induction into the rectory of Blechingdon, namely, on the first of April, 1685; what is very remarkable, she died in a fit of apoplexy. Dr. Mill himself, twenty-two years afterwards, was, alas! cloven down by a like blow. He seems to have had no family.

He died, as just stated, of an apoplectic fit, on the 23rd of June, 1707 (fourteen days after his great work appeared), and was buried in the chancel of Blechingdon Church, where there are two monuments; one, erected by himself, to the memory of his wife; the other, a most fitting one, by some

sensible and right-minded scholar, to the memory of JOHN MILL.

M. S.
Joannis Millii, S. T. P.,
Collegii Reginæ pridem Socii
Istius Ecclesiæ Rectoris
Ædibus Edmundinis Præfecti
Præbendarii Exon
Canonici Cantuarensis
Qvi
in Codicem N. Fœderis
Scripsit Prolegomena
Marmore perenniora
Junii xxiii. CIↃIↃCC. VII.

M. S.
Lectissimæ desideratissimæ
Priscillæ Millii, filiæ Dⁿⁱ Gul.
Palmer de Wardon in agro
Bedford equitis aurati—
Fœminæ sanctitate vitæ suavitate
Morum Pietate Conjugali
Omnibus demùm quæ uxorem
Christianam decent Virtutibus
Summè spectabilis—
E Mariti longè Mæstissimi sinu
Apoplexia abreptæ
April: 1^mo A° 1685.
Monumentum hoc posuit
Ioan: Mill: Rector istius Ecclesiæ.

Thomas Shaw.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY; REGIUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK; PRINCIPAL OF ST. EDMUND HALL, OXFORD.

1692—1751.

"Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn;
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wing;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. * * *
* * * Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
And form to his the relish of their souls."

AKENSIDE.

It has been said, that not one of a thousand knows how to take a walk. Of travellers, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand are

walkers against time. If they chance to look at a thing, they are as much affected by it as the object itself is affected by them. Travel may enable them vainly to boast where they have been, but for self-improvement, or for the instruction of others, they have travelled in vain. Nay, the few facts at first remembered, having no hold upon the affections, no seat in the understanding, are either soon forgotten, or pass into the airy nothingness of an oft-told tale.

Shaw's memory is overlaid by no such reproach. He was one of a thousand. He was more, he was the very prince of travellers. He set out with a better kit, with more perfect appointments, and more qualifications for the task, than any other man. He had an enthusiastic love for travel, a perseverance that never flagged, great physical endurance, and a courage that knew no fear. Besides, there was no science he was not master of; in botany, architecture, sculpture, and music especially, was he at home. There was no language he was unacquainted with; whether in a Kabyle daskrah, or in a Bedoween dourah; on Mount Sinai, in Paran, or on the Sahara, with a Marabutt, a Tibeeb, a Harammee, a Maharak, or a Spahee; in deciphering the hieroglyphics on the Obelisks of Alexandria and Mattarach, or in copying the inscriptions on the ruins of these ancient cities, he is never at a loss. He surveyed the antiquities of Egypt, the pyramids of Memphis,

the catacombs at Sakara, the cryptæ at Latikea, the sphynx and mummies, with a master mind. The foundations of the ancient city of Memphis, the boundaries of the land of Goshen, the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, the river of Egypt, and the augmentations of the land from the mud of the Nile, are the peculiar objects of his research. He examined the rock of Meribah, tasted the bitter waters of Marah and Corondel, and ate the date and fig in the valleys of Mount Ephraim. The Mosaic pavement at Prœneste was a field of interesting speculation to him; the imposture of the petrified village of Ras Sem he detected and exposed. Was he on his camel or with the caravan when the hour arrived, he dismounted *to weigh the sun*, to take its meridian altitude, and adjust the latitude; if a shower of rain fell, his instruments were at hand; if the Nile overflowed its banks, he was up at break of day to make his observations. He took the length, and breadth, and depth of the Jordan. Not a blade of grass but to him was a folio volume; not an animal, no insect, no fish, no shell, nor mineral escaped him. With what a microscopic eye did he survey every nook and corner of Barbary (Tunis and Algiers); with what an inquiring spirit, with what a philosophic mind, with what practical knowledge did he exhume and describe the ruins of Babylon, Memphis, Cæsarea, Cirta, and Carthage; and what a knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew

writers did he bring to bear upon the Holy Scriptures, in his pilgrimage to the Holy Land! He traced out the sites of one hundred ancient cities in Barbary alone! He set right upwards of one hundred geographical errors, committed by Maundrell, Beckford, and others! His catalogue of rare plants contains 270 genera; of corals, 37; of fossils, 162; of fish, 41; of shells, 49; of coins, 20. His charts and plans, and his drawings of rare animals, of their temples, houses, tents, coins, plants, hieroglyphic signs, and the like, are scattered in great profusion over his book. There are several specimens also of Moorish music; and he illustrates and explains no less than six hundred passages of Scripture.

In Shaw's History of the Geographical, Natural, and Physical Account of Barbary and Egypt, and in Lancelot Addison's essay on the moral, social, and religious condition of the former, Westmorland can say that she has rescued from oblivion—

> "The Queen of nations and the boast of times,
> Mother of science, and the home of Gods."

But let us see what place has the honour of his birth and education, and then he must proceed to tell his own story.

He was the son of Gabriel Shaw, a shearman dyer in Kendal, and was born there in the year 1692. He was educated at the Grammar School in Kendal, and afterwards, namely, in 1711, was

admitted on the (old) Foundation of Queen's College, Oxford. Here he took his B.A. degree in 1716, and his M.A. in 1719. He then took orders, and in 1720 went out as chaplain to the English Factory at Algiers. Seeing the varied knowledge he brought to bear upon everything that fell under his notice in Barbary, there can be no doubt but that his college life was one continued preparation for his future travels. Kendal is remarkably distinguished for eminent naturalists, which may in part account for his botanical knowledge; but his thorough mastery over the art and mystery of architecture, astronomy, chemistry, sculpture, geography, and the like, are reconcilable only upon the above hypothesis. We have all along had an impression that his talent had this direction given to it by the example or advice of Lancelot Addison, who was a fellow-countyman and a member of the same college. It certainly was the fashion, or the ambition, of young men of that age, to go out as chaplains to such factories; as it gave them opportunities of seeing what they had read so much about, and, above all, of visiting the Holy Land. But when we find so many *Queen's-men* going there, the fair inference is that one induced another to follow in his wake.

We will now let him speak for himself. "Upon my arrival at Algiers" (says he) "I made it my business to get acquainted with such persons as had the character of being learned and curious, and

though it is very difficult (as well from their natural shyness to strangers, as from a particular contempt they have for Christians) to cultivate with them any real friendship, yet in a little time I could find the chief astronomer, who has the superintendence and regulation of the hours of prayer, had not trigonometry enough to project a sun-dial; that the whole art of navigation, as it is practised by the corsairs of Algiers and Tunis, consisted in nothing more than what is called the pricking of a chart, and distinguishing the eight principal points of the compass. Even chemistry, formerly the favourite science of these people, rises no higher than the making of rose-water. I have rarely conversed with any of their tibeebs, that is, *physicians*, who were acquainted with Rhases, Averroes, or others of their compatriots. The Spanish edition of Dioscorides is chiefly studied, though the figures of the plants and animals are more consulted than the descriptions. The Dey's tibeeb (the emim or *president* of the physicians) once asked me whether the Christians had such an author as Boo-kratt, that is, *the father of Kratt* (so, either out of ignorance or affectation, they call Hippocrates), adding that he was the first of the Arabian hackeems or *doctors*, and lived a little before Avicenna. If we except the Koran, and some enthusiastic comments upon it, few books are read or required by those few persons of riper years who have either time or leisure for study and contemplation. At present all

that variety of learning which they formerly either invented themselves or adopted into their own language may be reduced to a few sheets of blundering geography, or to some tiresome memoirs of the transactions of their own times; for such branches of history as are older than the Mahometan æra are a medley of romance and confusion."

It was in 1720, as already stated, that he arrived at Algiers; in 1732 he took leave of it, so that twelve years may be assigned to this important period of his life. In 1721–2, and in 1727–8, he seems to have made those philosophic excursions which he narrates so happily. It was during the former period that he made his pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and, as it is the first in the order of time, though last in his own work, we will begin, if you please, with it. "In travelling" (says he) "along the sea coast of Syria, and from Suez to Mount Sinai, we were in little or no danger of being either robbed or insulted, provided we kept company with the caravan, and did not stray from it; but a neglect of this kind, through too great an eagerness in looking after plants and other curiosities, may expose the traveller, as it once did myself, to the great danger of being assassinated. For whilst I was thus amusing myself, and had lost sight of the caravan, I was suddenly overtaken and stripped by three strolling Arabs, and had not the Divine Providence interposed in raising compassion in one, whilst the other two were fighting for my

clothes (mean and ragged as they were), I must inevitably have fallen a sacrifice to their rapine and cruelty. In the Holy Land, and upon the isthmus betwixt Egypt and the Red Sea, our conductors cannot be too numerous; whole clans of Arabs, from fifty to five hundred, sometimes looking out for a booty. This was the case of our caravan in travelling (A.D. 1722) from Ramah to Jerusalem, where, exclusive of three or four hundred spahees, four bands of Turkish infantry, with the *mosolom*, or general, at the head of them, were not able or durst not, at least, protect us from the repeated insults, ravages, and barbarities of the Arabs. There was scarce a pilgrim (and we were upwards of six thousand) who did not suffer, either by losing a part of his clothes, or his money; and when these failed, then the barbarians took their revenge by unmercifully beating us with their pikes and javelins. It would be too tedious to relate the many instances of that day's rapine and cruelty, in which I myself had a principal share, being forcibly taken at Jeremiel or Anathoth as a hostage for the payment of their unreasonable demands, where I was very barbarously used and insulted all that night; and provided the Aga of Jerusalem, with a great force, had not rescued me the next morning, I should not have seen so speedy an end of my sufferings."

These are but two of the many hair-breadth escapes he had in pursuit of his darling sciences.

But *plants and other curiosities* were not the only objects that induced him to stray from the caravan. From Algiers to Mount Sinai everything was pregnant with interest to him. One thing is much to be regretted respecting his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, that he should not have left us an independent history or account of his travels, rather than a supplement to Maundrell, Beckford, and others. It was a great and laudable desire to correct their omissions or errors; but when he acted independently, as in the case of Tunis and Algiers, he has left us an invaluable work.

His geographical observations in Egypt, Syria, Phœnicia, and the Holy Land, at once demonstrate his classical and scientific knowledge. The dissertation whether the Nile or the supposed rivulet at Rhinocolura be the river of Egypt, is the production of a master mind. His natural history of Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land is exceedingly interesting and instructive, particularly as regards animals mentioned in Holy Writ, such as the *dorcas*, trebi, aïle, akko, zomer, and the like. The pyramids of Egypt supply him with a vast fund of instructing matter. Of the Egyptian plants and animals he makes this remark, that if the aquatic plants and animals (which are not many) are excepted, there are few other branches of natural history that are coeval with Egypt. "The musa, the palm, the cassia fistula, the sycamore, nay, even the

leek and the onion, were originally (says he) as great strangers as the camel, the bekker el wash, the gazel, and the jeraffa. But the sands and mountainous districts on both sides of the Nile afford us as great a plenty both of the lizard and the serpentine kinds as are found in the desert of Sin. The cerastes (probably the true Egyptian aspic) is the most common species of the latter. Signor Gabrieli showed me a couple of these vipers, which he had kept five years in a large crystal vessel, without any visible food. They were usually coiled up in some fine sand, which was placed in the bottom of the vessel; and when I saw them, they had just cast their skins, and were as brisk and lively as if newly taken. The horns of this viper are white and shining, in shape like to half a grain of barley, though scarce of that bigness. Of the lizard kind, the warral is of so docible a nature, and appears withal to be so affected with music, that I have seen several of them keep exact time and motion with the dervishes in their circulatory dances, running over their heads and arms, turning when they turned, and stopping when they stopped. I have likewise read that the dab, another lizard which I have described, is a lover of music, particularly of the bagpipe. This, I presume (as there is no small affinity betwixt the lizard and the serpent kind), may bear some relation to the quality which the latter is supposed to have of being

charmed and affected with music. The Psalmist alludes to it, Psa. lviii. 4, 5. The like is taken notice of Eccles. x. 11, Jer. viii. 17, Eph. vi. 16.

"Betwixt Kairo and Suez we meet with an infinite number of flints and pebbles, all of them superior to the Florentine marble, and frequently equal to the Moca stone, in the variety of their figures and representations. But fossil shells and other the like testimonies of the deluge, are very rare in the mountains near Sinai; the original *menstruum*, perhaps, of these marbles being too corrosive to preserve them. Yet at Corondel, where the rocks approach nearer to our freestone, I found a few *chamæ* and *pectunculi*, and a curious *echinus* of the *discoide* kind, figured among the fossils. The ruins of the small village at *Ain el Mousa*, and the several conveyances we have there for water, are all of them full of fossil shells. The old walls of Suez, and the remains that are left us of its harbour, are likewise of the same materials; all of them probably from the same quarry. Betwixt Suez and Kairo likewise, and all over the mountains of Libya, near Egypt, every little rising ground and hillock discovers great quantities of the *echini*, as well as of the *bivalve* and turbinated shells, most of which exactly correspond with their respective families still preserved in the Red Sea. Betwixt Suez and Kairo we meet with petrified trunks and branches of trees."

These extracts are long, but we cannot omit a

few interesting passages respecting the Holy Land. "Were it" (says he) "as well inhabited and cultivated as formerly, it would still be more fruitful than the very best part of the coast of Syria or Phœnice; for the soil itself is generally much richer, and, all things considered, yields a more preferable crop. Thus, the cotton that is gathered in the plains of Ramah, Esdraelon, and Zabulon, is in greater esteem than what is cultivated near Sidon and Tripoly; neither is it possible for pulse, wheat, or grain of any kind to be richer or better tasted than what is commonly sold at Jerusalem. The parts particularly about Jerusalem, as they have been described to be, and indeed as they actually are, rocky and mountainous, have been, therefore, supposed to be barren and unfruitful. Yet, granting this conclusion, which however is far from being just, a kingdom is not to be denominated barren or unfruitful from one single portion of it, but from the whole. And besides, the blessing that was given to Judah was not of the same kind with the blessing of Asher, or of Issachar, that his bread should be fat, or his land should be pleasant, but that his eyes should be red with wine and his teeth should be white with milk. Gen. xlix. 2. Moses also makes milk and honey (the chief dainties and subsistence of the earlier ages, as they still continue to be of the Bedoween Arabs) to be the glory of all lands; all which productions are either actually enjoyed, or, at least, might be obtained by proper care and application. The hills

which stand round about Jerusalem situate it, as it were, in an amphitheatre, whose arena inclines to the eastward. We have nowhere any distant view of it. That from the Mount of Olives, the best and perhaps the farthest, is, notwithstanding, at so small a distance, that when our Saviour was there he might be said almost in a literal sense to have wept over it. There are very few remains of the city, either as it was in our Saviour's time, or as it was afterwards rebuilt by Hadrian; scarce one stone being left upon another which hath not been thrown down. Even the very situation is altered; for Mount Sion, the most eminent part of Old Jerusalem, is now excluded, and its ditches filled up; whilst the places adjoining to Mount Calvary, where Christ is said to have suffered, without the gate, are now almost in the centre of the city. Mount Sinai, which hangs over the Convent of St. Catharine, is called by the Arabs, Jibbel Mousa, that is, the mountain of Moses; and sometimes, only by way of eminence, El Tor, that is, the mountain. St. Helena, out of the great reverence she had for it, built a staircase of stone from the bottom to the top of it, but at present, as most of these steps, which history informs us were originally six thousand six hundred in number, are either tumbled down or defaced, the ascent is become very fatiguing, and frequently imposed upon their votaries and pilgrims as a severe penance. However, at certain distances, the Fathers have erected, as so many

breathing places, several little chapels and oratories dedicated to one or other of their saints, who, as they are always to be invoked upon these occasions, so, after some small oblation, they are always engaged to be propitious to lend their assistance. The summit of Mount Sinai is not very spacious; where the Mahometans, the Latins, and the Greeks have each of them a small chapel. Here we are shown the place where Moses fasted forty days, Exodus xxxi. 18; where his hand was supported by Aaron and Hur, at the battle with Amalek, Exodus xvii. 9, 12; where he hid himself from the face of God, the cave, as they pretend to show it, having received the impression of his shoulders; besides many other places and stations recorded in Scripture. After we had descended with no small difficulty down the other or western side of this mount, we came into the plain or wilderness of Rephidim, Exodus xvii. 1, where we see that extraordinary antiquity the rock of Meribah, Exodus xvii. 6, which has continued down to this day, without the least injury from time or accidents. This is rightly called, from its hardness, Deut. viii. 15, a rock of flint; though, from the purple or reddish colour of it, it may be rather rendered the rock of amethyst, or the amethystine or granite rock. It is about six yards square, lying tottering, as it were, and loose, near the middle of the valley, and seems to have been formerly a part or cliff of Mount Sinai, which hangs in a variety of

precipices all over this plain. The waters which gushed out and the stream which flowed withal, Psal. vii. 8, 21, have hollowed, across one corner of this rock, a small channel about two inches deep and twenty wide, all over incrustated like the inside of a teakettle that has been long used; besides several mossy productions that are still preserved by the dew, we see all over this channel a great number of holes, some of them four or five inches deep, and one or two in diameter, the lively and demonstrative tokens of their having been formerly so many fountains. Neither could art or chance be concerned in the contrivance, inasmuch as every circumstance points out to us a miracle, and, in the same manner with the rent in the rock of Mount Calvary, at Jerusalem, never fails to produce the greatest seriousness and devotion in all who see it. The Arabs who were our guards were ready to stone me in attempting to break off a corner of it. The sepulchral chambers near Jebilee, Tortosa, and the Serpent Fountain, together with those that are commonly called the Royal Sepulchres at Jerusalem (all of them communicating with one another by small narrow entrances), are of the like workmanship and contrivance with the cryptæ of Latikea; as were likewise, in all probability, the cave of Machpelah, and the other sepulchres, which appear to have been many, of the sons of Heth, Gen. xxiii. 6. An ancient sarcophagus still remains in one of the sepulchral chambers of Jerusalem,

which is of a Parian-like marble, in the fashion of a common round-lidded trunk, all over very elegantly carved with flowers, fruit, and foliage. Instead, likewise, of those long narrow cells that are common in most of the other cryptæ, some of these are single chambers; others have benches of stone ranged one over another, upon which the coffins were to be placed. To these we may join the sepulchre where our Saviour was laid, which was also hewn out of the natural rock, Matt. xxvii. 60, and lay originally under ground, like the others, but by St. Helena's cutting away the rock round about it, that the floor or bottom of it might be upon the same level with the rest of the pavement of the church, it is now a grotto above ground, or curiously overlaid with marble. It consists of one chamber only, without cells, benches, or ornaments, being about seven feet square and six high; and, over the place where the body was laid (whether this was a pit, or whether the body lay bound up only in spices and linen upon the floor), here, for many years, an oblong table of stone, of three feet in breadth and nearly of the same height, has been erected, which serves the Latins for an altar. The low narrow door, or entrance, where the stone was fixed and sealed till rolled away by the angel, still continues to conduct us within it; and as this was not situated in the middle, but on the left hand, as the grave likewise, or place where Christ was laid, may well be presumed to have been placed within

it, on the right hand, or where the altar is at present, we may from these circumstances well account for Mary and John (John xx. 5, 11) being obliged to stoop down before they could look into it."

We must now return to Barbary; this he thoroughly surveyed in 1727-8; what pains he took, and with what success, will presently appear. "We learn" (says he) "from the *Notitia*, that they were at one time or other more than six hundred cities; though, for want of geographical circumstances, I have not been able to adjust the situation of more than one hundred of them. Again (he says), the natural and ordinary course of things is much the same in Barbary as in other places; each species keeping inviolably to itself. For, if we except the mule and the kumrah (procreated from animals under the direction of mankind, and, therefore, not properly left to themselves), few, I say, if any other instances can be urged in favour of the old observation, *that Africa is always producing some new monster.*

"Those quarries of marble which are taken notice of by the ancients are not known at present; and, indeed, the small quantity of marble that appears to have been used in the most sumptuous buildings of this country, would induce us to believe that either there never were such quarries, or that the marble was sent away to other places. The materials that were used in all the ancient edifices

of this country, as Jol, Cæsarea, Sitifi, Cirta, Carthage, &c., are not so much different, either in their colour or texture, from the soft and harder kinds of the Heddington stone, near Oxford; whereas, the marble of Numidia, as it is described by ancient authors, was of the finest contexture, and used upon the most sumptuous occasions.

"The ordinary quantity of rain which falls yearly at Algiers is, at a medium, twenty-seven or twenty-eight inches. In the years 1723–4 and 1724–5, which were looked upon as dry years, there only fell about twenty-four inches; whereas, in 1730–1, which may be placed among the wet years, the quantity was upwards of thirty. Little or no rain falls in this climate during the summer season, and in most parts of the Sahara, particularly in the Jereede, they have seldom any rain at all. It was likewise the same in the Holy Land, Prov. xxvi. 1, where rain is accounted an unusual thing in harvest, 2 Sam. xxi. 10, where it is also mentioned, "from harvest, till rain dropped on them;" that is, their rainy season fell out, as in Barbary, in the autumnal and winter months; the latter end of the ninth month, which answers to our January, being described particularly (Ezra x. 9, 13) to be a time of much rain. Babylon is also described by Strabo, l. xv., p. 506, to have been in the like condition with Tozer and the villages of the Jereede.

"The art" (continues he) "wherein the Moors particularly are the most conversant at present, is

architecture; though, as space and convenience are the only points regarded in their plans, the Mallums (as they call those persons who are skilled in the designing and executing of them) are to be considered rather as masters of a craft or trade than of a science or liberal profession. However, the plaster and cement which they make use of, particularly where any extraordinary compactness or strength is required, appear, upon comparison, to be of the very same consistence and composition with what we meet with in the most ancient fabrics. The cisterns that were built by Sultan Ben Eglib, in several parts of the kingdom of Tunis (and the like may be said of a variety of structures at this time), are of equal solidity with the celebrated ones at Carthage, and continue to this day, unless where they have been designedly broken down, as firm and compact as if they were just finished. The composition is made in this manner:—they take one part of sand, two parts of wood ashes, and three of lime, which, after it is well sifted and mixed together, they beat for three days and nights incessantly with wooden mallets, sprinkling them alternately, and at proper times, with a little oil and water, till they become of a due consistence. This is chiefly used in making arches, cisterns, and the terraces or tops of their houses. But the caduces, as they call the earthen pipes of their aqueducts, are joined together and let into each other by beating tow and lime together with oil, only without

any mixture of water. Both these compositions quickly assume the hardness of stone, and suffer no water to pervade them. Instead of common glue, the joiners frequently use a preparation of cheese, which is first to be pounded with a little water in a mortar, till the wheyey matter is entirely washed out. When this is done, they pound it again with a small quantity of fine lime, and then apply it as quick as possible to such boards as are to be joined together, which, after the joints are dry, are not to be separated, I am told, even when thrown into water.

"The horse" (continues he) "formerly the glory and distinguishing badge of Numidia, has, of late years, very much degenerated; or, rather, the Arabs have been discouraged from keeping up a fine breed, which the Turkish officers were sure, at one time or another, to be masters of. At present, therefore, the Tingitanians and Egyptians have justly the reputation of preserving the best, which, no longer than a century ago, they had only in common with their neighbours. Now, a valuable and well-taught Barbary horse is never to lie down; he is to stand still and be quiet whenever the rider quits him and drops the bridle. He is, besides, to have a long pace, and to stop short, if required, in a full career; the first of which qualities shows the goodness and perfection of the horse, the proper management of the latter shows the dexterity and address of the rider. No other motions are either practised or admired in these countries, where it is accounted

very impolite to trot or to amble. But the Egyptian horses have deservedly the preference of all others, both for size and beauty; the smallest being usually sixteen hands high, and shaped, according to their phrase, like the antelope. The usual price of the best Barbary horse is from three to four hundred dollars; that is, from fifty to sixty or seventy pounds of our money; whereas, in the days of Solomon, as indeed silver was then nothing accounted of, a horse came out of Egypt for one hundred and fifty shekels, which amount to little more than seventeen pounds.

"The ass and the mule, which deserve the like appellation, are their most hardy and useful creatures, requiring little or no attendance. The first is not so generally trained up for the saddle at Algiers as at Tunis, where they are frequently of a much larger size; but the mule is in general demand at both places, and preferred to the horse for common use and fatigue. It is certainly surer footed and vastly stronger, in proportion to its bulk. I could never learn that the mule was prolific, which notion Pliny and some other authors seem to have entertained. To the mule we may join the kumrah, as the Algerines call a little serviceable beast of burden, begot betwixt an ass and a cow. That which I saw at Algiers, where it was not looked upon as a rarity, was single hoofed, like the ass, but distinguished from it in having a sleeker skin, with the tail and the head (though without

horns) in fashion of the dams. Yet all these species are vastly inferior to the camel, for labour and fatigue. That species of the camel kind which is known to us by the name of the dromas, or dromedary, is here called *maihary*, or *ashaary*, though it is much rarer in Barbary than in Arabia. It is chiefly remarkable for its prodigious swiftness (the swift dromedary, as the prophet calls it, Jer. ii. 23), the Arabs affirming that it will run over as much ground in one day as one of their best horses will perform in eight or ten; for which reason those messages which require haste are in Gætulia and the more southern parts despatched upon dromedaries, as in Est. viii. 10. The shekh who conducted us to Mount Sinai rode upon a camel of this kind, and would frequently divert us with a token of its great abilities; for he would depart from our caravan, reconnoitre another just in view, and return to us again in less than a quarter of an hour. It differs from the common camel, in being of a finer and rounder shape, and in having upon its back a lesser protuberance. This species (for the former, as rarely deviating from the beaten road, travels with its head at liberty) is governed by a bridle, which, being usually fastened to a ring fixed in its nostrils, may very well illustrate that expression, 2 Kings xix. 28, of putting a hook in its nose, as it is recorded of Sennacherib, and may be further applicable to his swift retreat.

"Of the same virulent nature with the scorpion is

the bite of the boola-kas; a phalangium of the Sahara, the rhat, probably, which Ælian observes to be an animal of these parts. It is computed that twenty or thirty persons die every year by the hurt received from this animal and the leffah.

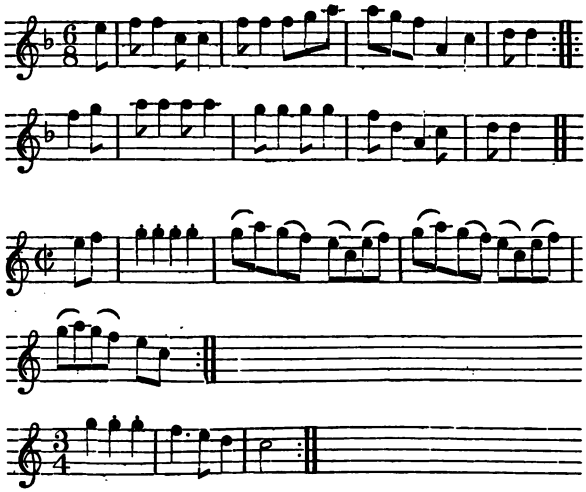
"The method of curing the bite or sting of these venomous creatures is, either immediately to burn, or to make a deep incision upon, the wounded part, or else to cut out the contiguous flesh. Sometimes also the patient lies buried all over, excepting his head, in the hot burning sands, or else in pits dug and heated for the purpose; in order, no doubt, to obtain the like copious perspiration that is excited by dancing in those that are bitten by the tarantula. But when no great danger is apprehended, then they apply hot ashes only, or the powder of alhenna, with two or three thin slices of an onion, by way of cataplasm. I never heard that olive oil, which they have always at hand, was ever made use of; which being rubbed warm upon the wound, has been lately accounted a specific remedy, particularly against the bite of the viper. It was one of the twenty remarkable edicts that were given out by the Emperor Claudius in one day, that no other remedy should be used in the bite of a viper than the juice of the yew tree or taxus.

"The music of the Moors is more artful and melodious than that of the Bedoweens; for most of their tunes are lively and pleasant; and if the account be true, which I have often heard seriously

affirmed, that the flowers of mullein and mothwort will drop upon playing the *mismoune*, they have something to boast of which our modern music does not pretend to*. They have also a much greater variety of instruments than the Arabs; for, besides several sorts of flutes and hautboys, they have the rebebb, or violin of two strings, played upon with a

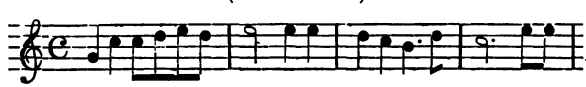
* THE TARENTELLA.

(BEDOWEEN AIRS.)

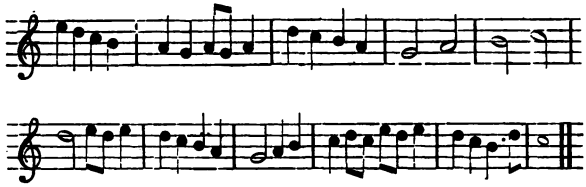


PRELUDE TO THE MIZMOUNE.

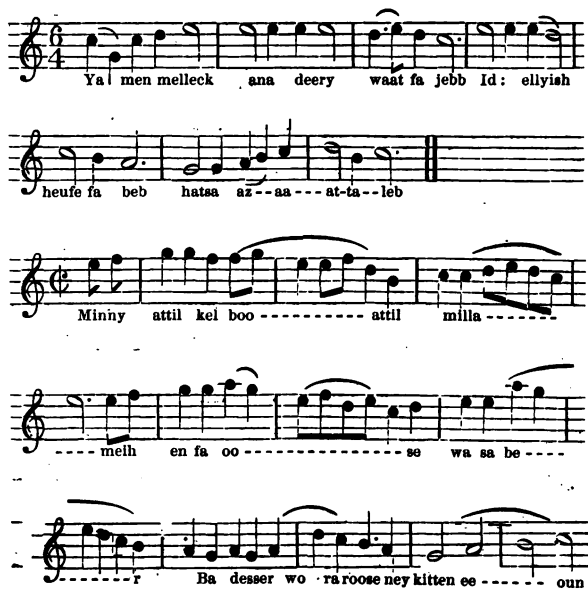
(MOORISH AIRS.)



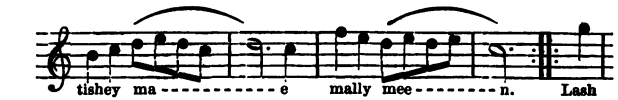
bow; they have the a-oude, or bass double-stringed lute, bigger than our viol, that is touched with a

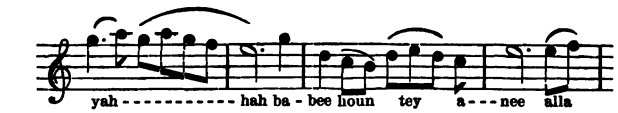


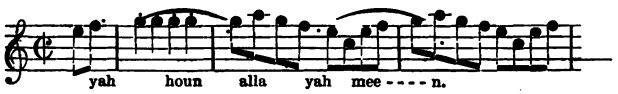
THE MIZMOUNE.



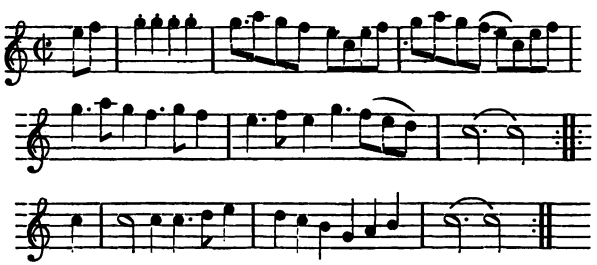
plectrum; besides several smaller gittars, or quetaras, according to their pronunciation, of different



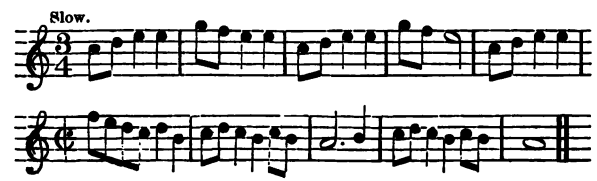




A DANCE.



A TURKISH AIR.



sizes, each of them tuned an octave higher than another. They have also improved the taar of the Bedoweens, by suspending loosely upon pieces of wire in the rim of it several pairs of thin hollow brass plates, which, clashing against each other in the several strokes and vibrations given to the parchment, form a clinking but regular kind of noise, that fills up those little vacancies of sound which would otherwise be unavoidable. Yet, notwithstanding this multiplicity of instruments, notwithstanding they learn all by the ear, and pass quickly from one measure to another, hastening the time, as the musicans term it, in them all, yet the greatest uniformity and exactness is always preserved throughout these performances. I have often observed twenty or thirty persons playing together in this manner during a whole night (the usual time of their more solemn entertainments), without making the least blunder or hesitation. Neither should I omit the Turkish music, which is inferior indeed to the Moorish in sprightliness, yet is still more compounded than that of the Bedoweens. The Turks have been always a prosperous and thriving nation, who distinguish themselves sometimes by brisk and cheerful tempers; yet there is a certain mournful and melancholy turn which runs through all their compositions. We may account for it perhaps from that long intercourse and conversation which they have had with the Grecian subjects, whose airs, like those of a neighbouring

nation, being usually doleful and serious, inspire in the hearer pensiveness and sorrow, which, as they may be supposed to hang perpetually upon the mind, so cannot fail of being communicated to the music of persons in distress and captivity. The Turks chiefly make use of two instruments; whereof the one is like a long-necked kitt, or fiddle, played upon like the rebebb; the other, which is in the fashion of our dulcimer, with brass strings, is touched sometimes with two small sticks, or else with a plectrum. But the want of instruments in the private music of the Turks is amply made up in that of their beys and bashaws; for here (as in some of the eastern ceremonies of old) are instruments without number; flutes, hautboys and trumpets, drums and kettledrums, besides a number and variety of cymbals, or hollow plates of brass, which being beat at certain intervals one against another, thereby render a shrill and jarring, but martial sound, such as the Corybantes in particular made in the ceremonies of Cybele. Here the time is more hastened than in the Moorish music; the same note which in the beginning was held out as long as a minim, being in the conclusion as quick as a semiquaver. I had not art enough to note down any of these airs, but in the opposite plate there are specimens of the others."

His *Phytographia Africana*, or History of African Plants, is too well known to call for any remark. His *collectanea* contains 270 genera, with drawings

of some of the most rare ones. His specimens of marine productions, of madrepores, fucuses, and the like, must be to lovers of the science of botany very interesting. He placed them alphabetically, so that it is difficult to ascertain whose system of classification he follows; for it must be borne in mind that the plan of Linnæus, the author of the present or *sexual* classification, was not yet established*; yet in the description of some of the plants one is led to believe that he had the same arrangement. When he came home he presented the University of Oxford with some specimens of them, together with some other natural curiosities, coins, and busts, collected during his travels†; but to his great grief, and to the loss of the world at large, the greatest part of his curiosities, transmitted by him from Africa to the care of Dr. Woodward, were upon his death (in the absence of Shaw) disposed of by his executors, who would not or could not give a satisfactory account of them.

In 1732 or 1733 Shaw returned to England. In the meantime, namely, in 1727, he had been chosen Fellow of his college. In 1734 he graduated in

* Before the time of Linnæus (born 1707), there were Cæsalpinus, Gerard, Ray, Jussieu, De Candolle, Brown, Lindley, and many others; but his system, founded on the number and situation of the stamens and pistils, is the one now generally adopted: it is termed the *sexual system*. The natural system was also a favourite notion of his.

† See Marmora Oxoniensia.

divinity. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in London.

Being settled again in Oxford he seems to have devoted day and night to the composition of the work from which we have extracted so abundantly, the first edition of which appeared in 1738. In 1740 he was elected Principal of St. Edmund Hall, to which he seems to have been a liberal benefactor. He was also presented by the college to the vicarage of Bramley, in Hampshire; and he was made Regius Professor of Greek in the University, a chair he filled, until the day of his death, with the reputation and authority his abilities deserved. He was universally admitted to be the best linguist of his day. The book on its first appearance commanded great interest and attention; several pamphlets were written in praise and censure of it: some by men of eminence in the learned world, to show that he was inaccurate in his suggestions, or in his doubts, or in his reasonings; some by anonymous penmen, to impute to him what they afterwards imputed to Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, to show that he indulged in the idle tales of travellers. The latter he silenced by two supplements, published in 1746–7, one of them being addressed to Dr. Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, in Ireland; the former he treated with the contempt they deserved, being fully assured that the day would come, as it has, when his accuracy and truth would be fully approved.

These supplements were incorporated in a second edition, published in 1757; the first edition was translated into French, in 1743, with notes, and corrected by Dr. Shaw himself. Looking at Algeria at this moment, especially in connection with the French Republic, it must needs be a work of great value. They have at once a perfect geography, a natural history, a scientific survey of the whole district from the Mediterranean to the Sahara, from Morocco to Cairo. Add to this Addison's account of their religious, moral, and social condition, and their chart is complete. In 1808, a third edition, in two octavo volumes, was published in Edinburgh, with a brief account of the author.

"Before Dr. Shaw's travels (says Bruce) first acquired the celebrity they have maintained ever since, there was a circumstance that very nearly ruined their credit. He had ventured to say in conversation that the Welled side Boogannim were eaters of lions; and this was considered at Oxford, the university where he had studied, as a traveller's licence on the part of the Doctor. They thought it a subversion of the natural order of things that a man should eat a lion, when it had long passed as almost the peculiar province of the lion to eat man. The Doctor flinched under the sagacity and severity of this criticism: he could not deny that the Welled side Boogannim did eat lions, as he had repeatedly said, but he had not yet published his travels, and therefore left it out of his narrative, and merely

hinted at it in his Appendix. With all submission to that learned university, I will not dispute the lion's title to eating men; but since it is not founded on patent, no consideration will make me stifle the merit of the Welled side Boogannim, who have turned the chase upon the enemy. It is an historical fact, and I will not suffer the public to be misled by a misrepresentation of it; on the contrary, I do aver, in the face of these fantastic prejudices, that I have eat the flesh of lions, that is, part of three lions in the tents of Welled side Boogannim." And Major Head adds to this, "If the spirit of these noble animals had entered Bruce's heart instead of his stomach, he could not have expressed himself in bolder terms."

Dr. Shaw married the widow of Mr. Holden, the English consul at Algiers. She survived him, and it would seem without family by him. He was in private life one of the best of men; and his good humour, for which he was distinguished, made him the most delightful of companions*.

This distinguished man died in 1751, and was buried in Bramley Church; on his monument is the following

* See Nicolson's Annals of Kendal.

Epitaph.

Peregrinationibus variis
Per Europam, Africam, Asiamque
Feliciter absolutis,
Et Exuviis mortalibus hic loci
Tandem depositis,
Cœlestem in Patriam remigravit
Thomas Shaw, S.T.P. et R.S.S.
Gabrielis Fil. Kendaliensis:
Qui
Consulibus Anglicis apud Algerenses
Primum erat a Sacris;
More Coll. Reginæ inter Socios ascriptus;
Aulæ dein Sancti Edmundi Principalis,
Ac ejusdem munificus Instaurator;
Linguæ demum Græcæ apud Oxonienses
Professor Regius.
De Literis quantum meruit Auctor celebratus,
Edita usque testabantur Opera,
Pyramidibus ipsis, quas penitius inspexerat,
Perenniora forsan extitura.

Hic, Studiis etsi severioribus
Indies occupatus,
Horis tamen subsecivis emicuit
Eruditus idem et facetus conviva.

Optima quanquam Mentis indole
Et multiplici Scientia instructus;
Literatorum omnium, domi forisque,
Suffragiis comprobatus;
Magnatum Procerumque popularium
Familiari insignitus Notitiâ;
Nec summis in Ecclesiâ Dignitatibus impar;

Fato tamen iniquo evenit,
Ut Bramleyensis obiret Parœciæ
Vicarius penè Sexagenarius
XVIII. Cal. Sept. A.D. 1751*.

Uxor Joanna, Ed. Holden Arm. Consulis
Algerensis olim Conjux, bis Vidua,
M. P.

* It is said that Dr. Brown, the Provost of Queen's College, composed this. What misfortune it could be to die Vicar of Bramley we must leave to one of his very learned successors to explain.

John Langhorne.

PREBENDARY OF WELLS.

1735—1779.

"Be this thy praise: to lead the polished mind
To Virtue's noblest heights; to light the flame
Of British freedom, rouse the generous thought,
Refine the passions, and exalt the soul
To love, to heaven, to harmony, and thee."*

MANY persons seem to read, and write, and talk, as if one without a niche in Johnson's Lives of the Poets, or without some storied urn or animated bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, was but a pretender to a poet's fame. This delusion (for it deserves no other name) may in part account for the present reputation of some of questionable genius, and of still more questionable virtue, while John Langhorne's sweet-toned lyre "left at careless distance hangs," and why his muse has so little charm for general readers now. But if

* In his Poem to the Memory of Handel.

Lyttleton, Hannah More, Scott of Amwell, Shaw, Smollett, Reynolds, and Warburton; if

> "Each judge of art his strain, tho' artless, lov'd;
> If *Shenstone* smiled, and polish'd *Hurd* approv'd;"

have we, fellow-countrymen, no fresh rose for his neglected grave?

> "Peace, Mountain-echoes, while the tale proceeds." *

John Theodosius Langhorne, his only son and biographer†, says that his father was born at Kirkby-Stephen. Dr. Burn says that he was born at Winton, in the parish of Kirkby-Stephen; when we recall to mind the fact that Burn himself was a Winton born man, and a schoolfellow of John Langhorne, all conflict of authority instantly ceases. He was the son of Joseph and Isabel Langhorne; and was born in the month of March, 1735, being the youngest of four children. How it was that his father, a clergyman beneficed in Lincolnshire, resided at Winton, has nowhere been satisfactorily explained. William (the co-translator of Plutarch's Lives) having been born there in 1721, and John in 1735, it may fairly be inferred that the family residence was not casual but permanent at Winton.

* Genius and Valour.

† L.L.B., Vicar of Hormondsworth and Drayton, in 2 vols., 12mo, 1804, London. Dr. Anderson, in his Lives of the Poets, is his ablest biographer; see also Cooke's Pocket Edition of the Select British Poets.

Our impression is that he was either Master of Winton School, or had a private one there. The father dying when John was only four years of age, the care of his youngest son devolved on his widow, a woman worthy of such a charge; she it was, as the poet often tells us, that taught his trembling hand to write,

> . . . "Who led his tender years
> With all a parent's pious fears,
> That nurs'd his infant thought, and taught his mind to grow." *

The first seeds of education thus sown, she sent him to Winton, and thence to Appleby School. Mr. Yates, one of the most accomplished Latin scholars of his age, was at this time Head Master†, and the school itself was in the zenith of its fame. So obedient was he to his mother's admonitions, and so earnest was he over his books, that even the usual intervals of play were not devoted to football, spell and knor, Scotch raid, or the like, but in performing voluntary exercises; and such was the progress he made in this way, that at the age of thirteen, as he used to boast in after life, he was able to read and construe the Greek Testament. Under a man of such classical taste, kind disposition, and judicious discipline, such a youth was not likely to be long unnoticed. He

* Monody written in 1759.

† See Ms. Translation into Latin of a vol. of the Spectator, especially of No. 111, on the Immortality of the Soul, in the Library of Appleby School.

became one of Mr. Yates's favourite scholars. For the kindness shown him by his learned preceptor he bore to him through life the most affectionate regard. As he went to Appleby School when he was between eleven and twelve years of age, and left it when he was eighteen, about seven years may be assigned to this period of his life. It is evident, however, from several of his earlier productions, that his play hours were not wholly devoted to the Greek Testament, but that he dipped sometimes into the book of nature, and sometimes into Ovid's Art of Love; for it was now (as he tells us often) that he courted his lovely Delia, and it was now (as he also repeatedly assures us) that in Eden's Vale he wooed his favourite muse.

"In Eden's Vale, where early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought,
Where Pembroke's grottos, strewed with Sidney's bays,
Recalled the dreams of visionary days.
Thus the fond muse, that sooth'd my vacant youth,
Prophetic sung, and what she sung was truth.
* * * * * *
Boy, break the lyre, and cast thy reed away;
Vain are the honours of the fruitless bay!"*

Who the fair maid was whose hand had "wrought her wild embroidery on the ground of thought," does not appear; the sacred fire, however, that glowed within his youthful breast was never wholly extinguished; his Delia only left him with his parting breath.

* Proemium, 1776.

At the age of eighteen he left Appleby School, and engaged himself as private tutor in a family near Ripon, probably in that of the Rev. Mr. Farrer, to whom his poem of *Studley Park* is addressed. As intimated above, Delia's charms had in earliest dawn of thought tempted his unfledged muse into the skies, but the sonnets in her praise, less durable than the passion which gave them being, soon perished—perished perhaps under the shade of his maturer works. But it is in *Studley Park*, in that sweet Vale of Tempe, and amidst the grand and stately ruins of Fountain Abbey, that our earliest trace is of him as a poet. In a collection of his poems in 1766, he himself, with as much taste as judgment, omitted his poem of *Studley Park:* his son restored it.

From the neighbourhood of Studley he removed to Wakefield, where he was Assistant Master at the Grammar School, and where he was ordained, and esteemed a *popular preacher*. In 1759, on the resignation of Mr. Clarke, and by his recommendation, he went to reside at the village of Hackthorn, near Lincoln, as private tutor to the sons of a Mr. Cracroft, and to a Mr. Edmund Cartwright, a man of some poetic taste, and the author of an elegy entitled "Constantia," on the death of Mrs. Langhorne. He had also, at Hackthorn, a fair one as a pupil in Italian and the classics, one Miss Ann Cracroft, the daughter of the aforesaid gentleman. In 1760 he seems to have matriculated at Clare Hall, Cambridge; but he never graduated, nor did

he keep, as it would seem, more than a temporary residence. At Hackthorn he remained until the autumn of 1761. During the time he was there he gave a proof of his great philanthropy by publishing a volume of poems for the relief of a gentleman in distress: the Death of Adonis, from the Greek of Bion; Poems on the King's Accession; the Royal Nuptials (afterwards inserted in Solyman and Almena); the Tears of the Muses (to the memory of Handel); and an Ode to the River Eden. But the minstrel's pipe was put out by an untoward proposal of marriage to his fair pupil, the said Miss Ann Cracroft. As soon as this mishap occurred, he very wisely took the wings of the morning, and fled from Hackthorn to Dagenham, in Essex; here he remained, officiating as curate to a Mr. Blackburn, until some time in the year 1764. It was at Dagenham where he became acquainted with the Gillman family, whose friendship and esteem for him was only equal to his own for them. Smarting under the pangs of wounded affection, but still under hope of happier days, the reader may well imagine the tone of his mind and the tenour of his muse.

"Ah me! too early lost! Then go,
Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah, no; that thought distracts my heart:
Indulge me, Hope, we must not part.
Direct the future as you please;
But give me, give me, present ease." *

* Hymn to Hope, 1761.

A Hymn to Hope was the first fruits of his new curacy; and *The Visions of Fancy*, less poetically described as the sentiments of a despairing lover, soon followed. He also published in the same year, *Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm; Solyman and Almena* (an Eastern tale); *The Viceroy; The Letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia; The First Epistle of the Enlargement of the Mind;* and *Effusions of Friendship and Fancy* followed.

In 1764 he was appointed to the curacy and lectureship of St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, London. He stayed in London about four years, until 1768; in the meanwhile (1765) having had the good fortune to be introduced to the notice of *polished Hurd*, Bishop of Worcester, and by him made Assistant Preacher in Lincoln's Inn, where his eloquence and power fully manifested themselves. He was at this time also engaged by Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of the Monthly Review. Dr. Anderson (his best biographer) tells us that he first appeared as an author in a periodical work of the same publisher, called "the Grand Magazine," and the date he assigns to it (1758) would lead to the conclusion that it was when he was at Ripon; so that it is probable that *Studley Park* and some of his early pieces, perhaps his love sonnets, first appeared in it. His son tells us that his engagement as a writer in the Monthly Review, with scarcely any intermission, continued from his going

to London to his death; but it is clearly demonstrated by others, that the relation between Griffiths and him, for reasons needless to refer to, ceased before he left London. It was in this Review that he came in collision with Churchill, Smollett, Kelly, Francis Murphy, and others. He also wrote during this period a continuation of *Theodosius and Constantia;* two volumes of *Sermons; The Second Epistle on the Enlargement of the Mind;* an edition of *Collins's Poems,* with a criticism, and a brief memoir of him; *Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit;* an enlarged edition of *Effusions of Friendship and Fancy;* a collection of his Poems in two volumes (the principal article in them, not before published, being a dramatic poem, called the *Fatal Prophecy,* omitted in future reprints); and *Genius and Valour,* in answer to Churchill's Prophecy of Famine. This was dedicated to Lord Bute, and was well received, especially in Scotland, as a full and triumphant vindication of the national character. Amongst other gratifying results, Dr. Robertson, the historian, and the then Principal of the University of Edinburgh, wrote to request his acceptance of a D.D. degree. While in London, as indeed in any place, he was the friend and companion of the first literary men of the day; for wit and conversation he was pre-eminently distinguished. The public resort he most frequented was the Peacock coffee-house in Gray's Inn Lane. His frequenting this place might not of itself, looking at the cus-

toms of the age in which he lived, have been worthy of more than a passing notice; but his subsequent career, especially after the death of his second wife, forces it as a prominent fact upon our attention; why or wherefore will presently be explained more fully.

The Edinburgh diploma granted, Miss Ann Cracroft, with whom he had corresponded ever since he left her father's house, accepted him: the marriage took place in London, in January, 1767. The patronage of a living was purchased by or for him at Blagdon, in Somersetshire, in the neighbourhood of the Chedder Cliffs; a spot peculiarly suited to the tastes and pursuits of both, but, according to the account given in the life of Hannah More and others, a parish notorious for two things—for longevity and litigation, especially the latter; a population which even she (and that she was Hannah More!) despaired of reducing to decency and order*. We speak of the past, and not of the present under the spiritual influence of Dr. Wait. But Langhorne's conjugal felicity was of very, very short duration; for, alas! at the early age of thirty-two, and but fifteen months after their marriage, namely, on the 4th of May, 1768, the following year, his beloved wife died in childbed. Thus, as he truly says,

"Thus Love, e'en Love did lend his darts to Fate."†

She was buried in the chancel of Blagdon Church.

* See Thompson's Life of Hannah More.

† Monody.

He describes her in the Blagdon registry as "descended from the ancient family of Sanderson, Earl of Scarborough; and possessed, beside a considerable fortune, every amiable accomplishment. Her affability, her taste for letters, and her skill in music, particularly distinguished her." On the monument also is an eulogium of her. She was buried on the 6th of May, which is also the date of his son's baptism.

As his productions in general reflect the present state of his own mind, or of his own present condition in life, he wrote, during his marriage, *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness.* This is all he wrote, as it seems, during his marriage.

When this dreadful stroke of affliction fell upon him, unable to bear those scenes which reminded him of his loss, he entrusted his son to the care of Mrs. Nelthorpe, the youngest Miss Cracroft, and went to live with his brother William, whom he calls more the friend than brother of his heart. William was then Rector of Hakinge, and Perpetual Curate of Folkstone, in Kent; he was the author of *Job,* a poetical paraphrase on a part of Isaiah, and co-translator of Plutarch's Lives. He was also born at Winton, in 1721, and died at Folkstone, in 1772, where there is an epitaph in Dr. John Langhorne's writing. William was a man highly esteemed for the simplicity and purity of his life. His works speak for his accomplishments as a scholar, as a divine, and as a poet.

To drive away sorrow, the two brothers began an English translation of *Plutarch's Lives:* a task executed with uncommon fidelity and elegance. They had been translated before into French, by Amyot, Abbé of Bellozone; and from the French into English, by North, in 1579; there were also translations by Dacier, Wyttenbach, Richard, and Dryden (that is, by several mean hands under Dryden's name). But until the Paris edition of 1624, the Greek text was very defective: the English translations were necessarily so, because they were taken from the French, which had their own defects as well as those of the original text. To restore the original, and redeem the national literature from the degradation it was in from Dryden's irregularities, were the main objects of our two distinguished countrymen. The result is before us. It is the work of authority. A work of such accuracy and research was necessarily a work of time, and therefore it did not appear until 1771. But, although apparently absorbed in comparatively severe studies, his lyre was not allowed to rust. He wrote in 1768, at Sandgate Castle, *Verses in memory of a Lady.* We before observed that he has left us, for the most part, the overflowing of his own feelings in communion with the muses, rather than the result of his observations upon others; so did he now, in like manner, relieve the pressure of his own sorrow. The Muse was his constant comforter; in health and prosperity he loved to toy with her,

in sickness and distress he took refuge under her wing, and she always gave him comfort. While on a visit to Scott of Amwell, in Hertfordshire (1769), he wrote the *Monody* inscribed to his friend, an effusion of the same melancholy strain—a strain equally befitting the forlorn condition of poor Scott himself; for he, too, in the selfsame year with his friend, lost the long-loved mistress of his faithful heart, and, strange to tell, lost her in childbed. To solace himself Scott wrote an elegy, and sent it to Dr. Langhorne; and thus, as was natural between such men, so similarly constituted and afflicted, sprung up a long and ardent friendship. Shaw also, about that time, lost his wife, and published his celebrated Monody; but this, in consequence of some misunderstanding, led the way to anything but harmony and friendship between them. While Dr. Langhorne was with his brother, he wrote, besides what we have mentioned, *Frederick and Pharamond*, or the Consolations of Human Life; *Letters supposed to have passed between St. Evremond and Waller*. The year in which Plutarch's Lives appeared (1771) he added to his poetical reputation by the *Fables of Flora*. In the latter part of the same year, being a few months at Potton, in Bedfordshire, he wrote *The Origin of the Veil*.

In 1772 he revisited his native place, and was married again to Miss Isabella Thompson, daughter of John Thompson, Esq., of Brough, one of His

Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Westmorland. After a wedding trip through France and Flanders, leaving *à l'Anglaise* in cottages, gardens, and elsewhere, no few traces of his poetic talent, he returned to Blagdon.

Upon his return he was made a justice of the peace for the county of Somerset, the duties of which he discharged with ability and integrity. On his appointment he wrote, by the suggestion of his old schoolfellow, Dr. Burn, a didactic and satirical poem in three parts, called *The Country Justice.*

A little incident occurs here in the order of time which is worth narrating. In the summer of 1773 he went for sea bathing to Weston-super-Mare, and there was introduced to Hannah More, who was then at Uphill, near Weston, for the same purpose. Thompson, in his Life of Hannah More, would have us believe that Langhorne was courting her, and he tells us emphatically that the Doctor offered her marriage; but their poetical effusions were poetical effusions, and no more, and for this plain simple reason, because Langhorne was then a married man. As he was first introduced to her in 1773, he offered her marriage (if at all) after the death of his second wife, namely, after 1776. But we deny in his name the soft impeachment, and we deny it on the authority (amongst others) of Mr. Thompson himself. It may be admitted that there was a good deal of flirting going on, but there is always some poetic licence at a watering place.

Seeing her one day on the beach, he stooped down and wrote on the sand—

"Along the shore
Walked Hannah More;
Waves let this record last:
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what *she* writes, be past.
"JOHN LANGHORNE."

Miss More scratched underneath with her riding whip—

"Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose
To write the dictates of thy charming muse;
Her strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse."

The Doctor, pleased with this effusion of her muse, copied the lines, and presented them to her at a house near the sea to which they adjourned, and she afterwards wrote under as follows—

"Langhorne, whose sweetly varying muse has power
To raise the pensive, crown the social hour;
Whose very trifling has the charm to please
With nature, wit, and unaffected ease:
How soon, obedient to thy forming hand,
The letters grew upon the flexile sand!
Should some lost traveller the scene explore,
And trace thy verses on the dreary shore,
What sudden joy would feast his eager eyes;
How from his lips would burst the glad surprise.
Methinks I hear, or seem to hear him say,
'This letter'd shore hath smooth'd my toilsome way.
Hannah,' he adds, 'though honest truth may pain,
Yet here I see an emblem of the twain:

As these frail characters with ease imprest
Upon the yielding sand's soft watery breast,
Which, when some few short hours they shall have stood,
Shall soon be swept by yon impetuous flood,
Presumptuous maid, so shall expire thy name,
Thou wretched feeble candidate for fame;
But Langhorne's fame in yon firm rock* I read,
Which rears above the cloud its towering head;
Long as that rock shall rear its head on high,
And lift its bold front to the azure sky;
Long as these adamantine hills survive;
So long, harmonious Langhorne, shalt thou live,
While Envy's wave shall lash and vainly roar,
And only fix thy solid base the more.'"

The acquaintance thus formed at Upton ripened into ardent friendship, which continued, without interruption, as long as Langhorne lived. The Misses More, especially Hannah, were frequent guests at Blagdon Vicarage. Hannah has described, with much grace and poetic humour, a Sunday visit to this hospitable abode. The effusion is found in the Appendix to her Life by Thompson, and entitled, *The Expedition of a Female Poet and a Female Printer to Blagdon Vicarage.* In describing his preaching, she says—

"When the preacher declaim'd 'twas Demosthenes spoke!
From Fenelon's lips such prompt eloquence broke."

From church, she continues, we retired to the study in the vicarage, with Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne, and

"From the twain a most cordial reception they find,
Good taste, and good sense, and good breeding conjoin'd.

* Brean Down.

* * * * * *

The dinner succeeded; enough to beguile
Saint Antony's anger, Apicius' smile;
Nay, Darkness' self, that voluptuous old glutton,
Might have relished the wine, and applauded the mutton:
Not Castaly's fountain could rival the ale;
But 'twas Francis's spirit that crown'd the regale."

The *Blagdon Controversy*, which, after Langhorne's death, gave Hannah More so much pain; her anxiety for the establishment of schools there; and what reward she met with; would lead us too far from our subject; read the story, if you please, but wonder not if at the end you are a misanthrope.

In 1773 he published a free translation of a part of Denina. In 1776 he published a translation of Milton's Italian Sonnets, and two occasional sermons. But in this year, apparently so full of hope, and promise, and felicity, was his happiness again cloven down by the death of his second wife, at the age of twenty-six, and, strange to tell, in childbed too. In the registry he describes her thus: "The beauty of her person, the goodness of her heart, and the almost peculiar gentleness of her manners, gained her universal admiration and esteem." By her he had a daughter, Isabella Maria Constantia. It is remarkable that he had her baptized, as before in the case of his son, on the very day of his wife's funeral; a thing, however, not uncommon now-a-days at Blagdon as well as in Westmorland*. This

* See 1 Cor. xiv. 29. Acts xxiii. 6.

daughter by his will he afterwards consigned to the protection of his kind friend Mrs. Gillman.

In the following year (1777) the Bouverie family obtained for him a prebendal stall in Wells Cathedral.

His brother William, to whom he had fled for consolation on the death of his first wife, was now dead; so that he could not flee to him for relief as before. His children, of course, were too young to supply the places of his departed friends and companions; and, notwithstanding every exertion of the Bouverie family, and of all who felt any interest in him, (and who did not *at that time?*) he gave way to melancholy.

> "Narratur et prisci Catonis
> Sæpe mero caluisse virtus."

His last and perhaps best production was *Owen of Carron*. We have thus given a hasty beadroll of his works, and a brief outline of his life and conversation up to this period of time. But we must now open the book awhile. Indulgent reader, be not afraid; the more you know of his writings the more you 'll like them.

Thus, then, is he presented to posterity in the varied character of priest, poet, novel writer, and scholar; in turns "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" and so rapidly do his effusions follow each other, that it may almost be said that "each passing hour sheds tribute from her wing." Being

so, to look for evenness of execution throughout his works would be unreasonable—to look for what true genius seldom or never yields; but it was with him as it is with every accomplished artist, do what he would he could never entirely obliterate the traces of his master mind. In the most careless or dullest of his effusions there is something to please and admire. In many there are proofs of the most exalted genius.

> "Langhorne, whose sweetly-varying muse has power
> To raise the pensive, crown the social hour;
> Whose very trifling has the charm to please
> With nature, wit, and unaffected ease."

So sung of him that illustrious lady Hannah More; add to this, and the picture of him is complete, what Akenside has written of a man of taste—

> "Internal powers
> Active and strong, and feelingly alive
> To each fine impulse; and discerning sense
> Of decent and sublime; with quick disgust
> From things deform'd, or disarray'd, or gross
> In species."

And those internal powers, above all, active and strong—

> "To lead the polished mind
> To Virtue's noblest heights; to light the flame
> Of British freedom; rouse the generous thought;
> Refine the passions; and exalt the soul
> To nature, harmony, and God."

Such noble aspirations after human good, and such charms to please, could not fail to array around

him many a kindred spirit; and to rouse from their sultry beds at break of day legions of Evil ones, to disturb, if they could, nature's harmonious actions on his powers. Lord Lyttleton, Scott, Shaw, Shenstone, Smollett, Bishop Hurd, Bishop Warburton, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Burn, Hannah More, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Charles Yorke, each judge of art admired him as a poet, each loved him *then* as a man; while Churchill, Kelly, and Mainwaring could scarcely find in their hearts to allow him the gift of common sense or the feelings of humanity. Churchill, in the *Candidate*, writes of Langhorne, Dr. Francis, and Murphy thus—

> "Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
> Effusion on effusion pour away;
> With Friendship, and with Fancy trifle here,
> Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?
> Sleep them all with dulness on her throne,
> Secure from any malice but their own."

In Kelly's Thespis, on account of some supposed criticism in the Monthly Review at the time that Langhorne used to write in it, appeared the following:

> "Triumphant dunce, illustrious Langhorne, rise!
> And, while whole worlds detest thee, and despise,
> With rage uncommon cruelly deny
> The hapless muse e'en privilege to die.
> While Theodosius . . . . .
> Oh! that, like Langhorne, with a blushless face,
> I bore the stroke of merited disgrace;
> Like him, with some fine apathy of soul,
> I stood the thunder in its mightiest roll;

Smiled when the bolt indignantly was hurl'd,
Or gaped unconscious on a scorning world.
* * * * *
To blast each work of excellence e'er known,
And write eternal praises of his own."

As an author's merits are often in an inverse ratio to the number and malignity of his critics*; or as, according to Swift, a critic is like a dog at a feast that snarls most when there are the fewest bones to throw away; we cannot pass unnoticed the favourable authority of Dr. Mainwaring. In the preface to his own Sermons, writing of the *false pathos*, he refers to those of others thus:—"*By writers of little judgment, and no genius, those of Dr. Langhorne in particular, and of the Methodists in general.*" Here then genius is wholly denied him, a smattering of judgment is grudgingly doled out to him, and lastly, there is a bold insinuation that he was a Methodist. Dr. Langhorne's genius and judgment stand upon too secure a basis to be affected by anything Dr. Mainwaring could write; and any one of his sermons will show that he was not a Methodist. The charge of want of genius proves too much, and that of Methodism too little.

Of his prose writings none have lived, except Solyman and Almena†, Theodosius and Constantia,

* See Pope's Dunciad, and Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

† In Cooke's Select British Poets, and in the edit. 1804, 2 vols. 12mo.

and Plutarch's Lives, which have since his death been frequently reprinted. When a work will bear comparison, as the first does, with Johnson's Rasselas, or Hawkesworth's Almoran and Hamet, we can say no more in its praise; we know no higher. Having dedicated his *Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm,* to Bishop Warburton, and being in consequence much noticed by that learned prelate, Langhorne wrote at his request *Letters supposed to have passed between Theodosius and Constantia,* which in purity of style and doctrine clear his genius, his judgment, and his religion from all reproach. Plutarch's Lives, by the *poetical brothers* (as they have been called) deserve the highest praise. The Life of Plutarch is not inferior to any of the great original, the notes are valuable, the Greek text purified and restored, and the translation finished with a degree of ease, elegance, and spirit, that give them an exalted rank in the empire of English literature.

He seems to have been a complete master of the Italian language, and to have travelled in Italy and Sicily, but when does not appear.

What shall we now say of his muse? The happiest description of his powers seems contained in the few playful lines of his friend Hannah More—

> " His very trifling has the charm to please
> With nature, wit, and unaffected ease."

Ease, elegance, and harmony, heightened here and there with striking imagery and enthusiasm, are

the characteristics of his muse. In the cause of freedom, justice, and humanity, he is full of daring thought and action; manly in sentiment, always well and often originally conceived and expressed; in vindication of the mind's supremacy over matter he is philosophically dignified, and as harmonious in his numbers as Alexander Pope, whose style he often imitates, and sometimes, shall we say it, excels. The *Fables of Flora*, the *Hymn to Hope*, the first and third elegy in the *Visions of Fancy*, and *Owen of Carron*, have nothing of the kind in the English language equal to them for happy turns of thought and harmony of numbers. His *Genius and Valour*, a pastoral poem, written in honour of Scotland against Churchill's satire, is full of spirit, and pregnant with celestial fire. The *Monody to his Mother* should not in reading be neglected; and the *Country Justice* contains in a spirited style the noblest lessons of wisdom, humanity, and justice.

He opens his *Genius and Valour*, in answer to Churchill's satire on Scotland, thus—

"Where Tweed's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora laughs beneath a lucid sky;
Long winding vales where crystal waters lave,
Where blythe birds warble, and where green woods wave,
A bright-hair'd Shepherd, in young beauty's bloom,
Tun'd his sweet pipe behind the yellow broom.

"Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,
And his blue eyes diffus'd an azure day.
Light o'er his limbs a careless robe he flung;
Health rais'd his heart, and strength his firm nerves strung.

" His native plains poetic charms inspir'd,
Wild scenes, where ancient Fancy oft retir'd !
Oft led her fairies to the Shepherd's lay,
By Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

" Nor only his those images that rise
Fair to the glance of Fancy's plastic eyes ;
His country's love his patriot soul possess'd,
His country's honour fir'd his filial breast.
Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,
Her valour witness'd by the world of old,
Witness'd once more by recent heaps of slain
On Canada's wild hills, and Minden's plain,
To sounds sublimer wak'd his pastoral reed—
Peace, Mountain-echoes ! while the strains proceed."

In the same poem, a little further on, is a sublime allusion to the genius of Thomson and of Ogilvie—

" O favour'd stream ! where thy fair current flows,
The child of nature, gentle Thomson, rose.
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery side,
With simple joy to see thy bright waves glide,
Thither, in all thy native charms array'd,
From climes remote the sister Seasons stray'd.

" Long each in beauty boasted to excel,
(For jealousies in sister-bosoms dwell,)
But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
Like Heaven's fair rivals in the groves of Troy,
Yield to an humble swain their high debate,
And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.

" Her naked charms, like Venus, to disclose,
Spring from her bosom threw the shadowing rose ;
Bar'd the pure snow that feeds the lover's fire,
The breast that thrills with exquisite desire ;

Assum'd the tender smile, the melting eye,
The breath Favonian, and the yielding sigh.
One beauteous hand a wilding's blossom grac'd,
And one fell careless o'er her zoneless waist.

"Majestic Summer, in gay pride adorn'd,
Her rival sister's simple beauty scorn'd.
With purple wreathes her lofty brows were bound,
With glowing flowers her rising bosom crown'd.
In her gay zone, by artful Fancy fram'd,
The bright rose blush'd, the full carnation flam'd.
Her cheeks the glow of splendid clouds display,
And her eyes flash insufferable day.

"With milder air the gentle Autumn came,
But seem'd to languish at her sister's flame.
Yet, conscious of her boundless wealth, she bore
On high the emblems of her golden store.
Yet could she boast the plenty-pouring hand,
The liberal smile, benevolent and bland;
Nor might she fear in beauty to excel,
From whose fair head such golden tresses fell;
Nor might she envy Summer's flowery zone,
In whose sweet eye the star of evening shone.

"Next, the pale power that blots the golden sky
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her stormy eye;
'Behold,' she cried, with voice that shook the ground,
(The Bard, the Sisters, trembled at the sound,)
'Ye weak admirers of a grape, or rose,
Behold my wild magnificence of snows!
See my keen frost her glossy bosom bare!
Mock the faint sun, and bind the fluid air!
Nature to you may lend a painted hour,
With you may sport, when I suspend my power;
But you and Nature, who that power obey,
Shall own my beauty, or shall dread my sway.'

"She spoke; the Bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save,

No favour'd nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.

"Mute lies his lyre in death's uncheerful gloom,
And Truth and Genius weep at Thomson's tomb.
Yet still the Muse's living sounds pervade
Her ancient scenes of Caledonian shade.
Still Nature listens to the tuneful lay,
On Kilda's mountains and in Endermay.

"Th' ethereal brilliance of poetic fire,
The mighty hand that smites the sounding lyre,
Strains that on Fancy's strongest pinion rise,
Conceptions vast, and thoughts that grasp the skies,
To the rapt youth that mus'd on Shakespear's grave*,
To Ogilvie, the muse of Pindar gave.
Time†, as he sung, a moment ceas'd to fly,
And lazy Sleep ‡ unfolded half his eye."

His *Country Justice* abounds with strokes of racy humour and imagination—

"The Gipsy race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of Liberty I love.
Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx, of the common shore.

"For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain
The sable eye, then, snugging, sleep again;
Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

* See Ogilvie's Ode to the Genius of Shakespear.
† Ode to Time. Ibid.
‡ Ode to Sleep. Ibid.

" Far other cares that wandering mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of Fate !
From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold;
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.

" But, ah ! ye maids, beware the Gipsy's lures !
She opens not the womb of Time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung !
The parson's maid—sore cause had she to rue
The Gipsy's tongue; the parson's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know
What Vellum's sprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

" Where, in the darkling shed, the moon's dim rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise
Villaria sate, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe she sought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either side the crooked sixpence seek;
Twice were those hands withdrawn from either side,
To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice she in Fortune's devious way !
'Ere yet,' she cried, 'ten rolling months are o'er,
Must ye be mothers; maids, at least, no more.
With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail
A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.
To Marian, once of Colin Clout the scorn,
Shall bumkin come, and bumkinets be born.'

" Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd sore,
That ten short months had such events in store;
But holding firm, what village maids believe,
'That strife with fate is milking in a sieve;'
To prove their prophet true, tho' to their cost,
They justly thought no time was to be lost.

" These foes to youth, that seek, with dang'rous art,
To aid the native weakness of the heart;
These miscreants from their harmless village drive,
As wasps felonious from the lab'ring hive."

How exquisitely beautiful is the following :—

" Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A *few* seem straggling in the ev'ning sky!
Not many suns have hasten'd down the day,
Or blushing moons immers'd in clouds their way,
Since there a scene that stain'd their sacred light
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight;
A babe just born, that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursu'd,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd,
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

" Far other treatment she who breathless lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.

" Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by Nature's growing load,
When ev'ning brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,
The ruffian officer oppos'd her stay,
And cruel, bore her in her pangs away,

So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.
Abandon'd there; with famine, pain, and cold,
And anguish, she expir'd; the rest I've told.

" 'Now *let* me swear—For, by my soul's last sigh,
That thief shall live, that overseer shall die.'

" Too late! His life the gen'rous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd!"

We must close with one of his Fables of Flora—

" THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

" There are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk Ambition's losing game;

" That far from Envy's lurid eye
The fairest fruits of Genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In Friendship's small but kindly sphere.

" Than vainer flowers tho' sweeter far,
The Evening Primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

" In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

" 'Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,'
In pity's simple thought he cries,
'Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"'Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
The hamlet's little train behold;
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
When thine the falling shades unfold.

"'Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
For flowers he rifles all the meads,
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"'Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,
Let smiling suns those gems illume!
Fair flower, to live unseen is death.'

"Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal thro' even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

"Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain:

"'Live unseen!
By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-train'd queen.

"'Didst thou, shepherd, never find,
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,

Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal thro' the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.' "

A few words respecting his private life; for what is the value of the most transcendent genius unsupported by virtue, or rather let us say, when deformed by vice? We have, in a former page, applied to him, after the death of his second wife, Dr. Johnson's remark of Addison—

" Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus."

Shall we go on, and trace the vice through all its consequences here? No; the very fluid we are writing with grows darker at the thought.

A doggrel is still current among the old men about a Doctor *Rover*, which some say related to his predecessor, Mr. Lupton, but which most of them affirm relate to him:

" When Rover was a youthful cur,
No rat or mouse presum'd to stir;
When Rover could no longer bark,
His doom was hanging by the Clerk."

This alluded to the fact of his running at 9 o'clock every morning round the church; then three times

round the churchyard, which was not then inclosed. The following are a few of his odd entries in the parish register :—

"Burials, 1770.

"Wm. Kymer, Curate.

"John Vowles, August 4.

"There was something singular in the character of this old farmer. He was affected alternately with violent fits of divine and human loves, but he generally found a cure for the former in hunger, and for the latter in physic. After passing the whole morning in pious ejaculations, he would most bitterly curse his maids if his dinner was not ready at the precise moment. When he was near seventy, they were three times asked in the church; but his children, by three former wives, persuaded him that a purge was necessary, and this carried the passion clear off. The great Prince of Condé, Henri de Bourbon, was once cured of the same complaint by opening a vein. He was suffocated with swallowing plum-pudding. "J. L."

"1771.

"Wm. Kymer, Curate.

"Catharine Mathalin, Jan. 13.

"This woman was at the battle of Culloden; and her husband, after passing through the heat of that action, was drowned in a ditch-like river that runs through this parish called the Yeo.

"J. L."

"1772.

"J. Langhorne, Rector.

"Robert Clark, Jan. 5.

"This man acquired a handsome fortune by speculating on teasels; buying them at a guinea and keeping them till they sold for five guineas a peck."

"Josias Battle, Sept. 6.

"This man's brother, Peter Battle, of this parish, was the first person hanged upon the Sheep Act."

"1773.

"J. Langhorne, Rector.

"Susan Ozen, Oct. 17.

"She lived to the great age of ninety-eight. Her daughter was almost blind with age when she followed her to the grave. This, with many other instances of longevity, and the great majority of baptisms to burials, shows the peculiar healthiness of this parish."

"Baptisms, 1774.

"J. Langhorne, Rector.

"Dabb | Mary, daug^r^ of Mary and John Adams, at the birth of the child aged 83. Sep. 25."

"Burials, 1774.

"J. Langhorne, Rector.

"Jane Twaits, May 24.

"This young woman was at church the morning she died. After service she ran through the rain to fetch her mistress's cloak, and coming too hastily up the hill from Tingel-well, the organs of respiration were spent, and she dropped down suffocated in the church porch."

"Burials, 1775.

"J. Langhorne, Rector.
"W. Norris, Curate.

"John Thatcher, of Charterhouse, Nov. 22.

"Killed by the fall of a tree which he was cutting down.

"Of these twenty-eight, seventeen died of the small-pox, which was introduced into the parish by bringing a corpse from a distant part to be buried here—a most barbarous custom! which the rector has since entirely prohibited, and recommends the same to his successors. The poor children were inoculated at the expense of the parish, and this lessened the mortality."

He died at Blagdon on the 1st, and was buried there on the 5th of April, 1779. A surgeon from

Wrington, of the name of Box, attended him in his last illness. His old servant, John Dolman, died about a year ago. Several old people remember him. When the new church was built at Blagdon, in 1821 or 1822, his *supposed* remains and those of his first wife were found, and reburied under the altar. A letter was sent in vain to his daughter respecting the monument; but the present worthy and accomplished rector, the Rev. D. G. Wait, saved it from destruction, and replaced it at his own expense.

In the frontispiece of the edition of his works by his son, published in 1804, there is an engraved portrait of him from an original picture in the possession of Mrs. A. L. Edridge. Had we found it without a name we should have pronounced it to be the portrait of *Prior*. Those who remember Dr. Langhorne describe him as a middle-sized, stout man.

The only monument in Blagdon Church is the one already alluded to; it bears the following

Inscription.

"In memory of Ann, the wife of John Langhorne, D.D., Rector of this Parish, and daughter of Robert Cracroft, Esq^re^, of Hackthorne, in Lincolnshire, one of the most amiable and most accomplished women of her time, who, fifteen months after her marriage, died in childbed, May 4^th^, 1768, Æ. 32, leaving behind her an only son, named John Theodosius, and a husband the most unhappy, as her unequalled affection had made him the happiest, of men.

" With Sappho's taste and Arria's tender heart,
Lucretia's honour and Cecilia's art,
That such a woman died surprise can't give;
'Tis only strange that such a one should live.

" This monument was erected by her most affectionate husband, whose remains will shortly be added to hers, and inclosed beneath this marble in the same grave.

" Dearest and best of women, we shall meet again."

Richard Burn*.

HONORARY DOCTOR OF LAWS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD;
HONORARY FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF EDINBURGH;
CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF CARLISLE, ETC.

1709—1785.

"Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan;
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man."

LANGHORNE.

THE historian of Westmorland and Cumberland, the author of the Justice of the Peace, and of the Ecclesiastical Law, is entitled to an exalted rank among the worthies of his native county—of the empire at large.

The bleak, straggling little village of Winton has the honour of being his birthplace. John and William Langhorne, our readers will remember, were born and brought up at the same place.

His father was a *statesman*, or yeoman of great respectability and substantial fortune. He married

* There is a portrait of him in the possession of his kinsman, Mr. Milner, the Vicar of Penrith.

a widow of the name of *Atkinson** (with a family by her former husband), and had by her, Richard, the subject of the present memoir; and Michael, from whom descended Richard Burn, late rector of Kirk-Andrews-on-Eden, and Margaret Burn, the wife of the Rev. Robert Milner, late vicar of Orton, and, let us add, the mother of our kind and able friend, the Rev. William Milner, the present vicar of Penrith.

The Kirkby-Stephen parish register is this:—

"Aug^{t}. 1710. Rich^{d}, son of Rich^{d} Burn, of Winton.
"B. 9."

The letters, B: 9. in the margin mean born in 1709. The house in which he was born, more than a century ago, became the property of the Monk-house family, and thence passed to a person of the name of Adamthwaite (of Hellenic Institute or Dotheboys Hall notoriety), to whose devisees in trust for sale it now belongs. The present occupier is a woman of the name of Ritson, who is said to have a life interest in it under the *Doctor's* will.

Burn was educated at the school of his native place†. And here again we have to remark another instance of the glorious effects of a classical education in our village schools, before the Muses were driven from their accustomed haunts by the harsh

* Hence the author's connection with the family; hence also that of the late Mr. Waller, of Appleby, whose mother's maiden name was Margaret Atkinson.

† It is endowed to a small amount. See 1 Burn (Winton).

and wild slogan of the sprites of trade*. Who was master of the school at this time, tradition sayeth not. If a tree is to be judged by its fruits, how good that tree which has produced such fruits as it has done in Richard Burn, in John and William Langhorne! Divinity has consecrated it; the Genius of Poetry has winged it for the future; and the Spirit of Law has pronounced judgment in its favour over many a rival claim.

From school he went to Queen's College, Oxford; he entered there as *batler*, March 1, 1729. But, beyond his bare matriculation, his college life is a mystery; there is no other trace of him on the college books. The university, when his reputation was established, conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.; but it is clear that he never graduated *proprio Marte*, nor was more on the [old] Foundation than *batler;* indeed, there is a general, and, seemingly, a well-grounded belief that he did not, for some reason or other, stay long in college.

We have no sure trace of him again until 1735, when we find him a curate at Bongate, where he remained about a year. In 1736 he went to Orton, as curate to Mr. Nelson, to whom he soon succeeded in the vicarage, and where he spent the remainder of his days. As the right of presentation to this vicarage has of late caused much litigation, and no little confusion of good and evil passions, we cannot

* Vol. i. p. 147.

help saying a word or two about it. The right of nomination, as in one or two more instances in the county, is vested in the landowners within the parish; in other words, it is a right essentially democratic, and essentially, as it is exercised, a scandal to the Church. There is a story afloat, for stories arise even of spiritual matters, that, upon one of these occasions, after the respective candidates had passed through the usual *ex cathedrâ* ordeal of preaching and praying, one of the worthy electors in conclave assembled was asked for which of the candidates he voted? when he gave, as it is said, the following answer:—*T'furst 'un 'st far t'better Sunday Priest, but I'se fer't clipping drink chap.* Now, we do not assert, nor insinuate, that he was a landowner in Orton parish; nor that it has ever been the luck of that parish to be influenced in such high concerns by such sublime reasoning and sense of duty as seems to have fallen to the lot of this worthy and gifted patron; all that concerns us now is, emphatically to declare, that on the death of Mr. Nelson (although the men fought, the women quarrelled, the cattle were houghed, as usual there), the *clipping drink chap* did not succeed by actual votes, or episcopal legerdemain; but that a man succeeded who proved, by his life and conversation, that even democracy sometimes has its good as well as its evil—this man was Richard Burn.

No sooner instituted and inducted than he married

Miss Nelson, the daughter of the late vicar; they were married July 22, 1736. She died Oct. 21, 1739. He did not remain long a widower. Judging by his conduct, he seems to have thought, with the author of Rasselas, that if married life has its pains, celibacy has no pleasures; and soon, very soon after this we find him taking

"His stand
Upon a widow's jointure land,"

the widow of one John Kitchen, described as of Cowper House and Goodman Hall, near Kendal. This second marriage took place in August, 1740.

About this time, for we have not the exact date of it, he was made a justice of the peace for the county of Westmorland. A few years afterwards he had the like honor conferred upon him in and for the county of Cumberland.

We are now arrived at the period of our narrative when we may, indeed ought, to commence a review of his works; and the task is as easy as it is pleasing. In a brief memoir of him in Jefferson's History of Carlisle, by his kinsman, Mr. Milner, it is said that Burn, while a college student, composed a *Hebrew Grammar*. Not having seen it, we can give no opinion upon its merits. The existence of such a Ms. is, however, important, as showing that he was a Hebrew scholar; and also as showing, that he stayed longer in Oxford than the time we have, on generally-received report, assigned to him.

In 1754 appeared his *Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer*, in two small 8vo volumes. This work had, when he retouched it for the last time in 1785, reached its fifteenth edition; and is now in its nine-and-twentieth! We look in vain for another law book with equal success. No editor but of established reputation has presumed to touch it; no publisher has dared to tamper with it. When he began to write, the legal world abounded with able treatises on the subject; by Mr. Fitzherbert, Crompton, Lambard, Dalton, Jacob, L'Estrange, Kilburne, Shaw, Nelson, and many others; yet, as Burn rose above the legal horizon, they one after another disappeared, and left him alone in his glory. In framing this he attempted no new or scientific method, but adopted the one he found—the alphabetical; adopting that, he removed the land-marks so far as to leave, even after the lapse of a century, little to add, we mean as heads of general arrangement: for instance, under A, B, C, &c., he added upwards of one hundred titles; thus enlarging the foundations without destroying the order of architecture in the system he found. The peculiarity of his subordinate arrangement is that of *time;* thus, in the article of *Woollen Manufacture,* he treats of it under the several heads of winding of wool by the shearer, laws to prevent its exportation, working of cloth, fulling, weaving, dyeing, stretching, dressing, exporting, &c.; and when there is no test or priority of time, he follows what he calls the

method of Lord Coke; he frames a definition which takes in the whole subject, and then explains the several parts of such definition; making one subject, wherever he can, lead the way to the next, and the following paragraph explain the preceding one; and so avoiding the inconvenience of having to search to and fro for matter having an intimate relation, and yet often found, if found at all, under different titles, and many hundred pages apart. For the same reason, when the matter falls under two different titles, he inserts it under both. The precedents, which before his time were either under an appendix or inconveniently arranged, he introduces into the body of the work immediately following the section of the statute or subject to which it applies. The statutes he abridged in the words of the statutes. He brought from the books of the reports the judgments of Westminster Hall, which he gives *in extenso*, leaving the reader to judge for himself. He has thus been the means of perfecting a good code of a very complex, voluminous, and important branch of British law; law which, as society is now constituted, could scarcely have been administered without his industry, accuracy, and arrangement. It is said that he analyzed 238 legal works, extracted from 700 acts of Parliament, and cited and referred to upwards of 1300 reported cases for this purpose. Lastly, we must observe, that as a book of great authority it has been acknowledged by Sir William Blackstone, and by

the greatest lawyers that ever adorned the judicial seat. After this there came two small books on the *Militia Laws*. Those of our own day who remember the excitement caused everywhere by balloting for the local militia, and the laborious duties of a justice of the peace consequent thereon, can easily see the necessity of having all the statutes on the subject collected together. And those who are conversant with the industry, accuracy, and method of his other works can readily believe in what a practical shape he put them. Indeed, from a militia act to a rubric of the church, he touched nothing he did not adorn. In 1760 appeared his *Ecclesiastical Law;* a work which has kept its ground against Gibson's Codex, and Watson's Clergyman's Law, in a way which nothing but overwhelming intrinsic merit could have done*.

The alphabetical arrangement, which he adopts elsewhere so happily, is here likewise resorted to; and perhaps it is this which again gives him so much advantage over rivals with strong claims to public confidence. By his prefatory essay to it we are taught to know what pretensions he really had to be regarded as a man of law. This essay is on the sources of Ecclesiastical Law; and in explaining the various codes, canons, decretals, constitutions, institutes, extravagants, articles, and statutes out of which it springs, he has left behind him one of the clearest and ablest expositions of

* See vol. i. p. 160.

the subject to be found in our language. It should be the student's morning and evening lesson; and the Folletts of the age may once a week refresh their memories with it to advantage. The body of the work, as we have said before, is alphabetically arranged; the statutes and judgments of the superior courts are given *in extenso*, as in his Justice of the Peace; and the same care, labour, research, and method shown as in his other works. It is not so generally known because not so generally used as his Justice of the Peace, but it is his masterpiece: it proves that he was a well-read and thorough-disciplined lawyer; the Justice of the Peace, had it stood alone, *might* probably have left his character under the suspicion of being no higher on the scale than a digest-maker, but this stamped him indelibly as a lawyer. In the life of Gibson, we noticed a rumour that both Gibson and Burn were trained for the bar; we have no hesitation in repeating, that it is not true of either one or the other. In 1764 he wrote a *History of the Poor Laws, with Observations;* an able production, still to be read by all concerned in their administration with interest and advantage. And in 1776 he published *Observations on the Bill intended to be offered to Parliament for the better relief and employment of the Poor, in a Letter to a Member of Parliament* (Thomas Gilbert, Esq., M.P. for Lichfield), from whom the bill was called *Gilbert's Act.*

We have now to glance at a work of another

kind, *The History and Antiquities of the Counties of Westmorland and Cumberland**. When Nicholson (the bishop's nephew) and he commenced this task, the materials out of which it was to be moulded were scattered here and there, not only over the two counties but nearly over the whole kingdom. The mere collection of them was a great effort, but to collect and digest them as they have done was the work of two master minds. Their main supply was from the store-rooms of the Countess of Pembroke, Bishop Nicholson, Sir Thomas Carleton, Mr. Denton, Sir Daniel Fleming, Bart., Mr. Machell of Kirby-thore, Dr. Hugh Todd of Penrith, James Bird of Brougham, and Richard Bell. These they collected and digested with such success as to enable us to boast that Westmorland has a respectable county history. It may not be equal to Hodgson's History of Northumberland, to Surtees' History of Durham, or to Wright's History of Rutland, (for here and there he has weakly yielded to the importunities of friends, as in the title *Brougham*,) yet with all its faults it has stood nearly a century without a rival. The first volume contains the History of Westmorland, and, in all probability, was entirely digested by Dr. Burn; Mr. Nicholson devoting himself to the History of Cumberland. The second volume of it begins with a very interesting account of the ancient and modern

* By Joseph Nicholson and Richard Burn, LL.D.; 2 vols. 4to, 1777.

state of the Borders, and then proceeds to Westmorland in general; a lengthened extract from which forms the introduction of this work: it then proceeds to the baronies of Kendal and Westmorland, giving a minute description of each manor, custom, parish, principal families, charities, churches, schools, livings, &c.; indeed, to everything that can instruct or interest. In the remote districts of the two counties books are scarce things, but wherever this is to be found a value is attached to it, and family traditions accompany it, only to be accounted for by a lasting respect for the memory of *t' good auld Doctor* who composed it.

After his death, namely in 1785, his son John Burn published a book entitled a *New Law Dictionary;* in our opinion a very rash and inconsiderate act; for it is self-evident that it was a mere scrap-book, whence from time to time were transcribed different words and titles into his other works; certainly never intended by him for the public eye as an independent work. Few men were so qualified as he was for compiling a Law Dictionary; he was a very Johnson in the law, yet of all the bad ones extant this is the worst.

His unpublished writings consist of visitation charges in the possession of Mr. Milner, the vicar of Penrith. Of these Mr. M. says in his brief memoir of him in Jefferson's History of Carlisle:—"They are such as might have been expected from the author of *The Ecclesiastical Law*—full of

practical hints and useful suggestions to the clergy and churchwardens, as to their respective duties. Neither has his correspondence with his friend Dr. Morton, principal librarian to the British Museum, yet been published,—a correspondence extending over half a century. He was highly esteemed by Dr. Morton for his great knowledge of the antiquities of his county."

As he wrote he practised; for nearly forty years he was a zealous, impartial, and incorruptible magistrate; from his being associated with them, the bench had authority to command, and the people the willingness to obey.

Dr. Langhorne wrote at his friend's suggestion *The Country Justice*, and dedicated it to him. In this dedication he speaks of Burn as a man of "true taste for the arts." There is no doubt that Burn was a poet of no mean powers; some scraps of his poetry still existing attest it.

In his pastoral charge he was equally meritorious; such was the uniform tenor of his ways, that tradition in the parish still speaks of him as *t' good auld Doctor*. There is a well-authenticated anecdote told of Paley and Burn, which throws some light upon the characters of both. The former, while at Musgrave, Appleby, and Dalston, used often to ride over to Orton to see his friend and spend the day with him; a happy meeting no doubt! for with all the sobriety of thought and action, few men could bend with the facility and be more enter-

taining than these two men. Neither of them were wits, in the modern acceptation of the word, but they both liked a joke. Paley used to say to him, "Well, Doctor, when I come to see you I'm sure of three things; of finding you at home, a well-aired room, and no return-visit from you." At this time (during the last ten years of his life), Dr. Burn scarcely ever stirred from home, and lived in the kitchen, where Paley was sure of not only finding a well-aired room, but of seeing his own dinner cooked.

Whether Dr. Burn ever did disappoint his friend by taking possession of his well-aired room does not appear; the revenge, had he taken it, would, we doubt not, have been equally sweet to both. In 1762 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

In 1765 he was made Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle; and in 1766 the Corporation of Edinburgh presented him and his son with the freedom of the city.

His first wife, as we have said, died in 1739; for some reason or other her name does not appear on the monument in Orton Church. Ann, his second wife, died in 1770. He died in 1785, leaving an only son, John Burn, already more than once named in this memoir.

John Burn died in 1802, and from him is descended the present Richard Burn, Esq., of Orton Hall, and his sister, the Marchioness of Taubati.

Dr. Burn was succeeded in the Chancellorship of Carlisle by his friend Paley.

He was buried at Orton; and the following is his

Epitaph.

Sacred
To the Memory of
Richard Burn, LL.D.,
Forty-nine years Vicar of this Parish,
and more than twenty Chancellor of the Diocese.
He was an impartial Magistrate,
an able Divine, of undissembled piety,
a learned and honest man;
Not less distinguished for his knowledge
of the civil and ecclesiastical laws of this kingdom,
than for his acute investigation of the history
and antiquities of this county.
Conspicuous for his judgment, probity, and candour,
and the general complacency of his manners,
affable and cheerful in conversation,
sincere and steady in his attachments.
His improved endowment rendered him
an ornament to his country:
his disposition endeared him to his friends.
In health,
he was unremitting in the discharge
of his parochial duties.
In sickness,
calm, patient, and resigned.
He died 12th November, 1785,
Aged 76.

John Hodgson.

HONORARY M. A. OF THE UNIVERSARY OF DURHAM;
M. R. S. L.;
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ANTIQUARIAN, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE LITERARY, AND PHILOSOPHICAL, AND NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETIES, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE;
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, COPENHAGEN, ETC.

1780—1845.

. . . . "Nor rugged are the paths
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

THE Historian of Northumberland is, though last, not least of our Worthies in the *Church*. There is a wide-spread notion on the side of the

"Swift-flowing Lowther, current clear,"

that Hodgson was born at Rosgill Head; but we have it of his own authority that he was born in Swindale*. He was the eldest of a numerous family, consisting of seven sons and four daughters,

* See his Account of Westmorland published in the Beauties of England and Wales, under the head *Bampton School*, p. 132.

all of whom, except the eldest, seem to have been born at Rosgill Head, or Rosgill Hall; and hence the confusion regarding himself. His more remote ancestors were seated in Patterdale and other places in the parish of Barton, which forms a large portion of the margin of Ulleswater; and his immediate ancestors were for two generations resident at Rosgill, in the parish of Shap, in which Hawswater is situated*. He was born in Swindale, November 4, 1780, and received his education at Sutton's Grammar School, Bampton, under the Rev. J. Bowstead, afterwards Rector of Musgrave, and lastly promoted by his nephew (the Right Rev. James Bowstead, of Great Salkeld in Cumberland, firstly Bishop of Sodor and Man, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield) to the prebendal stall of Bobenham. The Rev. J. Bowstead was a man eminently successful as a teacher, and his boast still lingers in our recollection: "I've eddecated three hundert preests, I hev, et hev ee"; *anglicè*, I have educated *three hundred* ministers of the church—and we believe this to be within the number; besides the host of good and useful mem-

* Introduction to "Poetic Trifles," printed at Whelpington, by John Hodgson, Jun., 1832; but in his Account of the Life and Writings of Richard Dawes, A.M., published in the *Archæologia Æliana*, he says that "cadets of this family of Hodgson are still seated in Martindale, and a branch of them resided, in the beginning of the last century, in Glenridden, in Patterdale, and afterwards in the parishes of Shap and Bampton, in Westmorland: the descending line of which last branch is at present as follows:—Richard Wellington, son of John, son of Isaac, son of John, son of Isaac, of Glenridden."

bers of society, in all ranks and professions, who look back with reverence to their old and venerable master. If he had educated, we think, no other than Mr. Hodgson, his fame was secured against the inroads of time.

Hodgson was induced in 1802, at the suggestion of his cousin the Rev. William Rawes, M.A., Master of Kepier School, Houghton-le-Spring, to become Master of the Grammar School of Sedgefield, in the county of Durham, for which he obtained Bishop Barrington's licence, 21st July, 1802.

He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Carlisle at Rose Castle on the 3rd of June 1804, by virtue of letters dimissory from the Bishop of Durham, for the title to the Curacy of Lanchester. He was ordained Priest at Durham 29th September 1805, by James, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Dean of Durham, then acting for the Bishop of Durham. "During a residence at Lanchester of a little more than two years" (says he) "my time was chiefly occupied in educating the children of the village, and attending the duties of an extensive curacy. But my health required some relaxation from professional employment, and that was chiefly sought for in the society and hospitality of the families of the neighbourhood; in wandering into the fields, in botanical recreations; in searching for antiquities about the Roman station, and in occasional attempts at poetry." It was here he wrote *Woodlands* and other poems published in 1807,

and dedicated to his friends Thomas White, Esq., and W. T. Greenwell, Esq., from the preface of which the above extract is taken. As illustrative of him we may mention here one anecdote, among many, recorded of his sayings and doings. On reaching Newcastle early in the morning (a Saturday) on his way to the Bishop of Carlisle's Ordination at Rose Castle to be ordained *deacon*, which was the following day (Sunday), he found the only coach to Carlisle gone; without hesitation he left his carpet bag and set off and walked on foot to Carlisle that night (above sixty miles) and the next morning proceeded to Rose Castle. Having explained to the bishop the circumstances which had compelled him to leave his bag, as an apology for not having his gown with him, his lordship said, "Oh, Mr. Hodgson, you shall have the gown in which I was ordained deacon, and may it be as lucky to you as it has been to me."

In 1806 he became curate of Gateshead. In 1808, perpetual curate of Jarrow with Heworth, on the presentation of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., M.P., of Hebburn Hall, in the county of Durham. It was at Heworth he wrote his accounts of Northumberland and Westmorland, published in the "Beauties of England and Wales." The *Picture of Newcastle upon Tyne*, published in 1812. *Felling Colliery Accident*—a Sermon and Description of the Colliery, &c., 1813. In Part II. vol. iii. p. 171 of his *History of Northumberland*, will be found a short

sketch of the part he took with the Society for Preventing Accidents in Coal Mines. Sir Humphry Davy's correspondence with Mr. Hodgson on the subject of his invention of the safety lamp, and other philosophical inquiries, commenced on September 27, 1815, and continued to March 19, 1818, is very voluminous, and not any part of it has been published. He says:—"One who has lived long within the appalling sound of blasts in coal mines; who was the first to publish any detailed account* of these life-destroying whirlwinds of fire; who had often hazarded his own life in investigating their causes; and who had spent much time and money in promoting measures to prevent these afflicting calamities, may surely venture to put in an obscure corner and amongst antiquarian rubbish some record, that he was one who was present at the commencement of a train of inquiries that has led to discoveries on the nature and properties of flame, which gave to man the power of walking securely through an element which had hitherto defied him to approach its dark recesses with a light—discoveries that are endless in their application; and which, in the Davy Safety Lamp, presented the miner with one of the most brilliant and most beneficial inventions that stand in the annals of science; discoveries which, in the early ages of

* Published in the form of advertisements in the Newcastle Courant, the publishers being *afraid* to insert them in any other way.

the history of man, would have ranked its author in the number of the heavenly gods; and which, though the earth-born spirit of envy and ingratitude may for a season continue to assault his name, will place upon the altar of his memory a light that shall only cease to burn, when our planet in its present condition ceases to exist." Mr. Hodgson was deputed by the Coal Trade, in 1815, to accompany the late Mr. Buddle to the Dudley Coal Bason, to inquire into the mode of working and ventilating mines; he has left many papers, including his observations from minutes taken at the mines.

He was also about this time one of the founders of the Antiquarian Society, and of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; of the former he was Secretary for many years, and was afterwards elected Vice-President. He contributed many and very valuable papers, chiefly printed in the *Archæologia Æliana*, particularly "On the Study of Antiquities, being the introduction to the first volume;" "An Inquiry into the Æra when Brass was used in Purposes to which Iron is now applied;" "Observations on an Account of the Roman Road, called Wreckendike, and particularly of that Branch of it which led from the Mouth of the Tyne, at South Shields, to Lanchester, in the County of Durham;" "An Account of the Life and Writings of Richard Dawes, M.A., late Master of the Royal Grammar School and of the Hospital of St. Mary, in the Westgate, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

On the 31st of March, 1823, he was instituted by Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham, to the Vicarage of Whelpington, in the county of Northumberland; and on the 24th of March, 1833, by Dr. Van Mildart, Bishop of Durham, to the Vicarage of Hartburn, the adjoining parish to Whelpington.

It is the intention of Mr. Raine, the historian of North Durham, to write a memoir of his old and intimate friend. Yet not to speak of the requirements of the present work, our own admiration of his industry, his genius, his erudition, and his great private worth, compels us to attempt a sketch, however imperfect, until Mr. Raine condescends to favour the world with the promised memoir.

He was author of *Poems written at Lanchester*, consisting of *Woodlands, a Poem; Longovicum, a Vision**, and five Odes, published in 1807, when at Gateshead†. The *Nativity of Jesus Christ, a Poem; a Sonnet to the Moon;* to *the Author's Mother, on her Birth Day*‡. His poetry, especially the Vision, is worthy of him. He has, we regret to say, left us little, yet enough to show that, if he

* With very copious notes on the Roman station of Lanchester, known as the Longovicum of the Romans. He was not satisfied with the composition, or the form in which these poems were published, and always intended to re-write them; and, about the year 1832, had nearly carried out his intention, and has left the greater portion in Ms., but other calls of more importance compelled him to relinquish his project at the time.

† 12mo. Newcastle, 1807.

‡ 8vo. Newcastle, 1810.

had not been a Jonathan Oldbuck, he would have been a poet of no mean pretensions; for it cannot be denied, that he had much of that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies sentiment, and animates matter;"* but an early bias (imagination's airy wing repressed) led him from the haunts of the Muses to the walls of Hadrian and Antoninus; over hill and dale in Redesdale and Tindale; and to the dry and musty pipe rolls and records of the Exchequer; every line of which seems to have been poetry to him.

Before the publication of his great work (which we are presently to look at), he had written much and often respecting accidents in collieries; and had frequently in consequence received the flattering homage of the humane and scientific; especially of Sir Humphry Davy. He was a frequent contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine and other periodicals, and had written many Archæological and literary papers as well as several Sermons and other publications. In a word, his reputation for genius, learning, and industry, was fully established; so that when he avowed himself the Historian of Northumberland, he was at once and with one consent acknowledged as *the* man pre-eminently fitted for the undertaking. It is in six volumes, three of which are on Parochial History, and three on Records; with very copious indexes or tables of contents for each volume.

* Johnson's Rambler.

Men of parts on every side, every family of rank connected with the county, as soon as his resolve was made known, vied with each other in supplying him with materials; so much was he beloved, and so great was his authority. The industry, learning, and judgment brought to bear upon them is almost enough to stagger credibility as to its being, as it really is, the work of one man. It was his constant habit to rise very early, often at three or four o'clock, and before breakfast he would have written what many would consider a good day's work; he wrote with great rapidity. The whole of the History having been printed in Newcastle added no little to his labours in correcting the errors of a press unused to such publications. Indeed, as has been truly said, when we reflect on the disadvantages under which it has been written, far from public libraries, or even a post town, we stand amazed at what he has done. If the present age has not taste or power to appreciate his herculean efforts, posterity will be grateful for his useful labours.

In everything relating to the History of Northumberland, in paper, printing, vignettes, pipe rolls, Exchequer rolls and the like, he acted as a man of boundless means; indeed, totally regardless of self (as he was in everything), he lost sight of his original praiseworthy and manly object; and the consequence was, that his book was too expensive

for general sale, and his embarrassments rapidly increased upon him. Too much cannot be said of the noble and generous conduct of the Swinburne family, of Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham, and of other gentlemen named in his prefaces, for their sympathy and aid at this critical period of his life, indeed throughout his laborious undertaking.

But all their kindness was of little avail; a mind keenly sensitive of a false position, or of unmerited coldness where it has a right to look for encouragement, soon does its fearful work upon the strongest constitution; and so it did upon his.

He was about completing the sixth volume, having finished about two-thirds of his great undertaking, when the pen fell from his palsied hand; it fell, and there it lies; but for whose use? Who so bold as to take it up? He has left above one hundred volumes of Mss., many of them thick folios, containing the materials of the unpublished portions of the county, as well as much that he was not able to introduce for want of space into the six volumes which have been published. The whole of these Mss. relating to the county of Northumberland are in the possession of his eldest son, Mr. R. W. Hodgson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The learned are fully agreed in pronouncing this history a standard work; to the antiquary and the geologist it must be a mine of wealth; for the lawyer and landed proprietor of Northumberland a sure repertory of

valuable and useful information. His essay on the Roman wall is, of its kind, a wonderful production; to the precision and research of the profoundest and most industrious antiquary is united the free and easy narrative of a fire-side tale, together with the playful fancy of the wit and scholar. The archæologist, the scholar, and the maiden, may all find instruction and amusement in it. In style the history is for the most part highly classical; in matters of local description simple and very happy, and now and then his sentiments are highly poetical and beautifully expressed. His Memoirs of Thomas Gibson, M.D.; the Rev. John Harle, M.D.; the Rev. John Horsley, M.A., F.R.S.; and of William Turner, M.D. (the father of English physic), are very able. The stories of Meg of Meldon, of Rivergreen, and Joshua Delaval and his fourscore goats, are exquisitely told; but to refer to isolated parts of a work, all teeming as this does with philosophy and amusement, would be an endless task, if not a downright act of injustice.

In Part II. vol. ii. there is a portrait engraved by Scriven from a miniature painting by Miss H. F. S. Mackreth; and his son, Mr. John Hodgson, C.E., Newcastle-on-Tyne, has a portrait of him by the late W. Nicholson (of Edinburgh), painted about the year 1811. The work is embellished with plates, many of them presented by gentlemen of the county; from designs by the Duchess of Northumberland, Miss Swinburne, Miss

Emma Trevelyan, Edward Swinburne*, and by members of other families of rank in the county, who vied with one another in aiding him and in courting his acquaintance. The plates are engraved chiefly by Collard, Millar, Nicholson, Lewis, and Lizars.

Having taken a cursory and as we are aware a very imperfect view of his literary labours and their results, let us now turn in conclusion to other topics.

In the year 1810 he married Jane Bridget, daughter of Richard Kell of Heworth Shore, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stone merchant, who is still living and residing in Newcastle. He left out of a family of nine children two sons and two daughters, all of whom are married and still living.

He was Secretary for many years, and afterwards Vice-President of the Antiquarian Society, and member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from their commencement, being one of the founders of both societies. He was elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature, London, in June 1828; and member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, March 17, 1834. The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by the University of Durham about the year 1840.

* The numerous and interesting sketches throughout the whole work by the master-hand of the late Edward Swinburne, Esq., render the illustrations highly valuable.

His constitution was naturally good, with a strong and powerful frame (being nearly six feet in height). He was enabled to undergo great bodily exertions; and on many occasions made long journeys on foot in the adjoining counties, in the Cheviots, and other remote places in Northumberland. He was timid and retiring, but of great courage. The following is only one of many instances on record. In a letter to Mrs. Hodgson, dated Edinburgh, September 13, 1815, he writes thus:—"We were just in time for the coach on Monday morning, but, from the avarice of the clerk in taking pay for a greater number than the coaches are allowed to carry, we found that more had mounted the top than could be conveyed; the bill was therefore produced, and our names called over. Mine and B.'s not being found, we were ordered down; but, as I insisted that I both took the seats and paid for them on Saturday, whereas others that were on the coach had only been booked on Sunday, the guard desired me to speak with the 'master.' B., it was also agreed, should go along with me; but as we entered the staircase, by the light of the ostler's lanthorn, I heard the coach begin to move, and before it got halfway along Collingwood Street I overtook it, seized the horses by the head, turned the two first around, and would not suffer them to move till the clerk came. He arrived in about three or four minutes, and then would have it that I took seats in the six o'clock coach, which goes by Coldstream

and Kelso to Edinburgh; but as he had not entered me even into the bill of that coach, and he could not deny having received my money, I positively refused allowing the coach to go off without us, and after near twenty minutes of altercation I gained my point, and two sailors were ordered off the top. The passengers in the inside were much pleased with the resistance I gave, and the few people who were in the street at the time declared they never heard of so abominable an attempt to defraud and disappoint any person, as our trunks and great coats were on the coach when it set off, and the guard had satisfied himself that we had paid our money on Saturday, from seeing my name with £3 opposite to it. I was much pleased with having so successfully gained my point; as it would have been a great disappointment not to have proceeded when we had once set off from home, and a mortification to be bamboozled by the clerk and guard of a coach."

He had a good knowledge of the Hebrew language, as well as a thorough acquaintance with the Greek and Roman authors. His knowledge of chemistry was also considerable, and at a time when it was little studied, which he principally acquired when at Lanchester, and afterwards at Gateshead and Heworth. Botany was a favourite study in all his walks and rambles. He was also no mean artist, and his sketches throughout his note-books and diaries, which he kept with great regularity,

and other manuscripts, are remarkable for their freedom and correctness.

"To say he was generally respected, is to convey a very inadequate idea of the estimation in which he was held by a very large circle of his friends. Possessed of all the higher qualities of the head and heart, he commanded not only the respect, but the love and admiration, of all who knew him. To literary acquirements of no common order he added a mass of scientific knowledge attainable only by those who are gifted with great mental capabilities, and possessed of the requisite energy to cultivate them. His devotion to antiquarian research was as steady as it was successful; nor were his pastoral duties neglected. The childlike simplicity of his character eminently qualified him for the performance of the several duties of his office, and the actions of his life were so many practical examples of Christian virtue. It is much to be regretted that he has left his valuable History unfinished. Whether from an overstrained application to his favourite studies, or from some other equally potent cause, his mind had become much enervated some years previous to his death, so much so that he was unable to prosecute the work so successfully begun."*

On Mr. Hodgson's departure to the south of England, when his health broke down in 1839,

* See Kelso Mail, June 16th, 1845.

there appeared in the Newcastle Journal the following monody by Mr. White:—

"Behold Northumbria drooping and in tears!
Dark lowering clouds shadow her visage fair:
Why should she grieve? The fleeting lapse of years
Can furrow not her cheek, nor blanch her hair;
Yet has she cause of sorrow. He whose care
For years has been to rear a pillar high,
And grave thereon her story, doth repair
In quest of health beneath a warmer sky.
And she indeed may mourn, for never eye
Gloated like his o'er all her ancient lore.
Or who beside could better testify
What she is now; and what she was of yore?
Watch him, ye heavenly powers, where'er he roam;
Bind up his nerves, and guide him safely home!"

No costly monument marks the grave of one who has left so many to posterity. All that points out that sacred spot is a large flat stone at the east end of Hartburn Church, such as covered the graves of great men centuries ago; on it is engraved the following simple tale:—

"John Hodgson, M.A., Vicar of Hartburn,
Died 12 June, 1845, Aged 65."*

* Should it be objected that the *Church* has taken up three-fourths of the book, we answer that the fact warrants us—that three-fourths of our Worthies have been in the Church. We regret to have to omit such men as Joseph Robertson (translator of Telemachus, &c.), born at Knipe, in 1726; Drs. Burton and Carter (Deans of Tuam)—the one born at Hullock How, the other at Kendal; and many others; but we must stop.

Christopher Baynbrigg,

MASTER OF THE ROLLS, ETC.,

AND

Hugh Curwen,

LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND, ETC.*

"Nullus clericus nisi causidicus."

THE judicial offices filled by Baynbrigg and Curwen have been already named. The latter (of whose birthplace at High Knipe, in the parish of Bampton, we are now satisfied) was created Lord Chancellor of Ireland on the 12th of September, 1555; and in 1557 he was made one of the Lords Justices there. He is said to have been well skilled in the civil law, and to have performed the office of Chancellor many years with reputation†. The former was made Master of the Rolls in 1505 (21 Henry VII). Many say that he was the author of several works on the civil law; but, as already shown, he is in this confounded with Christopher

* See Memoirs in the first volume.

† Vol. i. p. 85.

Urswick*. It may well at this day be asked how it was that ecclesiastics held judicial appointments? We must be allowed to answer in the words of Sir William Blackstone:—"In antient times," says he, "the chancellor was generally an ecclesiastic, or sometimes, though rarely, a statesman; no lawyer having sat in the Court of Chancery from the times of the Chief Justices Thorpe and Knyvet, successively chancellors to King Edward III., in 1372 and 1373, to the promotion of Sir Thomas More by King Henry VIII., in 1530. After which the great seal was indiscriminately committed to the custody of lawyers, or courtiers, or churchmen, according as the convenience of the times and the disposition of the prince required, till Serjeant Puckering was made lord keeper in 1592; from which time to the present the Court of Chancery has always been filled by a lawyer, excepting the interval from 1621 and 1625, when the seal was intrusted to Dr. Williams, then Dean of Westminster, but afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, who had been chaplain to Lord Ellesmere when chancellor†. In general the Masters in Chancery were, as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Doctors of the Civil Law."‡

* Vol. i. p. 71.
† Vol. iii. Comm. ch. 4.
‡ Vol. iii. Comm. ch. 27.

John Robinson.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE COUNTY OF WESTMORLAND, AND AFTERWARDS M.P. FOR THE BOROUGH OF HARWICH; LIEUT.-COLONEL OF THE WESTMORLAND MILITIA; SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY IN LORD NORTH'S ADMINISTRATION; AND SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF H. M. WOODS AND FORESTS UNDER WILLIAM PITT.

1726—1802.

"Knowledge is power."

ALTHOUGH this man is not known as a Holt or as a Mansfield, yet, as he began the world as a lawyer, the professors of the law have a right to say "he is one of us;" just as Churchmen claim (and rightly so) Dr. Burn as one of their learned body.

Robinson's life, holding the mirror up to nature, is no bad illustration of our text, *Knowledge is power*.

He was born at Appleby, in 1726, and was the son of a thriving tradesman. There seems to have been a large family: of Jeremiah and Hugh there

is a satisfactory account. Jerry, as the first was usually called, was afterwards a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and Recorder of the borough of Appleby; he held also, as we believe, the lucrative office of distributor of stamps, &c. Hugh rose to the rank of rear-admiral in the British service. The history of Joseph is unknown. There is a common report that there was another brother, called Mark, said to have been a rear-admiral in our service; but it seems to be a mistake for Hugh. He had also a sister married into the Chaytor family—the Chaytors of Durham, who sprung from Appleby.

All the sons were educated by that eminent scholar and successful teacher Mr. Yates, the Head Master of Appleby School.

John, about the usual age, was articled to an attorney in his native place. The probability is that he applied himself steadily and earnestly to the study of the law. His servitude being completed he was admitted on the roll of attorneys, and began business in Appleby. Scarcely was his office door thrown open to the public, than in stalked that extraordinary personage Sir James Lowther, Bart. As the young lawyer had then been in London, and had, no doubt, seen the great political wizard of the North in his black smalls, silks, buckles, cocked hat, and prodigious nosegay, he might feel less alarmed at his princely style of dress than at the character he bore—that he never approached a man but to make him or to ruin him.

Robinson, however, was born to good luck; the wealthy and powerful baronet was there as a client. It has been said that the strongest attachments are not unfrequently referable to original diversity, rather than to original identity of character. Achilles and Patroclus, Plato and Alcibiades, Luther and Melancthon, Johnson and Boswell, Swift and Gay, Rousseau and Hume (the instances usually given), well support the apparent paradox; the one before us forcibly illustrates it too. Sir James Lowther was in great contrast to his favourite, Jack Robinson. He was a proud, jealous, overbearing, selfish, vindictive, restless, yet withal, when politics were not in the way, a noble-hearted princely fellow*. Robinson was a man whose will was in constant subjection to his understanding; a man, not of fits and starts, nor made up of shreds and patches, with here a bit of virtue and there a bit of vice, whimsically dovetailed to make up a man, but a steady, sober-minded, industrious, clever man of business. Sir James's eagle eye at a glance discovered that Robinson was the man for him. Need we say why? The first thing Sir James did, to show that he was in earnest, was to give him a share of his law business. Pleased with him, he advanced him to the chief stewardship of his princely estates; and, *as soon as you could say Jack Robinson*, the favourite was lieut.-colonel of the Militia, and M.P. for the county of Westmorland. To

* See Gent. Mag. 1802, pp. 587. 874.—Peter Pindar, &c.

qualify him, for it was necessary then as now in such cases, he conveyed to him Netherhoff, &c., a property to which we shall more than once perhaps have occasion to refer. For his native county Robinson had sat in two successive Parliaments, when Sir James withdrew his influence from Lord North. He took for granted that his *tail* (we use the word in its Celtic sense) would follow. But Robinson said, "No! I am persuaded that the course pursued towards the American colonies is just and constitutional, and therefore I will not vote against the ministry." "Then," said Sir James, "give me back Netherhoff." "Yes, Sir James, when you give me back what you owe me, I will give you back Netherhoff," was the reply. There is no doubt that Sir James was deeply in debt to him. It was a part of this eccentric man's system to involve himself with his stewards; Wordsworth and Wheatley are additional instances, and unfortunate ones. It was, which cannot well be accounted for, a part of his system; for his wealth was that of Ormus or of Ind. There is no doubt of the fact that he was so involved with Robinson. Now, as Parliament men are such great folks, we must leave the *morale* of this affair to those who are better able to give an opinion upon it: there seems six o' t' one and half a dozen o' t' other. This misunderstanding took place in 1774 or thereabouts, when he exchanged his seat for the incorrupt and incorruptible borough of Harwich.

He represented this place nearly thirty years, having been six times elected for it.

About the time of his quarrel with his patron he was made Secretary to the Treasury, and continued in that important office during the remainder of Lord North's administration, until 1782, when he retired on a pension of £1000 a year. During his secretaryship he was not unfrequently caricatured as a political *rat-catcher*, and suffered severely from the attacks of the Opposition. Sheridan was once sneering at the ministerial benches for bribery and corruption at the late elections (just as such men do at the present day, too often to hide their own faults), when a cry was raised—Name! name! name! "Yes," said Sheridan, looking Jack impudently in the face, "I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson." You will naturally inquire what Robinson said or did. He sat still and said nothing. His knowledge of the world had taught him that everything fresh from the *school for scandal* is, like the American skunk, best let alone.

Robinson was at this time a great favourite of King George the Third. Seeing that Sir James Lowther was married to Lady Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of Lord Bute (formerly tutor and prime minister of the King), the fair presumption is that it was by the Lowther interest that the Royal attachment was so directed. When he died there were upwards of three hundred letters in his writing desk, written to him by his Sovereign; some on

agricultural matters, but many on the American war; letters proving alike the unbounded confidence placed in his head and heart: and that George the Third, as a penman and as a politician, was one of the ablest men of the age in which he lived. The King frequently visited him at Wyke House, when the neighbouring palace at Kew became the Royal residence. Wyke House, Sion Hill, is, you will remember, in the parish of Isleworth, and stands between Brentford and Osterly Park, the estate of the Earl of Jersey. Once the King, who was an early riser, came by break of day, when Robinson was in the middle of his shaving operations. The King! the King! was the cry; and the bustle of the household consequent upon it made him cut the matter short—indeed, made him leave off half done; half shaved, or, rather, shaved on one side, he hurried down, and in this state, much to the merriment of the King and Queen, breakfasted with them. About this time another incident occurred, well worth narrating, if we can tell it as it ought to be told. The King was once obliged in the chase to cross Wyke Farm; but on riding up to a gate he found it locked, and hailed a man at work close by; the man seemed lazy, or unwilling to do as he was bid. "Come, come, man," (said the King,) "open the gate." "Nay, *ye mun gang aboot*," was the answer. "Gang aboot!" (replied the King,) "open the gate, man; I'm the King!" "Why, maybe," said the chap, "but ye mun gang aboot, if ye ert

King." And sure enough the King was forced to gang aboot; which in plain English means that he was obliged to go round nearly the whole inclosure of Osterly Park. Whether Nimrod lost his temper or not is unrecorded, but that he was not in at the death may be taken for granted, without any record of the fact. Robinson came home in the afternoon, and was told of his Royal master's disappointment, and being assured of the fact by the offender himself, he instantly ordered his horses to his carriage, and drove post-haste to Kew. He was admitted, as usual, without ceremony, and the King, laughing, greeted him thus:—"Ah, Robinson, I see you are in distress; be of good cheer! I wish I had such fine fellows in my pay as *auld gang aboot.* Tell him from me that I shall always be glad to see him." Robinson was at ease; and auld gang aboot very soon and very often found a more direct path than around the palings of Osterley Park to Kew Palace, where he always met with that kindness which his sturdy honesty and practical good sense was sure to meet with under the roof of one who himself had so large a share of both. The King never saw friend Jack afterwards without inquiring affectionately after *auld gang aboot.* This worthy's name was *Atkinson,* from Kirby-thore; he was the farm-bailiff at Wyke House.

It is not unworthy of remark that George the Third signed *Ralph Robinson* to his agricultural essays in Arthur Young.

Robinson also held the house in which he occasionally lived at Harwich together with some other property there under a grant from the crown, dated the 25th of March, 1782; it was granted to him for the lives of George the Third, the Prince of Wales, and his own. He was to return, as generally understood, two Government men for the borough; which was always done, except in the case of Myers, who seems both to have married his granddaughter, Lady Mary Nevill, and got in for Harwich against his will.

In 1788 William Pitt made him Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests; he held the office as long as he lived. There was, strange to say, no fixed salary annexed to this office. He constantly importuned Pitt to fix it, but in vain; all the answer he could get was, take what you like. He took out of the moneys passing through his hands what he considered a fair remuneration for his trouble, which, as the result proved, was not unreasonable. So matters went on until he died, when the Audit Office called for a fourteen years' account of the hire of every post-chaise, turnpike-gate charge, &c., &c., and prevented for a long time the estate of Wyke passing to Lord Jersey; however, through the labours of his old clerk, Thornborrow, his accounts were at length audited and passed, and the estate conveyed.

While he sat for Harwich he disposed of a great portion of his Westmorland property; in doing so,

he offered, not in good taste, we think, Netherhoff and his Burgage tenures in Appleby to Sir James Lowther. Sir James indignantly refused; and it was sold to Sackville, Earl of Thanet, who thus obtained in Appleby an equal footing with the house of Lowther.

When a young man, Robinson married a Miss Mary Crowe, of Barbadoes. Who she was is not clear. Robert Lowther, the father of Sir James, was Governor of Barbadoes, with an estate there of £4000 a year in value; hence, probably, his connection with a Barbadoes lady. From his will it appears that she outlived him; it is believed that she died in Bath. By her he had an only child, Mary, afterwards Mary Nevill, Countess of Abergavenny. Although Mr. Nevill was a poor spendthrift of a fellow, yet his daughter's marriage into a family so ancient and so intimately connected with the history of Westmorland was a source of some pride to him. It is said, when Sir James Lowther and Mr. Nevill were raised to the peerage, that, through Robinson's influence, the latter obtained a precedence over Sir James. His daughter never left Wyke House as a residence, and all her children, including the present Earl, seem to have been born there. She died of consumption, on the 26th of October, 1796, at the premature age of thirty-six, and was buried in Isleworth Churchyard.

His hospitality knew no bounds. To persons

from Appleby he was much attached; his clerks and servants were generally from that quarter; and he is said to have almost unpeopled the neighbourhood by procuring young men places in the salt works in Cheshire, Government offices in London, and the like.

His will bears date the 29th of April, 1802, and was proved in the Prerogative Court, London, the 7th of January, 1803. He died poor. His clerks and servants, however, were not forgotten; to the parish of Isleworth, also, he was a liberal benefactor.

He did not long survive the making of his will. According to a portrait of him by Joseph, a tolerable artist of the day, he was a little, thick-set, handsome fellow. He always had a presentiment that he should die of apoplexy; and, strange to say, he did. He died at Harwich, on the 23rd of December, 1802, in his seventy-sixth year. He was, we believe, the father of the House of Commons. His remains are supposed to rest in the same vault with his daughter, in Isleworth Churchyard. All we find written on the stone is

Mary Nevill,
Countess of Abergavenny,
Died 26th Oct. 1796.
Aged 36.

Sir John Wilson, Knt.

JUSTICE OF HIS MAJESTY'S COURT OF COMMON PLEAS AT WESTMINSTER;
ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT SEAL, ETC.

1741—1793.

"Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue."—BACON.

"THE first principles of jurisprudence are simple maxims of reason, of which the observance is immediately discovered by experience to be essential to the security of men's rights, and which pervade the laws of all countries. An account of the gradual application of these original principles, first to more simple, and afterwards to more complicated cases, forms both the history and the theory of law. Such an historical account of the progress of men, in reducing justice to an applicable and practical system, will enable us to trace that chain, in which so many breaks and interruptions are perceived by superficial

observers, but which in truth inseparably, though with many dark and hidden windings, links together the security of life and property with the most minute and apparently frivolous formalities of legal proceeding. We shall perceive that no human foresight is sufficient to establish such a system at once, and that, if it were so established, the occurrence of unforeseen cases would shortly altogether change it; that there is but one way of forming a civil code, either consistent with common sense, or that has ever been practised in any country, namely, that of gradually building up the law in proportion as the facts arise which it is to regulate. We shall learn to appreciate the merit of vulgar objections against the subtlety and complexity of laws. We shall estimate the good sense and the gratitude of those who reproach lawyers for employing all the powers of their mind to discover subtle distinctions for the prevention of injustice*; and we shall at once perceive that laws ought to be neither more *simple* nor more *complex* than the state of society which they are to govern, but that they ought exactly to correspond to it. Of the two faults, however, the excess of simplicity would certainly be the greatest; for laws, more complex than are necessary, would only produce embarrassment; whereas laws more simple than the affairs which they regulate

* The casuistical subtleties are not perhaps greater than the subtleties of lawyers; *but the latter are innocent, and even necessary.*—Hume's Essays, vol. ii. p. 558.

would occasion a defect of justice. More understanding * has perhaps been in this manner exerted to fix the rules of life than in any other science; and it is certainly the most honourable occupation of the understanding, because it is the most immediately subservient to general safety and comfort. There is not, in the whole compass of human affairs, so noble a spectacle as that which is displayed in the progress of jurisprudence; where we may contemplate the cautious and unwearied exertions of a succession of wise men through a long course of ages; withdrawing every case as it arises from the dangerous power of discretion, and subjecting it to inflexible rules; extending the dominion of justice and reason, and gradually contracting, within the narrowest possible limits, the domain of brutal force and of arbitrary will. This subject has been treated with such dignity by a writer who is admired by all mankind for his eloquence, but who is, if possible, still more admired by all competent judges for his philosophy; a writer, of whom I may justly say, that he was '*gravissimus et dicendi et intelligendi auctor et magister;*' that I cannot refuse myself the gratification of quoting his words:—'The science of jurisprudence, the pride of the

* "Law," said Dr. Johnson, "is the science in which the greatest powers of understanding are applied to the greatest number of facts." Nobody, who is acquainted with the variety and multiplicity of the subjects of jurisprudence, and with the prodigious powers of discrimination employed upon them, can doubt the truth of this observation.

human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns.'" *

In this honourable occupation of the understanding; in this science, the pride of the human intellect, John Wilson had a conspicuous part, and performed that part well.

Bishop Watson, who, in the anecdotes of his own life, delights in calling Wilson his friend, pays the last tribute to his memory in these words:—"He did not owe his promotion to the weight of great connections, which he never courted; nor to the influence of political parties, which he never joined; but to his professional merit and the unsolicited patronage of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who, in recommending to his Majesty so profound a lawyer and so good a man, realized the hopes and expectations of the whole bar, gratified the general wishes of the country, and did honour to his own discernment and integrity;"—a picture as true to nature as it is choice in words. The writer to whom we must by and by refer, gives a like opinion upon his public and private worth †.

John Wilson was of a good family, and born at the How, in Applethwaite, on the 6th of August, 1741. In a former page it has been stated that he had his school education at Heversham School; but information since acquired enables us to correct

* Burke's Works, vol. iii. p. 134. † Gent. Mag. 1793.

the error. *Johannes Wilson Westmorlandiensis è scholâ publicâ de Staveley annos habens sexdecim*, &c., is the entry in the admission-book of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. By Staveley is here meant Staveley in Kendal parish. The college entry above extracted bears date January 29th, 1757. It is worthy of remark that at this time Dr. Edmund Law was Master of Peter House*, and his son Edmund (afterwards Lord Ellenborough) an undergraduate; it may reasonably be supposed that it was here and at this time that was formed that intimacy which existed between the two during their brilliant careers. Now, although Westmorland can boast of a long list of men distinguished in Cambridge for mathematical honours, yet *senior* wranglers are few and far between. John Wilson, however, in 1761, conferred this proud distinction on his native county and his college; and, what is more, not only was he senior wrangler, but his family may boast in him the *first senior wrangler that Westmorland ever bred*†. During his undergraduateship, Dr. Waring,

* We often hear it said, that Dr. Edmund Law was born at *Carhullan*, in the parish of Bampton; but this is a mistake. His family sprung from that place; he was born near Cartmell, and in Lancashire.

† John Bell, Esq., King's Counsel, was senior wrangler in 1786; Henry Bickersteth (Lord Langdale, the present Master of the Rolls), in 1808. The former was born in Kendal, the latter in Kirkby-Lonsdale. It is often asserted that Inman and Ainslie (senior wranglers) were natives of Westmorland, but it is a mistake; Inman was born at Sedbergh, and Ainslie at Carlisle. Sowerby and Solomon Atkinson are both Cumbrians.

the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, published his *Miscellanea Analytica*, which was attacked by Dr. Powell and a host of others with great rancour; more, however, as it would seem, for the crime of youth, than from want of knowledge of the subject he wrote upon. Into the nature of this controversy we cannot enter here; suffice it to say that it made such a noise in the mathematical world as still to leave its echo behind, and that our distinguished countryman, in a most chivalrous spirit, stood forth in defence of the youthful professor, and rescued him from reproach, if not from defeat. His scholarship on the Parke Foundation bears date December 3rd, 1757; and he was instituted to a Foundation Fellowship, July 7th, 1764, having been elected, out of respect to his transcendant abilities and success in academical examinations, a Probationary Fellow a year before. He had been Paley's private tutor.

In the year 1767 he joined the Northern Circuit. We have little or no information as to the extent or kind of his business; it would seem that he never had an extensive one, nor is there any satisfactory evidence of his powers as an advocate. Sir James Lowther (that great patron of true merit) seems to have placed great confidence in him as a lawyer. Watson (Bishop of Llandaff) tells us that his friend Wilson was reputed one of the best black letter lawyers in England. He was in 1788 appointed King's *devil* in the Court of Exchequer,

alias *treasury devil*, an office by name perhaps not very grateful to ears polite, but in reality one much envied, as being a sure stepping-stone to wealth and power. In 1782 he was created one of his Majesty's Counsel, and a few years afterwards Lord Thurlow did honour to his own discernment and integrity by selecting him for the vacant seat on the bench of the Common Pleas. His elevation took place on the 15th of November, 1786, on the resignation of Mr. Justice Nares. Upon being made a serjeant, preparatory to the bench, he gave rings with the motto *secundis laboribus;* he was thereupon knighted. At this time he resigned his fellowship. Sir John Wilson sat in the Common Pleas until October 18th, 1793. When Pitt dismissed Lord Thurlow, in 1792, from the chancellorship, he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal. "In the administration of justice Sir John Wilson was diligent and able, equally removed from prejudice by the strength of his head, and from partiality by the integrity of his heart; his justice was tempered with mercy, and his humanity regulated by a regard for the common weal."* He was remarkable for his cheerfulness of temper, simplicity of manner, and benevolence of heart. On the 7th of April, 1788, he married the daughter of Mr. Serjeant Adair, and by her had the present Captain Wilson, of the How, Windermere, and two daughters.

* *Semble*, Mr. Serjeant Adair.

His Herculean labours at Cambridge and at the bar had undermined at best a weakly constitution, and superinduced a paralytic affection. He sought for relief against it in Lisbon, but in vain. He was walking down the street in Kendal, with the father of Mr. Chr. Wilson, and near his door fell down in a fit of paralysis; after a confinement of fourteen days' continuance, in his friend's house, he sunk under it on the 18th of October, 1793. Sir Giles Rooke succeeded him on the bench. He was buried in Kendal Church; and his friend, Dr. Watson, composed for his monument the following

Inscription.

In memory of Sir John Wilson, Knt.,
One of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas,
Born at the How, in Applethwaite, 6th Augt, 1741.
Died at Kendal, 18th of October, 1793.
He did not owe his promotion to the weight of great connections,
which he never courted, nor to the influence of political
parties, which he never joined; but to his professional merit,
and the unsolicited patronage of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow,
who, in recommending to his Majesty so profound a Lawyer
and so good a man,
realized the hopes and expectations of the whole Bar,
gratified the general wishes of the Country,
and did honour to his own discernment and integrity.

Sir Alan Chambre, Knt.

ONE OF THE BARONS OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER;
AND AFTERWARDS
ONE OF THE JUSTICES OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS AT WESTMINSTER.

1740—1823.

"Fuit tamen multitudini gratus, et in jure dicendo severus."
PLUTARCH'S LIFE OF THEMISTOCLES.

BROUGHAM, in his account of Lord Mansfield, says of Chambre, that he was "among the first ornaments of his profession, as among the most honest and amiable of men;" but in the next sentence he spoils this well-deserved compliment by a snarl at Sir Vicary Gibbs; the head and front of whose offending seems to have been that he was less *learned* and more of a Tory than our Westmorland worthy. The great real-property lawyer, Sir Edward Sugden, once said of this eccentric ex-chancellor, "if he knew a little law he would know a little of everything:" it is to this little flaw

in his wonderfully varied and volatile constitution that we are perhaps to attribute this libel or caricature of Gibbs and Chambre. On the other hand, Campbell sneers at the puisnes to magnify the chiefs. When will these two men agree? The truth is, that both Gibbs and Chambre were industrious, clear-headed, clever men of business; Gibbs being more in demand than Chambre as a real-property lawyer and as a *nisi prius* advocate. The term *learned* (except learned in the law, or, my learned friend, which have dwindled into terms of mere courtesy) cannot, with any propriety of speech, be predicated of either. Not that they were unlearned men (for they were masters of their own profession, and "no man can be master of any profession without having some skill in other sciences,"* especially masters of "the law, in whose ashes the sparks of all the sciences are taken up†"); but that they preferred lectures on the law to lectures on light, and delighted more in Westminster Hall than in the salons of fashion abroad.

The Chambre family is very ancient. From Dr. Burn's account, derived from the most authentic sources, the name was originally Chambre (*De Camerâ*); but from the beginning of the reign of King Henry the Third to the time of the grandfather of the late Sir Alan, who restored the original orthography, the name was written Chamber,

* Sir M. Hale. † Sir H. Finch.

Chambyr, Chamer, and sometimes Chammer. By marriage they were allied to the Strickland family of Sizergh Hall; to that of Askwith, Wessington, Trueman, Morland, and to some of the oldest and best families in Westmorland, Yorkshire, and Cumberland. Alan Chambre, the grandfather of the subject of the present memoir, as well as his father, were barristers and Recorders of Kendal. "The grandfather married" (says Dr. Burn) "Mary, the elder daughter and coheir of Marmaduke Trueman, of Marderly Grange, in the county of York, and by her had issue:—1, Walter; 2, Alan, who died unmarried; 3, Jane, married to William Symson, Esq., senior alderman of Kendal, now living, unto whose son and heir apparent, Mr. Joseph Symson, we are obliged for several of the above particulars relating to the town of Kendal; which William Symson was son of Joseph Symson, Esq., senior alderman of Kendal, son of Robert Symson, M.A., Rector of Marton in this county*. Walter Chambre, barrister at law, married Mary, daughter of Jacob Morland of Capplethwaite, Esq., and by her had issue:—1, Alan; 2, Jacob, a clergyman; 3, Walter, a merchant at Whitehaven; 4, Mary."† The bearings of the family are—1, Or, a cross erminee, four martlets rising sable; and for an augmentation, on a chief azure, a snake coronee

* Hence the Author's connection, whose grandmother, Janet Symson, was of that ilk.

† She died in 1824, unmarried.

devouring a child proper, betwixt two roses gules, by the name of *Chambre;* 2, Argent, a cheveron gules, between ten cross crosslets sable, by the name of *Wessington;* 3, Ermine on a bend gules, three elephant's heads, or (by whose name does not appear); 4, Three asses sable passant, by the name of *Askwith;* 5, Argent, a cheveron between three escallop shells azure, by the name of *Trueman.* Alan Chambre, therefore, was the eldest of four children, and the son of Walter Chambre, barrister at law, recorder of Kendal, &c., and of Mary his wife, who was a Morland of Capplethwaite. He was born in 1740, in the house which is now known by the name or sign of the New Inn, Highgate, Kendal, where the family lived before they went to Abbot Hall. Abbot Hall is now the property of Christopher Wilson, Esq., of Rigmaden Park, having been purchased of Sir Alan Chambre, in 1801.

He was educated partly at the Grammar School in Kendal, and partly at that in Sedbergh. Mr. Gilbert Crackenthorpe was then master of the former, and Dr. Bateman of the latter. From Sedbergh School he went into the office of a London attorney of the name of Wintour; which at that day was the usual course of legal education, the present system of pupillizing in barrister's and pleaders' chambers being unknown. With Mr. Wintour, however, he did not remain long; for on the 5th of February, 1758, he was admitted as a student in

the Middle Temple. He remained at the Middle Temple until the 13th of November, 1764, when he migrated to Gray's Inn; and he was called to the bar there on the 28th of May, 1767. At the summer assizes of 1767 he joined the Northern Circuit and the North Riding sessions. He continued to go circuit until his elevation to the bench in 1799, a period of thirty-two years. The first time he appeared in court he brought a bag full of briefs with him, probably through Mr. Wintour's influence. In the course of ten years he acquired a very, very large junior business; in Lancaster the largest of any man behind the bar, not excepting even Wood. Country folks, who usually attend assize courts, seem to think that juniors are but riders to a bill of costs; but the initiated know full well "that the soldier who guards the ammunition and the luggage is as necessary as he that fights the battle," and that the success of the engagement not unfrequently depends on the way he does his duty. Chambre was looked upon as an excellent junior; in consultation sound, ready, and communicative; master of fact and law; in court, with a leader up to his work, passive but vigilant. In the beginning of 1781 he was created King's Counsel; and on the 24th of January of the same year made a bencher of Gray's Inn. He was now in the position of a leader; but neither on circuit nor in London did he ever rise above mediocrity as a *nisi prius* leader. He spoke fluently, and with anima-

tion, but not effectively; being diminutive in size, and having a thin, almost squeaking voice, he made little impression upon jurymen. With the court *in banco* few men were more successful. Here he was at home, and here he had an extensive and lucrative business. Whoever will turn over the pages of Durnford and East's Reports (Term Reports, K. B.) will get a fair estimate of the quantity and quality of his business, and the confidence the public had in him. His name appears oftener than that of any other man on his own circuit—of either Law, Erskine, Bearcroft, Mingay, Wood, Shepherd, Topping, Marryatt, or Park; and the quality of his business is strongly evidenced by the many times his name appears in Smith's Leading Cases. Before the full court matter is regarded more than manner, and those physical defects, prejudicial to him at *nisi prius*, here passed unseen. He had a great store of legal learning, and was ready in its application; his memory was retentive, first principles well digested, judicial decisions applied with discrimination and judgment, a man of intense painstaking, and (as Brougham says) as honest as he was amiable; consequently he was a general favourite with the bench and bar, and with the world at large. In 1795 he was appointed Solicitor General of the County Palatine of Durham. In 1796 he was elected Recorder of Lancaster.

In the long vacation of 1799 Mr. Baron Perryn, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer,

resigned, and Chambre succeeded him. On being called to the degree of Serjeant at Law, preparatory to his going on the bench, he gave rings with the motto, *Majorum instituta tueri**. He was thereupon knighted. An incident occurs here in point of time we cannot overlook. He had been on circuit an universal favourite with his fellows; sometimes styled Mr. Professor Chambre, and sometimes Dr. Chambre. He held the offices of Solicitor and Attorney General for the circuit for many years in succession; and after he was raised to the bench, at the following assizes, the bar did what, as far as we can learn, was never done before or since,—on the motion of Mr. Serjeant Cockell his health was drunk with three times three, as a mark of their respect and affection for him! He remained in the Court of Exchequer until Trinity Term, 1800; when, on the death of Sir Francis Buller, Bart., he removed to the Court of Common Pleas. In this court Sir Alan remained until Hilary Term, 1816, when he resigned, and was succeeded by the late Sir James Alan Park†. It often happens, and has often happened in our day even, that a successful advocate makes anything but a successful judge. Depend on it, public hopes and expectations will never be realized as

* See 8 Term Rep. 587.

† 1 B. & P. 1; 2 Ib. 275; 8 Term Rep. 587; 4 M. & S. 449; 6 Taunt. 514.

long as political influence is made the test of ability for the bench; it is simple cause and effect: on the other hand, all will go well, and does go well, when men are taken for their knowledge of the law and their ability to administer it. Sir Alan Chambre was chosen from among his fellows to this high office, and owed his promotion to no political influence, to no connection with great folks, nor to any petticoat intrigue, but solely to the force of his own high standing and commanding attainments: so promoted, the country found in him an able minister, doing all things that belonged to his office with temper and judgment. Baron Parke (that great ornament of our bench) not long since pronounced Chambre to be the greatest pleader of his time. Whether the learned Baron had for a moment forgotten Wood, or really thinks Chambre a greater authority in matters of special pleading, there are no means of ascertaining. Whichever way considered, it is no mean compliment to the memory of Sir Alan Chambre. His honest and amiable disposition leads to the conclusion (as it really was) that he administered the criminal code, Draco-like as it then was, with a firmness that vindicated the law, but with a tenderness towards his kind that does honour to his head and heart. We have said that he resigned in the beginning of 1816. It often happens that judges do not long survive their cesser of office. The mind, it would seem, so actively

employed, and so long habituated to a severe pursuit, like that of the law, cannot bear to be suddenly relapsed: either a collapse of the whole system ensues in body, or the soul, having nothing else to prey upon, preys upon itself. Sir Alan, however, having a sound mind in a sound body, having some resources in himself of a literary kind, being of a lively disposition, fond of society, and of active habits, lived many years after, until he arrived at the mature age of eighty-three. As he set no higher value on money than the comfort and happiness it could provide for others, he died poor; poor for one who had such means of being rich. He was the constant supporter of his relatives, especially of his brother Walter and his family. To public charities he subscribed freely; the poor never went empty away. In every relation of life he was much esteemed. Although devotedly fond of female society, he was never married. He lived with his sister and niece. Their town house was in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and their country house at Hampstead. His sister survived him, and died unmarried, August 20th, 1826, in Montague Street, Portman Square, aged eighty-one. Sir Alan died at the Crown Hotel, Harrowgate, on the 20th of September, 1823, aged eighty-three. His remains were brought to Kendal, and interred in the family vault in the parish church there, where on his monument is the following

Epitaph.

In memory of
Sir Alan Chambre, Kn^t^,
Late one of His Majesty's Justices
of the Court of Common Pleas
at Westminster.
Ob: XX Sept. MDCCCXXIII.
Æt. LXXXIII*.

* Dr. Burn speaks of two more Westmorland men on the Bench, Carus and Preston; but of these we can obtain no information. The present Master of the Rolls (Lord Langdale) was born at Kirkby-Lonsdale. And the eminent real-property lawyer, John Bell, K.C., was born at Kendal, Oct. 23rd, 1764. As stated in page 165, Wilson, Bickersteth, and Bell were all senior wranglers. The last in 1786. He died Feb. 6th, 1836, at Milton, near Canterbury. The present High Sheriff of Kent (Matthew Bell, Esq., of Bourn House) is his son.

Peter Barwick.

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE;
PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND;
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ETC.

1619—1705.

"Je le pansai, Dieu le guérit."
PARE.

PETER Barwick was the brother of Dean Barwick, whose integrity, holiness of life, political influence, and varied fortunes, have been laid before you; he was his brother,

"But more the friend than brother of his heart." *

His family and his education need not be again enlarged upon†; but a few particulars we must repeat. He was born at Witherslack, in 1619; began his education at an obscure, mean school in the neighbourhood; improved it at Sedbergh School, under Mr. Gilbert Nelson, and completed it in St.

* Langhorne. † Vol. ii. p. 3.

John's College, Cambridge. He also tells us that he was seven years younger than his brother, and derived great assistance from him. As he took his B.A. degree at the end of the year 1642, he would probably matriculate when he was about twenty years of age, in 1638-9. In College he followed in the wake of his noble brother; for he became Scholar and Fellow of his college. To the latter he was nominated and presented on the 3rd of December, 1644, by Wrenn, Bishop of Ely (then a prisoner in the Tower), but could not be admitted (as it is expressed) through the *iniquity of the times*. He took his M.A. degree in 1647, but it seems that he left Cambridge upon the *ejectments*, as his brother did, in 1643.

From Cambridge he went into Leicestershire, as tutor to a young gentleman of great hopes, a Mr. Ferdinando Sacheverell, of Old Hayes in that county. How long he remained in this employment is not ascertained, but he acquitted himself so well that his pupil, dying some years after, left him an annuity of twenty pounds, which was always, as emphatically remarked, most punctually paid.

In 1655 he was created Doctor of Physic; and about two years afterwards, took a house in St. Paul's Church Yard, London, to practise physic.

About the same time he married Mrs. Sayon, a merchant's widow, and near kinswoman of Archbishop Laud. This lady's first husband was Dr. Howlet, Dean of Cassels, in Ireland. In his

brother's life he says, that John, "finding in his house an oratory, formerly consecrated to God, but profaned in the late rebellion, was at the charge of restoring it to its antient beauty, and constantly performed divine service there, recommending to God the cause of the oppressed Church and King." We are also told, that it was *the* house where, on the 8th May, 1661, the Bishop of London (Sheldon) and other of the bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c., met in the morning, and whence they proceeded to the Cathedral, and began the first session of the convocation for revising the Book of Common Prayer*. He had purchased this house for the convenience of attending daily service in the Cathedral; and when the great fire of London (1666) had driven him from it, for the same pious purpose he took another house near Westminster Abbey, in the parish of St. Faith, where he constantly attended divine service. As a physician he attained great eminence: Dr. Hodges, in his book concerning the Plague, speaks of him in terms of great praise. He was particularly famous for his knowledge of the small-pox, and all sorts of fevers. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood found in him a zealous advocate. As the immortal Harvey died in 1657, the probability is that Barwick knew him only by his works†. We are also

* See p. 15.

† Exercitatio Anatomica de motu Cordis, printed at Frankfort in 1628.

informed that Dr. Barwick not only prescribed for the poor gratis, but furnished them with medicines at his own expense, and charitably relieved their other wants.

What share he had in the Restoration has been already recorded. Immediately after he was made one of the King's Physicians in Ordinary; and the year following (1661), in acknowledgment of the two brothers' faithful services to the Crown, they and their heirs for ever had, by his Majesty's command, the honour of an addition to the family arms of a red rose irradiated with gold.

About the year 1671 (seven years after his brother's death) he began to draw up the history of the Dean's life; it was written in Latin, to preserve, as he says, an uniformity with a Latin dissertation of his brother —"that he might not be obliged to compose the same history in a language not everywhere the same." The work is not remarkable for its purity, accuracy, or philosophic spirit; yet is valuable as giving to the world correspondence, and disclosing state secrets connected with the Restoration, of which Hume, Lingard, and other historians, seem to have had no knowledge. Twenty years after he had finished it, Dr. Anthony Walker (formerly the Dean's pupil) published his Faithful Account of the Author of Εικων Βασιλικη, and therein attempted to prove that Dr. Gauden was the author of it. In defence of royal claims to it (of which there can be no reasonable doubt), Barwick added the Appendix; at this

time he was nearly blind: he was able to subscribe his name to it, but it was dictated by him to a friend, who wrote for him. The original Ms. was deposited in the library of Sir Ralph Dutton; a second, in his own handwriting, he gave to Dr. Woodward, Professor of Gresham College, deposited for a while in the library of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and a copy, taken by the author's direction, as well as at his charge, was deposited by him in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, bound up in Turkey leather, with three of the King's original letters, and an acquittance in His Majesty's handwriting. He also placed there, at the same time, another volume of the chancellor's, Dr. Barwick's, and other original letters and papers relating to the same subject, to be published when the college should think proper. The translator clearly demonstrates, from internal evidence, that the St. John's Ms. was the last draught of the life. When it first appeared, the *Gazette* of July 18th, 1721, contained what he called an angry advertisement, but what any one else would have called a barefaced lie; professing "to certify that the said book is not the genuine life of Dr. John Barwick written by his said brother." In the *Post Boy* of the 25th of the same month he condescended to notice it. We need scarcely say, however, that he vindicated his character from the foul reproach.

In the house at Westminster he remained until 1694, when his eyesight, which had long been bad, quite failed him: he gave up his practice and lived

retired, giving himself up to contemplation and the conversation of a few intimate friends, and particularly his neighbour, Dr. Busby.

He died on the 4th September, 1705, in the 86th year of his age.

By his wife (formerly Mrs. Sayon) he had a son, who died an infant, and three daughters; the only survivor of them married Sir Ralph Dutton, Bart., of Sherborne, in the county of Gloucester.

With her he lived very happily many years. She was buried in St. Faith's, London, his own parish church. Near to her body his own remains were, by his own direction, privately, and without any monument, a few years afterwards, interred.

Thomas Gibson.

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE;
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON;
GENERAL MEDICAL OFFICER TO THE ROYAL ARMY, ETC.

1647—1722.

"Lateat scintilla forsan."

In the life of Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, the family, education, and fortunes of his uncle have been in part described.

Thomas Gibson was born at High Knipe, in the parish of Bampton. The house in which both uncle and nephew were born is still standing; it is the property of the Earl of Lonsdale, and occupied by a family of the name of Burn. Thomas Gibson was born there in the year 1647. At that period, few schools in the northern counties stood so high in public estimation as the one at Bampton; and, judging by the number of distinguished scholars from it, we may safely add, by merit raised to that high eminence. The cause of its decline and pos-

sible renovation we have speculated upon in a former page*. It was at this school where he first laid the foundations of his future success. His work, to which we must presently refer, attests alike his master's ability and his own early progress in the liberal sciences.

At an early age he left school for the study of physics, but when or where is unknown. Wherever it was that he first devoted himself to Mercury, it is evident that he was not an idle lad; this inference we draw from the fact that it was while he was a very young man that he wrote and published the book *De Anatomiâ Corporum humanorum*, commonly called *Gibson's Anatomy;* a work to which medical men of our day, it is true, would not refer for help or authority, but one to which every well-informed, sensible man would pay a passing tribute of respect. Men of science still regard its author, if not as a Harvey or a Jennings, at least as one of those men of old by whose industry and strength the landmarks of physic have been gradually removed to their present enlarged and lofty elevation. The arrangement of the book is simple and natural, its style neat and pure, sometimes elegant; it might, if written in our day, have been entitled, *Anatomy for the Million.* It would be difficult to point out a modern work on the same subject so pleasing or so easy to the general reader. Like his fellow-countryman, Dr. Peter Barwick, he was a

* See Bishop Gibson's Life.

sincere believer in, and a zealous defender of the *new doctrine*, the circulation of the blood*, and his practice was based upon that great fact. Harvey died in 1657, when Gibson was a boy at school. In proportion to the magnitude of the discovery, and its influence on the ancient system, did envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness pursue the memory of the great discoverer. Whether he was a quack or a man of mind, whether his discovery was a mere whim, a nostrum, or a scientific fact, was a *vexata quæstio* long after Harvey's death, distracting the public mind. Time, however, the great prover of all things, has proved the truth of his deductions, and shown the wisdom of those who comprehended them and made them the rules of practice. From the appearance of Gibson's work his fame rapidly increased, and in the course of a few years he was one of the most eminent and successful men in England. He was elected Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and appointed chief surgeon to the royal army. Such was his success in life, his moral worth, and rank in society, that Anna Cromwell, daughter of Richard, and granddaughter of Oliver the Protector, became his wife. What may not industry, ability, and good conduct achieve! She was eleven

* Since this great discovery, it is held indifferent (not to mention thousands of other subordinate discoveries) which of the three veins (the cephalica, basilica, or mediana) is opened in blood-letting.

years younger than her husband, and survived him between five and six years. She is represented as a woman of great prudence, piety, and chastity. Grainger informs us that there was no child. After the death of her husband she took much notice of his family, especially of the Bishop of London, who was her constant guest.

He died in 1722, she in 1727. They were buried in the ground adjoining the Foundling Hospital, belonging to St. George's Chapel, London.

There was written over their remains the following

Epitaph.

Hic jacet
Thomas Gibson, M.D.,
Peritus simul et pius,
Bamptoniæ in agro Westmorlandiæ natus,
Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensium Socius,
Exercitui Regio Medicus generalis,
et
Libro de Anatomiâ Corporum humanorum,
Quam summo judicio Conscriptum juvenis edidit
Notus.
Obiit 16 die Julii, 1722, Ætatis 75.

Hic jacet
Anna Gibson,
Richardi Cromwell Filia
Et Thomæ Gibson, M.D., uxor.
Prudens, Pia, Casta,
Obiit VII die Decembris, 1727.
Ætatis 69.

Anthony Askew.

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE; FELLOW OF EMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LONDON;
FREE ACADEMICIAN OF THE ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTION IN PARIS;
PHYSICIAN TO THE ENGLISH EMBASSY AT CONSTANTINOPLE,
ETC.

1722—1774.

"I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke." . . . . .

POPE.

ANTHONY Askew was one of Dr. Parr's earliest and best friends; a man with a just title to be recorded among the promoters of literature and science; a man who lived beloved and died lamented*.

He was born at Kendal, in 1722, and was descended of a highly respectable family. His father, Dr. Adam Askew (at Newcastle styled the Radcliffe of the North), died in 1773, only a year before his son, at the age of seventy-nine.

He received a part of his education under the

* Nichols' Lit. Anec. vol. iii. p. 494.

celebrated Richard Dawes, at Newcastle; the remainder at Sedbergh School, and Emanuel College, Cambridge*. He took his B.A. degree in December, 1745; in this year also he was elected Fellow of his College. He seems to have continued his residence in Cambridge until he took his M.B. degree.

From the University of Cambridge he went to Leyden, perhaps with a view of prosecuting his medical studies; but it is clear that the tragedies of Æschylus were preferred to Celsus. He remained about a year at Leyden; after that he visited Hungary, Athens, and Constantinople. In the last place he remained a short time in the suite of Sir Joseph Porter, the English ambassador there. We say a short time, because we find him in January, 1748, in quarantine at Malta, and in 1749 in Italy, Paris and London receiving the honours due to his tastes and acquirements. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, London, and one of the Free Academicians of the Academy of Belles Lettres in Paris. It was on this visit to the French capital that he purchased many manuscripts, and laid the foundation of that choice and extensive library of the classics for which he was in after life so courted and known among the scholars of his age.

In 1750 he became M.D., and established himself in London as a physician. His house in Queen's Square was the general resort of men of

* Parr's Works, vol. vii. p. 593.

his own refined taste and accomplishments. Dr. Mead, Archbishop Markham, Dr. Parr, Sir William Jones, and Taylor (the translator of Demosthenes), were of the number. His literary pursuits and manuscript-collecting did not, however, interfere with or retard his professional advancement. It is a vulgar notion that literature and business are incompatible; a notion, too, as injurious as it is vulgar: it is the deadly upas of the arts and sciences. May the time soon arrive when the man of mind and education can sit down and communicate to the world the result of his inquiries and experience, without the fear (alas, too often realized) of losing his daily bread from such vile and narrow-minded prejudice! Then, and not till then, in fact, (a consummation Education must accomplish), will the startling theories and amazing realities of our age be moved onwards to that glorious perfection which is to set the modern over the ancient world. "No man can be master of any profession without having some skill in other sciences!" In Dr. Askew literature and medical practice were in the highest degree compatible; for soon after his settling in London he got into a good and extensive practice, which accumulated upon him as long as he lived. Besides his election as Fellow in the College of Physicians, he was made physician to St. Bartholomew's and Christ's Hospitals; he held also the registrarship in the College of Physicians. "Dr. Mead supported him with a sort of parental zeal;

nor did he find in his protégé an ungrateful son. Few minds were probably more congenial than were those of Mead and Askew. The former had, so to speak, a magnificence of sentiment which infused into the mind of the latter just notions of a character aiming at solid intellectual fame, without the petty arts and dirty tricks which we now see too frequently found to obtain it."*

He was twice married. His second wife was Elizabeth Halford, "a woman" (says Dr. Parr) "of celestial beauty and celestial virtue;" by her he had a family of twelve children. One of his daughters married Sir Lucas Pepys; Lady Cave, we think, was another. It was at Lady Cave's that he was introduced to Matthias. Dr. Parr continued his friendship to Askew's surviving children†.

Having given a brief outline of his family, education, travels, and pursuits, let us turn to what he was better known for while he lived, and for which some have ill used him since his death. He never published any medical work; but while at Leyden, in 1746, he published a *Novæ Editionis Tragœdiarum Æschyli specimen curante, A. Askew*, in a small 4to pamphlet, dedicated to his friend Dr. Mead, in which he gave the various readings of twenty-nine lines of the Eumenides v. 563–591, in Schutz' edition). He prepared a complete edition of Æschylus on this plan; and

* Dibdin's Bibliomonia, p. 515.

† See monumental inscription in Hampstead Church.

in his lifetime collected a mass of notes and collections, afterwards used by Butler in his edition published between 1809 and 1816. This specimen of Æschylus provoked the severest attacks upon him while he lived; and since his death, Dr. Bloomfield (the Bishop of London) has endeavoured to persuade his readers that Askew was a mere plagiarist and book-worm, saying (amongst other things) that his pamphlet was a mere transcript from one in the handwriting of Peter Needham. We would answer all, including Dr. Bloomfield, in the words of Dr. Parr: "With concern I have lately observed a disposition in the critics and editors of this country to depreciate the merits of Dr. Askew, and to represent the credit which he obtained as a scholar as resting upon no solid foundation, and as sinking gradually under the evidence of facts which it was reserved for the scholars of the present time to discover. I honour the abilities of these men; I commend their zeal; I admit, with the guidance of Professor Porson, they have introduced many improvements in verbal criticism; but to their strictures on Dr. Askew I cannot give my assent."* "Of his attainments in Greek and Roman literature it becomes not me" (says Dr. Dibdin) "to speak, when such a scholar as Dr. Parr has been most eloquent in his praise."† While in Greece he collected many Greek inscrip-

* Parr's Works, vol. vii. p. 593.

† Bibliomania, 515.

tions, which now form the 402nd volume of the Burley Collection, in the British Museum. The 523rd volume of the same contains a few proposed emendations of texts in Euripides and Galen.

His chief delight, however, was in collecting Mss., and the choicest editions of the classic authors. Of several he possessed every edition, especially of the Greek authors. The collection of Greek and Roman is described as unique. Taylor bequeathed to him all his Mss.; Dr. Mead's he purchased of him for £500. Dr. Dibdin tells us that he expressed a wish that they might be unreservedly submitted to sale after his decease, which was done. So vast was his collection, that the first sale, the sale of the printed books in 1775, lasted twenty days, and comprised 3570 lots; some of which, namely, the first edition of Cicero de Officiis, and the Venice edition of Pliny's Natural History, were purchased for the British Museum; some were bought for the Bodleian Library, in Oxford, and the rest by individuals, the Kings of England and of France, Dr. Heaton, Mr. Cracherode, and others, who knew their value and the cost of the collection. The Mss. were not sold until 1785, and are for the most part in the Bodleian Library. In his own library, as we may naturally suppose, Dr. Askew had great pride and pleasure. John Carabella, or Caravella, was his librarian. "Dr. Askew, with less pecuniary means of gratifying it than Dr. Mead, evinced an equal ardour in

the pursuit of books, Mss., and inscriptions. I have heard" (adds Dr. Dibdin) "from many worthy old gentlemen, who used to revel 'midst the luxury of his table, that few men exhibited the books and pictures, or, as it is called, showed the lions better than did the Doctor. Like other men of his taste he often was imposed upon. The story told of Roubilliac may serve as an instance: he bargained with him for £50 to execute a bust of Dr. Mead (now in the College of Physicians). Pleased with it, Dr. Askew sent the sculptor £100; Roubilliac replied by sending him in a bill for £108 2*s*.

Radcliffe's gold-headed cane was given by Dr. Read to Dr. Askew; and, after passing through the hands of Pitcairne and Baillie, was finally presented by Joanna Baillie to the College of Physicians, where it now is.

There is a portrait of him, engraved by Hodgetts from the original in Emanuel College Cambridge, in the 2nd volume of Dibdin's enlarged edition of Ames' *Typographical Antiquities*. In Dr. Mc Michael's *Gold-headed Cane* there is a full length representation of him from a clay model in the College of Physicians.

He died at his house in Hampstead, on the 27th of February, 1774, aged fifty-two; and was buried there on the 6th of March. Upon the west wall of Hampstead Church, by the side of the organ, is a tablet recording the names, deaths, ages, &c., of

many of his family; and bearing, as regards himself, the following

Inscription.

Anthony Askew, M.D., F.R.S.,
Died 27th Feby, 1774,
Aged 52 years.

Anthony Fothergill.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS;
M.D., F.R.S., ETC.

1732—1813.

"Homo sum, et nihil humani à me alienum puto."
CICERO.

ANTHONY FOTHERGILL was not only a man of good head, but of sound heart. "Be not almost, but altogether a Christian," was a sentence written about his path and about his bed, as well as upon his tombstone.

According to Dr. Lettsom, he was born at *Sedbergh*, in *Westmorland*. But as Sedbergh, unfortunately for the Doctor, is in Yorkshire, and as Fothergill himself tells us that he was a native of Westmorland, we must lay the venue of his birth in some other spot; this we do in Rissendale*. Its vicinity to Sedbergh may perhaps have led to the

* *Vulgo* Ravenstonedale.

mistake. Whether he was born at Tarn House, at Brounber, or at Lockholme, we are unable to determine; nor is it, perhaps, of much moment to do so, as these were branches of the same family, and as we know of a certainty that he was a native of Westmorland. The family of Fothergill is very ancient. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, Sir William Fothergill, of Rissendale, was Standard Bearer at Sollom Moss to Sir Thomas Wharton. Dr. Burn alludes also to a George Fothergill, of Tarn House, who, in the time of King Charles the Second was the Queen's Receiver for Westmorland, Lancashire, and Cumberland, Clerk of the Peace for the county of Westmorland, &c. The historian adds, that he lived in the only slated house in the parish*.

Anthony was born in Rissendale, in 1723. The probability is, that he was educated at Sedbergh School; but of this we have no certain information.

His medical studies were pursued in Edinburgh and Leyden, and lastly in the Sorbonne, in Paris. In 1763 he obtained the degree of M.D. in Edinburgh, on his thesis *De febre intermittente;* and soon afterwards commenced practice at Northampton. In 1778, his professional character being fully established, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1781, on the death of the celebrated Dr. John Fothergill (not a relative, but an intimate friend), he removed to the residence of his deceased friend in Harpur Street, London; but,

* Burn's Hist. vol. i. p. 528.

finding there was nothing in a name, he, in 1784, removed to Bath, where by his own vigor he did succeed to his heart's content. In the course of a few years he realized a large fortune. At the same time, like Askew, he freely indulged in literary and scientific pursuits. While at Bath he contributed many valuable papers (5 volumes) to the Transactions of the Medical Society, London;—"A fatal case of a Morbid Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, with a singular appearance in the Bladder." "On the Efficacy of the Gummi Rubrum Astringens Gambiensi (or, as some term it, the Gummi Kins), in Intermittent Fevers, and certain preternatural discharges." "An account of the epidemic Catarh (termed Influenza), as it appeared at Northampton and in the adjacent villages in 1775, with a comparative view of a similar disease, as it was observed in London and its environs in 1772." "An instance of a fatal Pulmonary Consumption without any evident Hectic Fever." "An account of the effects of Arteriotomus, in cases of Epilepsy." In 1792 the Royal Humane Society of London awarded him the gold medal, for his "Free Inquiry into the Suspension of Vital Action in cases of Drowning and Suffocation;" an inquiry he was led into by the establishment of that society, of which he was one of the first and one of the most valuable members. In 1796 he published at Bath, "An Essay on the Abuse of Spirituous Liquors;" and, in 1798, the "Preservative Plan of Health."

In 1803, having acquired a fortune sufficient to enable him to relinquish his profession, he resolved to travel into the New World, and spend the remainder of his days in learned leisure, and in the delights of philosophy. In November he set sail for Philadelphia. Here he remained until 1812, when, in consequence of political differences between England and America looming large, he recrossed the Atlantic.

On his return to England, he took up his residence in St. George's Place, Christ Church, Surrey, with a Mr. Matthew Bacon, who had accompanied him in his voyage from America.

In 1810, while in Philadelphia, he wrote the *Triumvirate of Worthies*, an elegant tribute to the memory of Howard, Hawes, and Berchtold—that triumvirate of philanthropists, coheirs of heaven, whose very names make us proud of our kind. List! the tale is brief:—

"Could birth or talents, or e'en Virtue, save
Illustrious patriots from the untimely grave,
Could Merit turn th' envenom'd shaft aside,
Then had not Howard, Hawes, nor Berchtold died:
Died, have we said! Their fame can never die;
Coheirs of heaven, their record stands on high;
Their bliss was here to soften human woe,
Exalted bliss—which good men only know:
O'er your cold urns may flowers perennial bloom,
And spread their fragrance o'er your sacred tomb!
Let earth's proud tyrant hide his guilty head,
Nor dare pollute these mansions of the dead.
How long shall ruffians point their murd'rous spears,
Unmov'd by widows' shrieks and orphans' tears!

O'er crimson'd fields their blood-stained laurels reap,
And deeds commit at which e'en angels weep!
How long shall man, that impious creature man,
Presume to o'erthrow his wise Creator's plan!
Pour desolation o'er his parent earth,
Ordained to nurture millions from their birth!
Know then this truth, which rightly understood,
Proves 'partial evil 's universal good.'
T' unfold the plan surpasses human art,
Of the grand whole we only see a part;
Revere its Author—wait the drama's close—
Which may reveal dark mysteries like those.
Evils gave birth to charities divine;
These made a Howard—those a Berchtold shine;
To rescue thousands from th' o'erwhelming flood
Inspir'd a Hawes—the ardent, zealous, good!
With tyrant Death to hold a glorious strife,
And snatch devoted victims back to life:
While war's fell fiends sent millions to the grave,
Your God-like province ever was to save.
Blest shades! your well-earned victory 's now complete,
Departed friends you now with rapture meet,
Welcom'd to join celestial choirs above,
Where all unite in harmony and love!
The bloody tyrant quakes whose fate draws nigh;
Unfit to live, still more unfit to die!
Writhing with guilt, curses his natal day,
Then with deep groans expires in wild dismay!
Tho' death proclaims the indignant spirit flown,
Still the grim visage wears a vengeful frown;
Glad crowds exult at his departing knell,
As when a Borgia or a Nero fell.
But meek-ey'd Mercy chides th' indecent joy,
The tyrant's doom her anxious thoughts employ;
'T' insult the dead,' she cries, 'ah, friends, forbear;'
Then, like the pitying angel, drops a tear.
Who knows but He who rules the raging tides,
Shakes the firm earth, and in the whirlwind rides,
Who points the lightning, and directs the storm,
Now clothes ambition in a tyrant's form!

Makes him an engine in his sovereign hand
On thrones to trample, empires to command,
Kingdoms o'erthrow, and scourge their guilty land.
From mad ambition what disasters flow!
This vice alone redoubles human woe;
This, like a rankling sore, corrodes the heart,
While scorpion Conscience shoots her poison'd dart.
Hail, sacred Virtue! sunbeam of the mind!
O! rise once more to charm—to bless mankind!
O! let thy genial rays dispel the gloom
Which hangs portentous over Europe's doom!
Bid brutal war and jarring discord cease;
And with thee bring the smiling angel—Peace.
Too long has man cut short the life of man;
Has he forgot his own is but a span?
Pleasure serene, fair Virtue's sweetest prize,
Glows in the heart, and glistens in the eyes:
Virtue can bolts and chains and torture brave,
Exult in death, and triumph o'er the grave.
Cease then, O Man! to censure Heaven's just laws,
And virtue learn—from Howard, Berchtold, Hawes!" *

Dr. Fothergill was a member of many learned societies, besides those mentioned, in America as well as England and Scotland; and obtained honorary rewards from many of them. By his will he made to all of them, as well as to the different hospitals, asylums, infirmaries, and schools in London, Bath, Northampton, Margate, and Philadelphia, most munificent bequests†. His gold medal, as appears by his will, he bequeathed to his nephew, Fothergill Bainbridge, and to his issue male bearing the name of Fothergill Bainbridge.

* See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxxi.

† See an account of them in Nicholls' Lit. Anec. vol. ix. p. 214 (n).

A large silver teapot and silver goblet, prizes from the Bath and West of England Societies; a large burnished snuff-box, a prize from the London Board of Agriculture; also his several diplomas, certificates of membership from the learned societies to which he belonged, he bequeathed in like manner. To Dr. Lettsom he left his silver medal of Captain Cook, his gold stop watch, and cane, in consideration of his kindly undertaking to publish a collection of his essays. He appropriates £1000 towards the expense of selecting and publishing his works, and expresses a wish that Dr. Lettsom would do it. These works consist of twelve thick folio volumes in Ms., besides miscellaneous essays and many hundred letters.

He died in Mr. Bacon's house, on the 11th of May, 1813, in the 82nd year of his age.

In his last will, made at Philadelphia, in 1810, he desired to be buried in the Episcopal Church, which he usually attended; and directed a plain oval tablet to be erected with this

Inscription.

To the memory of Anthony Fothergill, M.D., F.R.S.,
A native of Westmorland, in England,
who departed this life at an advanced age,
. . . . . and rests here
in the humble hope of a glorious resurrection.

Reader, here make a solemn pause.

Remember, that thou art in the awful presence of thy Creator!

who knows all thy actions and innate thoughts, which are all recorded, and for which thou must one day give an account.

> *" He that formed the eye, shall he not see ?*
> *He that formed the ear, shall he not hear ?"*

Remember that on the present day hangs Eternity, to which thou art hastening. Resolve, therefore, instantly to devote thyself to Virtue, Religion, and Piety; which alone can give thee peace here, and everlasting happiness hereafter. Resolve, to preserve a clear conscience; and to be not *almost* but *altogether* a Christian.

Thomas Garnett.

PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND CHEMISTRY IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN;
DOCTOR OF MEDICINE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH;
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON;
OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY;
OF THE ROYAL MEDICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH;
HONORARY MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE;
FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY;
MEMBER OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY, LONDON;
OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF MANCHESTER, ETC.

1766—1802.

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."
VIRGIL.

THOMAS GARNETT was a man of a truly philosophic turn of mind. He had, too, above most men, the rare faculty of communicating to others his rich and varied knowledge. What Hannah More said of the elder Sheridan's Lectures on Oratory, may with great truth be said of him:—

"Not the dry precepts of unnatural rules;
Not the dull pedantry of modern schools;
But every grace that precept ever taught,
By fair example to perfection brought.
Polite as praise, as honest satire keen,
As beauty graceful, and as truth serene;
Correct as science, elegant as wit,
As reason powerful, and as fancy sweet.
No inharmonious cadence gives offence,
But every varied sound conveys the varied sense."

And, as proof of his master mind and reputation, we may add :—

"The book-learned parson, and book-keeping cit,
With senseless gravity and saucy wit,
By impulse irresistible attend,
And little wits their sour attention lend,
With sparing thrift bestow their scanty pence,
Whilst candour owns him with a Plato's sense."*

A public course of lectures, especially on chemistry and experimental philosophy, that is to say, outside the wards of a medical college, was in his day a *new idea*. The lecture-room had been to the labouring population and even to the greatest part of the middling classes an Utopia, known only by the report of those whose interest it seemed to be to make a favourable report of it. It was Garnett and such like that boldly threw open the doors to the million, and taught them the great practical truth, that the arts and sciences may be stripped of their mystery, and are within the easy

* See Thompson's Life of Hannah More.

reach of the most unlettered of mankind. It is owing to Garnett, and to such as Garnett (we speak not of divines for they have their reward), that this little speck on the ocean wave contains such an amazing mass of good and of useful knowledge; of that wholesome nourishment which has of late (Heaven be praised!) aided so mightily to keep Great Britain above the overwhelming elements of civil strife; to be a light to lighten other nations; or, rather, to be another Ark for Liberty to flee to, when in the rest of Europe she could scarcely find room to rest the sole of her foot. We have assigned him the rank of a philosopher. His never-tiring pursuit of knowledge, his keen love for the works of nature and of art, his experiments and deductions in aid of science, not to mention the great interest he felt in the general improvement and welfare of the great family of man, entitle him to the rank we give him. If there were degrees on the scale his would be elevated; for his philosophy was not of the vulgar kind; not seeming, but real; not springing from or leading to atheism, but springing from a deep and humble sense of all human contrivances, and leading to a believer's faith in one Omnipotent Creator and Preserver of all things. He was a sincere Christian in faith and practice. The more he read of the human frame, of the laws of animal life, and of every science to which his great mind was directed, the more clearly did Almighty Wisdom shine before him. But, if we may be allowed

the heathen maxim, "whom the Gods love die young."

He was born at Casterton, near Kirkby-Lonsdale, on the 21st of April, 1766. About a year after he was born his father removed to Barbon, a small village near to Casterton, where he received his school education. Here he laboured under great disadvantages; but at the same time gave decided proof of a precocious, active, and ingenious turn of mind, by contriving small pieces of mechanism, and the like. When only eleven years of age he is said to have imitated a dial and a quadrant which he had seen, and with the latter attempted to measure the height of a mountain behind his father's house.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Dawson of Sedbergh (the celebrated mathematician), who was at that time a surgeon and apothecary there. While at Sedbergh, Garnett seems to have been indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge. The mathematics, hydrostatics, optics, astronomy, and, above all, chemistry, attracted him.

In 1785 he went to Edinburgh, and became a member of the Medical and Physical Societies, where he soon became known, and of the latter of which he was afterwards President. In Edinburgh he constantly attended the lectures of the most eminent professors, especially of Dr. Black and of Dr. Brown, with whose new theory of medicine he was much delighted, and of which, during the

remainder of his life, he was a zealous advocate. The summer months he spent with Dawson of Sedbergh; the intervening winters were thus passed in Edinburgh. In 1788 he published his dissertation *De Visu*, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Soon after this he went to London. In 1789, having finished his studies in London, he returned to his parents at Barbon for awhile; and finally resolved on settling at Bradford, as a physician. About this time, as supposed, he wrote the *Treatise on Optics*, which you will find in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Settled at Bradford, in 1790 he began his private lectures on philosophy and chemistry; he also wrote a treatise on the Horley Green Spa. Being, however, dissatisfied with Bradford, he removed in the following year to Knaresborough, intending to reside there in the winter, and at Harrowgate in the summer. This course he pursued until 1794. In the one he distinguished himself by a masterly analysis of the mineral waters*; in the other he has left a name, as a promoter of literature and friend to humanity, which time has not impaired. We indulge in no metaphor when we say that the Nidd has not forgotten him, and Fort Montacute still bears lasting testimony to his judgment and taste, to his head and heart. That extraordinary man, Blind Jack of Knaresborough†, was the

* See Sir C. Scudamore on the same subject.

† John Metcalf.

peculiar object of his care and attention. He assisted him in publishing an account of his life (and an interesting one it is), the sale of which produced a considerable sum, and made the poor man comfortable for life. Whilst at Harrowgate, Lord Loughborough became much attached to Garnett, and built a house for him. Notwithstanding he resolved to go to America; and this he certainly would have done had not a Miss Catharine Grace Cleveland, a lady of great accomplishments from Salisbury Square, London, and Hare Hatch, Berkshire put a spoke in his wheel. This lady had been, as we are told, recommended to take the waters of Harrowgate, and, as a proof of her good taste, she took Dr. Garnett instead. They were married in March, 1795. Waiting in Liverpool for a vessel to transport them across the Atlantic (for she consented to this hard condition), he was solicited by the medical men there to unpack his apparatus, and give a public course of lectures on chemistry and experimental philosophy. He consented; and by this accident was reserved to us for a short time longer the services of this truly gifted man. True genius, like true beauty, is self evident: at once men confess its existence; doubts arise only where there is room to doubt. His first lecture created what in opera language is called a *furore:* he was at once pronounced to be a star of the first magnitude. He was invited to Manchester, Warrington, Birmingham, Dublin,

and Glasgow; indeed to all the large towns in the United Kingdom. His success was so great that rooms capacious enough for his hearers could scarcely be found. Nor was he without the rewards of honour. He was made Professor in Anderson's Institution, Glasgow. Here he began a course of lectures in November, 1796; a short account of them may be found in his *Tour to the Highlands*. He now resolved on settling in Glasgow as a physician. In tracing him from Bradford to Knaresborough; from Knaresborough to Liverpool, on his way to America; and from Liverpool to Glasgow, one cannot help repeating the old saw, *a rolling stone gathers no moss;* and, in a pecuniary sense, it was so with Garnett. He seems to have had more than his share of that restless erratic temperament which is often allied with great genius. He was great and knowing in everything but in the economy of his own affairs; he could instruct others how to live, but he could never teach himself the art and mystery of making his own fortune. He was a philosopher, but he could never of himself settle on the true point of quiet; stone-like, he rolled and rolled from one point of the compass to the other, and as a natural consequence he gathered no moss. In Mrs. Hofland's "Son of a Genius" there is a fine picture of such a man. The causes of it in him were an unquenchable thirst for human knowledge, and almost an inspired crusade in search of universal good. But to return to our narrative:

in Glasgow, as in other places, his medical reputation soon advanced him to the foremost ranks. In 1797 he published his *Lecture on Health*, explaining the principles of the Brunonian theory of medicine. In July, 1798, he began his *Tour to the Highlands*, an account of which he published in 1800. In good practice, with a reputation established on the firmest basis, courted and beloved by all, happy in his home, on the 25th of December, 1798, alas! in the midst of all this, and when he was in hourly expectation of having that happiness increased by the birth of a child, one of the heaviest of human afflictions befell him. On that day (from which also may be dated the termination of his own life, for it was no life to him after that) his wife died in childbed; thus, as Langhorne expresses it in his own case,

"E'en Love did lend his darts to Fate."

From this blow he never recovered; from this time he hung his head, and perished. He remained in Glasgow until October, 1799. He then announced to the managers of the Anderson Institution, to their unfeigned regret, his appointment to the Professorship of Philosophy, Chemistry, and Mechanics in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. This institution had been just founded, and he was chosen its *first* Professor. He was succeeded in Glasgow by Dr. Birkbeck.

In November, 1799, he went to London, leaving

his infant children (a girl and a boy) with his kind friend, Miss Warboys, of Kirkby-Lonsdale. He at once began his course of lectures, but his health gave way still more in the course of the session, especially after a visit, in the summer of 1800, to his children at Kirkby-Lonsdale; scenes which too vividly had reminded him of moments passed with her who had left him these pledges of her affection. Melancholy had now marked him as her own. At the close of the session he resigned the Professorship, and took a house in Great Marlborough Street, London, with a view to practise as a physician. He brought his children to London, and once more his friends looked forward with hope. He commenced lectures on chemistry, mineralogy, botany, and experimental philosophy, sometimes in his own house, in a room built for the purpose, sometimes at Brompton, and sometimes in a room in Tom's Coffee-house, for the convenience of medical students and others in the city. It was at the latter place that he delivered his *Popular Lectures on Zoonomia, or the Laws of Animal Life in Health and Disease;* published after his death by his executors for the benefit of his two orphan children. Prefixed to this is a good outline of his life, by an unknown hand (4to, London, 1804); to which is also prefixed a portrait of him by Smith, engraved by Lenney.

A few words upon his style of writing: we have heard him compared to Sir H. Davy, and the com-

parison seems just. We will select a passage on *Taste*. "Taste" (says he) "keeps guard, or watches over the passage by which food enters the body; so smell is placed as a sentinel at the entrance of the air passage, and prevents anything noxious from being received into the lungs by this passage, which is always open. Besides, by this sense, we are invited or induced to eat salutary food, and to avoid such as is corrupted, putrid, or rancid. The influence of the sense of smell on the animal machine is still more extensive; when a substance which powerfully affects the olfactory nerves is applied to the nostrils, it excites, in a wonderful manner, the whole nervous system, and produces greater effects in an instant than the most powerful cordials or stimulants received by the mouth would produce in a considerable space of time. Hence in syncope, or fainting, in order to restore the action of the body, we apply volatile alkali or other strong odorous substances to the nostrils, and with the greatest effect. It may, indeed, for some time supply the place, and produce the effects of solid nutriment, usually received into the stomach. We are told, that Democritus supported his expiring life, and retarded for three days the hour of death, by inhaling the smell of hot bread, when he could not take nutriment by the stomach. Bacon, likewise, gives us an account of a man who lived a considerable time without meat or drink, and who appeared to be nourished

by the odour of different plants, among which were garlic, onions, and others which had a powerful smell. In short, the stimulus which active and pleasant odours give to the nerves seems to animate the whole frame, and to increase all the senses, internal and external." The habit of living in society, however, deadens the sense in man as well as taste, for we have the advantage of learning the properties in bodies from each other by instruction, and have then far less occasion to exercise this sense, and the less any sense is exercised the less acute will it become; hence it is, that those whom necessity does not oblige to exercise their senses and mental faculties, and who have nothing to do but lounge about and consume the fruits of the earth, become half blind, half deaf, and in general have great deficiency in the sense of smell. The use of spirituous liquors, and particularly tobacco in the form of snuff, seems likewise in a remarkable manner to deaden this sense. "Savages, however, who are continually obliged to exercise all their senses, have this as well as others in very great perfection. Their smell is so delicate and perfect that it approaches to that of dogs. Soëmmering and Blumenbach indeed assert, that in Africans and Americans the nostrils are more extended, and the cavities in the bones lined with the olfactory membrane much larger than in Europeans." We will conclude with a passage from the chapter on the Laws of Animal Life. "It acquires," says he, "vigour by the gradual and suc-

cessive application of stimuli in the forenoon; it is in its most perfect state about midday, and remains stationary for some hours; from the diminution or exhaustion of the excitability, it lessens in the evening, and becomes more languid at bed-time; when, from defect of excitability, the usual exciting powers will no longer produce their effect, a torpid state ensues, which we call sleep, during which the exciting powers cannot act upon us; and this diminution of the action allows the excitability to accumulate; and, to use the words of Dr. Armstrong,

> "Ere morn the tonic irritable nerves
> Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul."

His "Tour to the Highlands" is as amusing as it is instructive; a thorough knowledge of men and manners, enlivened with some sprightly sallies of wit and good humour, for which (while in health and happiness) he was distinguished.

He was as good and as virtuous as he was amiable and intelligent.

He died in Great Marlborough Street, on the 3rd of July, 1802, aged 35; and was buried in the ground behind St. James's Chapel, Hampstead Road, London. Over him is a plain flat stone with the following

Inscription.

Thomas Garnett, M.D.,
Obiit tertio Julius,
MDCCCII.
Ætatis suæ XXXV.

Edward Holme*.

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN;
PRESIDENT OF THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL, THE NATURAL HISTORY, AND THE CHETHAM SOCIETIES, MANCHESTER;
PRESIDENT OF
THE PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION;
MEMBER OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION;
FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY, ETC.

1770—1847.

"Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant,
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet."
VIRGIL.

DR. HENRY well observes of his friend, "that he is mentioned with reverence rather for the possession, than the exertion of uncommon abilities;"† yet his life was one continued triumph of intellectual ascendancy, and his death left a yawning chasm among his friends which time will hardly repair. On the day of his funeral every literary

* There is a portrait of him in the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

† "The Transactions of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association," vol. xvi. p. 97.

and scientific society, every hospital, every infirmary, every asylum in Manchester poured forth its masses to pay respect to his memory.

He was born at Kendal, in 1770. His father was a mercer and draper there; he was also, it seems, the owner and occupier of a small estate called Cracalt, which had been in the family for many generations, and which afterwards passed by descent to his distinguished son.

He had the chief part of his education at Sedbergh School.

In January, 1787, he was admitted a student in the academy at Manchester, where he remained until June, 1789. He did not, however, leave Manchester until 1790; the suggestion is, that the interval was employed by him as reader or secretary to Dr. Percival, the distinguished physician.

In 1790 he entered the University of Göttingen. He there made himself an accomplished student in German literature and language; and there, from Heyne's lectures and essays, imbibed that love of ancient art which increased upon him as years rolled on, and which placed him first and foremost in the list of every scientific society in Manchester.

In 1791 he went to Edinburgh, where he seems to have stayed into the summer of 1793, attending the lectures of Monro and Gregory on anatomy, surgery, practice of medicine, and clinical medicine, and those of Black on chemistry. In December, 1793, he received the degree of Doctor of

Medicine in the University of Leyden. His *Thesis de Structurâ et usu Vasorum Absorbentium* is much praised. Early in the following year (1794) he returned to Manchester, and commenced business as a physician. For the first twenty years his professional progress seems to have been slow and disheartening, almost to despair; indeed, until the death of Dr. Ferriar in 1815, he had, as the saying is, to lick a lean thivel. Ferriar's mantle, however, fell on Holme; and he in a few years, by his profession, amassed a large fortune. Now, although his early life was not spent as profitably as he wished, yet idleness or want of employment was a stranger to him. He was the constant companion of men of letters; he was an indefatigable treasurer of facts; he was an industrious collector of rare books and Mss.; and he was *omnivorous* of their contents, especially of matters of history and the philosophy of history, to which all his other reading was, more or less, made subservient. Upon literature bearing more immediately on medicine, comparative anatomy, and the like, he seems, after settling in Manchester, to have bestowed no more attention than what was absolutely necessary to keep pace with the progress of the age; nay, scarcely so much; not that he loved his profession less, but that he loved other sciences more. It is a remark of one that knew him well, that he was the best-read man, and had read the best of any man

he ever met with; but he was so indolently disposed that it was labour to him to note a suggestion down even on the back of a letter, too often the only note-book he condescended to use. To international law, to the policy of nations in general, and to the constitution of his own country, he had devoted a great deal of time; to this he added a surprising degree of local information—knowledge of matters connected with the counties of Lancaster and Chester. Of the Chetham Society he was one of the founders, and the first president. In natural history, especially after the foundation of a Museum and Natural History Society in Manchester, he was always looked up to as a man of authority. His essays, read before the Literary and Philosophical Society, best attest his taste and powers on other subjects. They consist of the following, viz. :—

1794, November 20.—"On the Origin of the Tribes which inhabit the Islands of the Pacific Ocean."
1795, April 17.—"An Inquiry into the Origin of the Ancient Inhabitants of Egypt."
1796, May 6.—"Observations on the Art of Etching on Glass."
1796, December 30.—"On the Demon of Socrates."
1797, December 15.—"On the Colour of Negroes, with Illustrations of the Law of Habit, and its Propagation by Descent in the Vegetable and Animal Kingdom."
1797, December 29.—Continuation of this Essay.
1798, November 2.—"On the Distribution and Physiology of the Nerves of the Heart."
1800, January 10.—"Conjectures relative to the Simile of Homer of the Cranes and Pigmies."

1801, January 9.—"An Entomological Fragment."
1802, February 24.—"Note on a Roman Inscription on a Stone found in Castlefield, Manchester," *published* in vol. v. p. 677, of the *Manchester Memoirs.*
1802, April 15.—"A Sketch of the History of the Greek Gymnastics."
1803, March 25.—"On the Existence of the Unicorn."
1816, November 16.—"The History of Sculpture from the earliest period to the time of Phidias."
1838, November 27.—"On a Runic Inscription discovered in Lancashire."

The only one of these essays *published* was that which bears date the 24th of February, 1802; the rest were selected by the Council for publication, but withdrawn by him, and seemingly destroyed. There was found among his papers that of the 16th of November, 1816, published since his death in the Memoirs of the Society. There was also found among his papers a "Life of Sophocles" in a forward state; likewise an essay on "Comparative Anatomy," carefully illustrated by clever drawings by himself; an essay on "Anatomical Sketches;" notes of Clinical Lectures, illustrated by his own drawings; and the biographical outline of the life of a neglected divine, together with a mass of confused Mss. You will also find a letter from him to Dr. Parr, published in Parr's works*. He has published, therefore, very little, but enough, quite enough, to show us that he ought not to have published at all; we say *ought not*, because, without disparagement, with pen in hand he was not

* Vol. vii. p. 606.

himself. Our friend, above alluded to, attributed his failing to an indolent turn of mind; but the hacking and hewing, the countless erasures and interlineations disfiguring his Mss., especially the "Life of Sophocles," rather lead to the conclusion generally drawn, that the *ars scribendi* was not in him. Early habit might have done a great deal for him in this respect; but it would never have made an Addison, a Burke, or a Cobbett of him. He had one and the same style for all subjects, and that a bad one. It was dry and painfully elaborate, crippled in sense and sound, and wholly alien to that classic grace and purity which adorn the writings of men infinitely his inferiors in solid acquirements. Hence his *Life of Sophocles* seems an inanimate parade of dates, facts, and events. In a word, it is not as a writer that we know him; this is but Talbot's shadow:—

> . . . . . "His substance is not here;
> For what you see is but the smallest part,
> And least proportion of humanity;
> But were the whole frame here,
> It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
> Your roof were not sufficient to contain it." *

When in society, or *tête-à-tête* with a friend, there his substance was; there his whole frame was seen. Then it was that every book that ever was written upon every subject seemed in his head and at his command. Then it was that his

* Hen. VI.

reading, which knew no bounds, and his memory, which knew no failing, appeared in so miraculous a light. When Holme spoke, Parr, and Herschell, and Faraday, and Dalton, and Gough, and Wordsworth in turns were silent. He was a walking encyclopædia of facts; facts which were always ready for use, by the aid of his extraordinary memory, at the very moment they were wanted. He was never thought a close reasoner, nor had he the power of generalization more than other men. His impetuosity, too, in argument, not to call it irritability, often betrayed him, and laid him open to a remark from a stranger that he was a vain pretender. Nature had in this view done a great deal for him: the vigorous constitution, the broad, massy, expansive forehead, the lion-like mouth, the eagle eye, which none can forget who remember him, never failed, without more, to bespeak a favourable hearing. As a public speaker he was indifferent.

He was a Protestant Dissenter, and was a constant attendant at the chapel in Cross Street, Manchester; to which he was, by his will, a liberal benefactor. He also left the interest of £1000 for the use of the same religious body in Kendal; that is to say, "to and for the maintenance of the minister for the time being of the Dissenters' Chapel at Kendal, of which the Rev. Edward Hawkes is the present minister."

In politics he was a Whig, and something more.

Dr. Henry tells us that he "had espoused warmly and contributed liberally towards the cause of Mr. Brougham in the great Westmorland contest."

He was never married. His sister, who lived in Kendal, died in 1830. To his native place he had an ardent attachment, and paid it a yearly visit as long as he lived. Gough, Dalton, and Holme have often met together.

He left behind him, as already stated, a large fortune—upwards of £50,000. The will bears date 12th of September, 1846. There was also a codicil with innumerable bequests to cousins, friends, and servants. He made the treasurer for the time being of the London University residuary legatee; the interest of such residue to be applied for the purposes of the medical department of the college. The residue amounted to £30,000 or thereabouts. His library (valued at £6000) passed to the college under the residuary clause of the will. The library was very abundantly stored with choice works on natural history. A diary in John Wesley's handwriting appears to be among his vast collection of Mss., and numberless letters from Dr. Parr and other eminent men of science and learning.

He died at his house in King Street, Manchester, 28th of November, 1847, aged 77, and was buried in the Ardwick Cemetery. No monument has been erected to his memory.

Sir George Wharton, Bart.

CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY IN THE ROYAL ARMY;
TREASURER AND PAYMASTER OF H. M. ORDNANCE, ETC.

1617—1681.

"When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why,
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling."

HUDIBRAS.

WOOD, in his Athenæ Oxonienses, tells us that the subject of the present memoir was born at Kendal, on the 4th of April, 1617; and that he was "descended from an ancient and genteel family living in Westmorland, richly possessed with land and inheritances therein." He afterwards adds, "Sir George was always esteemed the best astrologer that wrote the *Ephemerides* of his time, and went beyond William Lilly and John Booker, the idols of the vulgar; was a constant and thorough-paced loyalist; a boon companion; a witty, droll, and waggish poet."

Where he had his school education nowhere distinctly appears. In 1633, we find him a

sojourner in Oxford, that is, a member of Queen's College; but it seems, from the authority above referred to, that he never graduated. Having more "natural geny" to astronomy and mathematics than to logic and philosophy, he retired to his patrimony, and indulged in his favorite pursuits. Under the name of *George Naworth*, of West Aukland, he published some *Almanacs*.

Being discontented with the growing rebellion, he turned all his inheritance into money, espoused the Royal cause, and raised with it a gallant troop of horse, of which his Majesty made him captain. After several generous hazards of his person in battle, he was at last routed, March 21st, 1645, near Stow-on-the-Would, in Gloucestershire, when the noble and valiant Sir Jacob Astley was taken prisoner, and where Wharton himself received several wounds, the scars of which he carried to his grave. After this disaster, he joined the King at Oxford; and for a time, at leisure hours, pursued his studies again in college. In recompense of his losses, the King conferred upon him an employment under Sir John Heydon, then Lieutenant General of the Ordnance. After the surrender of the garrison of Oxford, and the decline of the Royal cause, "our author Wharton," adds Wood, "was put to his shifts, and lived as opportunity served, went to the great city, lived as privately as he could, and wrote several small things for a livelihood; but they giving offence to the great men then in power, he

was several times seized on, and imprisoned, as in the Gatehouse at Westminster, in Newgate, and at length in Windsor Castle, where he found William Lilly, his antagonist, a friend."

Upon the Restoration, he was made Treasurer and Paymaster to the Ordnance. On the 31st of December, 1677, in consideration of his services and losses in the Royal cause, he was created a Baronet. To Lilly he showed much gratitude, by saving him from prosecution as a republican prophet.

He wrote, besides his Almanacs, Mercuries, Astronomical Pieces, and Chronologies of the events of his time. In his Almanacs may be found many pieces of satirical poetry reflecting on the times, and chiefs of the republican party. His works were collected and published by Gadbury, in 1683. The principal titles of them are:—Hemeroscopions, or Almanacs, from 1640 to 1666; Mercurio-Cœlico Mastix; England's Iliads in a Nutshell; An Astronomical Judgment upon His Majesty's present March, begun from Oxon. 7 May, 1645; Bellum Hybernicale; Merlini Anglici Errata; Mercurius Elencticus (sed qu?), a list of the names of the members of the House of Commons; a short account of the Fasts and Festivals, as well of the Jews as Christians, &c.; the Cabal of the Twelve Houses Astrological, from Morinus; of the Holy Feast of Easter; Apotelesma, or the Nativity of the World, and Revolution thereof; Short Discourse of

Years, Months, and Days of Years; Eclipses and their Effects; Crisis of Disease; Mutations, Inclinations, and Eversions of Empires, Kingdoms, &c.; Discourse of the Names, Genus, Species, &c., of all Comets; Tract, teaching how Astrology may be restored, from Morinus, &c.; Secret Multiplication of the Effect of the Stars, from Cardan; Wharton's Chiromancy; and Select and Choice Poems. As before stated, most of these were collected and published by Gadbury, in 1683.

On the 12th of August, 1681, he died in his house at Enfield, Middlesex; and was buried on the 25th of the same month, in St. Peter's Chapel, within the Tower of London; "leaving behind him the character of a most loyal and generous chevalier." His son, Sir Polycarpus Wharton, who was alive when Wood wrote, succeeded him in his honors and estates.

In no sanctuary has greater sacrilege upon the dead been committed, than in the chapel where he was buried. If there ever was a stone to mark his resting-place, it has been removed to make way for what some may call modern improvements.

Sir Thomas Bowser*.

KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH;
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF FORT ST. GEORGE, AND
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MADRAS ARMY.
1748—1833.

"O Peace, thy injured robes upbind!
O rise! and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train;
The British Lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign."

COLLINS.

Not many years ago, a public functionary, well known in this age of figures for his arithmetical knowledge, was examined before a committee of the Lower House of Parliament, and gravely enunciated as his own, that peace is but an incapacity for war†. Some of the members of that committee were astounded at the doctrine

* The original grant of the arms, as well as a portrait of General Bowser, is in the possession of his kinsman, Mr. Thompson, Banker, Appleby.

† Mr. John Finlayson, the Government Calculator, and President of the Institute of Actuaries.

coming from him; one of them, indeed, asked him if he thought *war the natural state of man?* He answered evasively, but enough to show that he let I dare not wait upon I would. War the *natural* state of man! What a heathenish, horrid sentiment; it should be written in blood, not in ink. Away with your statistics and your arithmetic! Throw them, if they breed such monstrous things, not to the pure winds of heaven, but to the wolves, and jackals, and tigers, or to the foul and ravenous birds of prey that follow in the wake of contending armies! Yes, such probably was the arithmetic of the kites that surveyed the steppes of Russia, strewn with the carcases of the Imperial Guards of France; the statistics of the vultures that wheeled round Napoleon, as he lay snoring by fires fed with the bones of butchered Mamelukes. But the man who can deliberately say so must have (to speak charitably of him) lost the best of his nature; the low, grovelling, earthy, of him alone can remain, and even that seems to obey no law, moral, social, or political, but what is to be found in the sapient and profound institutes of Cocker's Arithmetic, or Porter's Parliamentary Returns.

Odious, abominable, and revolting, however, as the trade of war is, its professors, from the Macedonian madman and the Swede to the smallest drummer boy in a local militia corps, do, paradoxical as it may seem, command the admiration

of mankind. Even the divine Milton represents the Stygian warriors as majestic, though in ruin; and it has been imputed to him, that he has pushed the feeling so far as to make their dread commander the hero of his poem. It is no easy task to account for our love of the one, and our detestation of the other; it is not in the colour of their coats, nor yet in their fair proportions, nor yet in their knowledge, conscious peace, or virtue pure: this possibly may be it,—that we are all of us tenants at will to them; life, liberty, property, national honour, and all that we value in this world, being in some sort entrusted to them; and seeing, as we cannot help doing, in the fulfilment of that trust, their dauntless courage, deliberate valour, their self-denial, their devotedness—a devotedness that quells the love of life, for our sake; we forget the calling in admiring the man. The subject of the present memoir was a warrior. If he gained not to the full the honors of the state, he had more than his share of the horrors of war, and the admiration of those who witnessed his exploits and sufferings. Without patronage or support (except what he achieved by merit in council and in fight), he forced his way, sword in hand, and from rank to rank, to supreme command over a great part of our Indian possessions.

Thomas Bowser was born at Kirby-Thore, in the year 1748. He was the son and heir of John Bowser, a yeoman of great respectability of that

place. The family consisted of Mary, who married John Ellison of Winton; Thomas (the General); Margaret, who married Edward Thompson, of Kirby-Stephen (from whom is lineally descended our kind and valued friend Mr. Thompson, of the Bank, Appleby); and Elizabeth, afterwards the wife of Lancelot Compton, of Penrith. The name of Bowser is extinct at Kirby-Thore, and the property of the family has passed, from causes afterwards to be explained, into other hands.

He was educated at Appleby School. From school he went to London, into a merchant's counting-house, so that in after life he could say with Lord Clive, "Never despair, my lads; I began life as a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, and here I am senior partner in the great counting-house of India." The ledger and 'Change, it seems, were not congenial to his feelings and pursuits;

> "Or, perchance, Ambition, brushing by, had twitch'd
> His mantle, and, with winning look sublime,
> Allur'd to follow. * * * * *
> What, pause a moment when Ambition calls?
> No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
> And throbs to reach it." *

At the age of twenty-four (1772) he entered the military service of the East India Company, as a Cadet, and here commences his brilliant public services. On his banners are emblazoned (for he was distinguished in the siege and reduction of them

* Davies.

all), Tanjore (1773), Pondicherry (1778), Pondicherry (1795), Gunah, Bellgaum, Voliondah, Comone, Coimbetore, Darraperam, Ramnad, Veera Tatchy, Dindegall, Ootamally, Shein Cherry, Manar, Calpenteen, Colombo, Ceylon, Hydrabad, Seringapatam, Gurrum Condal, and Gooty. He served with the following officers:—Generals Smith, Braithwaite, Mathews, Munro, Meadows, Harris, Stuart, and Lloyd; with Colonels Harper, Baillie, and Wellesley. Upon the reduction of Ceylon, he was selected by General Harris to reduce the French force at Hydrabad, under General Perron. He took possession of the ceded district after the siege of Seringapatam, for his Highness the Nizam. He afterwards co-operated with Colonel Wellesley (now Duke of Wellington), in the total overthrow of Dhoondiah Waugh. But the course of war, like the course of true love, never does run smooth. In the course of his service, which exceeded half a century, he was twice reduced to beggary. He was three years and eight months a prisoner in the loathsome dungeons of Seringapatam, loaded with irons. He carried to his grave the scars of eleven desperate wounds, eight measured out to him at the disastrous battle of Conjeveram, one at Pondicherry in 1778, and one at Gooty. But attend to his own graphic narrative*. "While the enemy's horse and elephants," says he, "marched again and again in barbarian triumph over the field of battle (Conjeve-

* "Memoirs of the late War in India," by Col. Thomas Bowser.

ram), the wounded and bleeding English who were not instantly trodden to death by the feet of those animals, lingered out a miserable existence; exposed in the day to the burning rays of a vertical sun, and in the night to the ravages of foxes, jackals, and tigers, allured to that horrid scene by the scent of human blood. Many officers, as well as privates, stripped of all that they had, after protracting hour after hour and day after day in pain, miserably perished; others, rising as it were from the dead, after an incredible loss of blood, which induced for a time the most perfect insensibility and stupefaction, found means to rejoin their friends in chains, with whom they were destined to share for years the horrors of the gloomy jail, rendered still more dreadful by frequent apprehensions of that assassination which they had the most undoubted proofs had been practised on numbers of their fellow-prisoners, dispersed in different places of confinement throughout the dominions of a barbarous enemy. In Europe the horrors of war are mitigated by the mildness of the climate and the humanity of the conqueror. In Asia an inveterate antipathy against Europeans conspires with a dry and parched land—where it is not an easy matter for the sick and wounded to obtain even the comfort of water—and with the rigors of fervid heat, to press down the load of suffering on the defenceless head of him who has none to help him. On the 12th of September, at twelve o'clock in the

afternoon, arrived in Hyder-Ally's camp at Mussalawaulk Lieutenant Bowser and Ensign Dick, with some privates*. They were carried to the head Paymaster's or Buckshee's tent, close to that of Hyder, where they remained for several hours, stripped of all their clothes, obliged to lie down on a bed of sand, their wounds exposed to a severe sun, and their burning thirst unquenched by a drop of water. On the same day arrived Lieutenant Cox and the Ensigns Maconichy and Wemyss. These gentlemen had reached Conjeveram, imagining that place to be still in our possession, and thus fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Bowser, under the same mistaken notion, was making for the same place, when he was taken by a party of the enemy's horse. During the time that this party remained near the Buckshee's tent, the heads of upwards of ten Europeans were brought by different people, in order to receive the promised reward. The barbarians were so unfeeling, that many of the heads were thrown on the ground, close to the English officers; at the same time, that many individuals of the lowest castes took frequent opportunities of doing and saying everything that they conceived to be calculated for the purpose of making impressions of horror and of fear; if by chance any head man, or persons of note happened to come near us, or to have any business with us, it was in general their manner to

* As he wrote anonymously, he did so in the third person.

treat us not indeed with expressions of hostile resentment or execration, but with every mark of disgust and contempt. They would at the very time they were speaking turn away their heads, and, on some occasions, communicate their sentiments and learn ours by means of a third person. If the horrid scene traversed in this part of our narrative shall not offend, but rather interest the reader, it may be proper to bring it still closer to view, by a particular description of the situation of one or two gentlemen, whose cases, chosen as the first that occurred, bear but too near a resemblance to those of their unfortunate fellow-sufferers. Lieutenant Thomas Bowser, who, before Colonel Baillie displayed a flag of truce, had received a musket ball in his leg, after our little army surrendered, which it did about eleven o'clock, received eight desperate wounds with a scymitar. These, as might be expected, brought him to the ground, where he lay deprived of all sensation for seven hours. Towards the evening he awakened from his trance, stripped off all his clothes, except a pair of under drawers and part of his shirt, with an intense thirst, calling out and imploring from the enemy a little water. Some, moved by compassion and yielding to the natural impulse of humanity, forgot their antipathies, and in this extremity of distress lent their assistance, while others answered his importunate supplications only with reviling language and threats to put him instantly to death, which he

entreated them to do, as there was nothing in reality which he so earnestly wished for. The water, which was administered to him by some friendly hand, was deeply tinged with blood. It was brought from a small pool in the field of battle, about fifty or sixty yards from the spot where he lay. In this pool many of our men had been cut down, and others, bleeding and dying, had crawled to it under the impulse of burning thirst. One of Hyder's soldiers was so humane as to furnish Mr. Bowser with an earthen pot, or chatty, holding about a pint, full of the tinged water already described, and at the same time to inform him where he would find the pool from whence it was taken, advising him to make for it as well as he could. Thither, accordingly, he crawled; and when he arrived, was struck with horror at the sight of the dead and wounded with which it was surrounded and filled. He filled his chatty, and endeavoured to proceed towards Conjeveram; but he had not advanced above three or four hundred yards, when he was quite overcome, and obliged to lie all night in the open air, during which there fell two heavy showers of rain. In the morning of the 11th he made a second effort to proceed towards Conjeveram; but, after walking about a mile, he was met by some of the enemy's horsemen, who asked him who he was? In the hope that they would think him below their notice, he answered that he was a poor soldier, and that he was going to seek for some

relief under his distresses at Conjeveram. They informed him that that place was in the possession of Hyder, and that he must proceed as a prisoner to his camp, taking charge of him at the same time, and obliging him to walk without any assistance. At eight o'clock the horsemen delivered him up to two of the enemy's sepoys, who behaved to him with rather more humanity and kindness. They gave him water out of the palms of their hands, placed properly together for that purpose, for by this time he had become so stiff with his wounds that he could not of himself bend or stoop, even in the smallest degree. Whenever he wanted to reach anything, the guard, taking hold of his arm, let him gently down and pulled him up. About twelve o'clock, he was equally surprised and overjoyed to come up with a brother officer, Ensign Dick, a quartermaster's-serjeant of artillery, and two privates. He was now joined to this party, who were nearly in the same situation with himself. The quartermaster's-serjeant had received so deep a cut across the back part of his neck that he was obliged to hold his head in his hands, in order to keep it from falling to a side, all the journey. The least shake or unevenness of the ground made him cry out with pain. He once and again ceased from all attempts to proceed, abandoning himself to the despair of ever being able to accomplish his painful journey, or to prolong his miserable life; but being encouraged, called on, and conjured by

his companions to renew his efforts, he did so, and they were successful. He recovered from his wound, and is now alive; the most striking proof, perhaps, that is to be found of that power or principle of recovery and self-preservation which beneficent Providence has implanted in the constitution of our nature. As they moved slowly on, they perceived several Europeans lying dead on the road, and naked; others dying, and many calling out for water. To their prisoners, however, who were able to walk, however slowly, the guards administered a little dry rice soaked in water. They were not indulged with water, as they could not stoop to assist themselves so often as they wished for it. It was often refused to their most earnest entreaties. Nor were they allowed to rest oftener than at the spaces of two or three hundred yards, which appeared to them a tedious and painful journey; and permission to rest a little, even after these, was accounted a great favor. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night this little party arrived in Hyder's camp, where they were obliged, as has been observed, to lie on the bare ground exposed to the winds and rain all night, although there were empty tents at no greater distance than ten yards. They now met with some assistance from certain sepoys who had formerly been in our service. On the 12th, as soon as it was daylight, this little party anxiously requested to be sent to Colonel Baillie and the other officers, but were told that

they must be carried before Hyder. An order for this purpose arrived about ten o'clock."

The rest is soon told: they were dragged off as naked as they were born, with their wounds exposed to a vertical sun and the scorching sand, to the filthy dungeon of Arnee, where some dropped down dead from exhaustion; some died of delirium tremens; and others, with more physical endurance, refused even straw to sleep on, survived to tell a more distressing tale of human suffering in the loathsome dungeons of Seringapatam. May 10th, 1781, he makes with awful brevity this entry:— "The whole of us (except Capt. Baird of the 73rd) put in heavy irons, and the French surgeon ordered not to attend us. Each pair of irons was from eight to nine pounds weight. This was the commencement of a deliberate system, as afterwards more fully appeared, for cutting us off. This was a melancholy day!" Indeed it was a melancholy day, and but the beginning of their trials; for, henceforth, if they applied for medicine, they were told they did not come there to live; if they refused to enter the Nabob's service, they were taken to the kutcheree and circumcised; some were burnt, some hanged, some dragged to death at elephants' feet, some mutilated. But let us draw a veil over this horrid scene of human suffering, and once more look upon the survivors in the condition of freemen.

Soon after the death of Hyder Ally, peace was

finally concluded with his son, Tippoo Saib, and their irons were knocked off; this took place on the 22nd of March, 1784; but so crippled were they by their weight (nine pounds of iron for three years and four months!) that they did not for a long time, and some of the prisoners never, recover the free use of their limbs. "We look back now," says he in 1788, "to the days of our captivity with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, composed of a thousand mixed emotions not to be described, but which are always deeply tinctured with admiration and gratitude to Mr. Hastings, to whose magnanimous exertions we were indebted for our restoration to liberty and preservation from death, and the reports of whose transcendant talents and virtues, gloriously displayed under accumulated difficulties, now and then diffused a gleam of hope through the horrors of hard confinement."

Having obtained his liberty, he received the temporary command of a battalion of sepoys, to collect the revenue of an unhealthy district. This service, his wounds, and cruel imprisonment, had impaired his constitution so much that a return to England became necessary. Here he remained three years.

He returned to India in 1789. In 1792 he served as captain of an European Grenadier Company, under Sir W. Meadows; was at the reduction of the Coimbetore country, and the storming of the hill-fort of Dindegall, of which important place

he was left in command. Without solicitation, and in consequence of the valuable intelligence he communicated to Lord Cornwallis, that nobleman appointed him to the permanent command of a sepoy battalion; and soon after (1795) to the command of Kytar, in the Tinnevelly district. This district had for some time been in a refractory state, and required the most conciliating measures to induce the inhabitants to return to their habitations, and resume their occupations of cultivating the soil, but which they were unable to effect for want of pecuniary assistance. This induced Colonel Bowser to make advances of money, to those who appeared to require it, to the extent of 32,535.6,24 chuckrams, or star pagodas 20,334.34,20. Some time afterwards the Government thought fit to nominate a civil servant to the charge of all the Poligar country, and to collect the revenue; by which arrangement he was never able to obtain compensation from those to whom he had made such advances; and on referring to the Commissioners for investigating the debts of the Nabob, and other princes of the Carnatic, it was found that they could not, by the deed under which they acted, take cognizance of his claim. "Thus" (as Sheridan says in the Begum charge) "did the Company extend the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations, connecting with their civil policy and even with their boldest achievements the meanness of a pedlar." While

we are alluding to his pecuniary losses we will mention another, for misfortunes come not single spies but in battalions. On his leaving India, in the year 1803, on account of his debilitated constitution, he was induced to leave the remnant of his property in the hands of Messrs. Chase, Chinnery, and McDowall, then a house of the highest credit in Madras. From some unfortunate speculations this house stopped payment; and from the greatest part of their assets being in a loan to the Nabob of the Carnatic, he was reduced to his bare pay. He petitioned the Court of Directors for indemnity, but we cannot learn that he ever received a sixpence. These were the losses that obliged him to part with his family estates at Kirby-Thore.

During his first sojourn in England (which was in Hanover Street, Westminster), he wrote and published (1788) the book we intend presently to advert to more fully, entitled, *Memoirs of the Late War in Asia*. At this time he describes himself as a Lieutenant-Colonel in his Majesty's service. and a Colonel in the service of the Hon. East India Company. As already stated, he returned to India in 1789. After a variety of important services under Sir W. Meadows, Gen. Braithwaite, Gen. Harris, Col. Wellesley, and others, and after receiving marks of great distinction from Lords Cornwallis and Hobart, and from the Indian and Home Governments, he was allowed again to return

to his native country to recruit his shattered frame. This took place in 1803. From 1803 to 1820 he seems to have resided in England; and from memoranda in his handwriting being chiefly dated *Datchet, near Windsor*, we infer that his residence was there. Probably it was at the earnest request of the Prince of Wales, with whom he was always in close and constant communication.

In 1820 he went out to India again, and was placed in the command of the Mysore division of the Company's army; and in December, 1824, succeeded his Excellency General Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart., as the Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army. The note of congratulation on his promotion, from the Rajah of Mysore, is a flattering but just tribute to his merits.

His Excellency remained in command of the Madras army until January, 1826. The British arms having everywhere triumphed, and peace having been definitively concluded with the Burmese Empire, the veteran Commander-in-Chief, nearly eighty years of age, and *after a service of more than half a century*, took a last farewell of all his friends and comrades in arms, to rest his weary limbs in his native land. He arrived in England by the *Mellish*, in May, 1826.

In January, 1827, he was installed Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

Having thus taken a general review of his mili-

tary services, let us for a moment turn over the leaves of his book. As already stated, he published his *Memoirs of the Late War in Asia** when on furlough in England the first time after his release from prison in Seringapatam, namely, in 1788. Its author was described as "an officer of Colonel Baillie's detachment;" but General Bowser afterwards acknowledged it; and his name as author, in his own handwriting, is on the copy now before us. The freedom with which he had handled his subject, and the bold and manly, not to say indignant, front he had shown to the managers of Warren Hastings' impeachment, was no doubt the cause of its so appearing; and, probably, it was not until after the deaths of Burke and Sheridan that he so acknowledged it. However, he did acknowledge it, and it is worthy of him. Although for many years debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, with nothing else to read but what was written on the walls of the prison, or upon the wan and haggard visages of his fellow-sufferers, it will be found that he had neither lost the power of thinking nor the art of writing well; for it has a large share of both—enough to justify the remark that if he had not been a soldier he would have been a philosopher. The Memoir is a narrative of the facts of the war between Hyder Ally Cawn and our Indian Government. It is a tale—a tale of

* 2 vols. 8vo, Lond. 1788.

blood—well told; nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice. The facts and circumstances are detailed with all the precision, ease, and emphasis of an eye-witness; here and there relieved with general remarks, at once just and generous, often indeed strikingly indicative of deep thought, enlarged mind, and sound judgment. His remarks on the government under which he more immediately served are those of a man who well understood its highest interests, and was afraid of nothing but that they would suffer from the intrigues, dissensions, and corruptions of those to whom the destinies of India were confided. Some may find fault with him about his zealous defence of Warren Hastings, and the high regard shown for the man's genius and character as a statesman. But the greatest admirer of Burke, Sheridan, Fox, and Grey must own, that the impeachment ended in their defeat, and in the acquittal of Warren Hastings; thus, in some measure, corroborating the views of Bowser communicated to the world years before the result was known; views based upon a personal acquaintance with the supposed delinquent, and a personal knowledge of every place, every fact, and every circumstance which supplied the materials for that ever-memorable trial. What his sentiments were, as well as his powers of writing, may partly be gathered from the following passage, with which we must conclude. "The

confidential dependent of the Marquis of Rockingham was Mr. Edmund Burke. This celebrated person is a native of Ireland. He quitted his own country nearly at the commencement of the present reign. Amongst the various peculiarities which distinguish this reign from all others, there is none more striking than the very extraordinary increase of that body of men who are generally termed political adventurers. Mr. Burke, amongst this order of men, has been eminently successful. He made his first entrance into public life in the character of private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, in the year 1765. He continued steady in his attachment to the noble Marquis from the year 1765 to the time of his decease; and it has been generally thought that he governed the party, the heads of which, though men of good understanding, were more remarkable for the affluence of their fortunes and their private worth than for talents as orators and statesmen. By a prudent, though not sordid economy, he avoided the inconveniences and dangers of embarrassed circumstances; and amidst all the vicissitudes of his public life, preserved an independent and erect mind, with a narrow private fortune.

"From the earliest years of Mr. Burke there was something in his sentiments, pursuits, and manners that indicated to the discerning eye sublimity of genius and delicacy of taste. As he advanced in years the presages formed concerning him were

more and more confirmed, and he grew up in favour with all around him. An interesting sweetness and sensibility of countenance prepared the stranger for thinking justly of the humanity of his disposition; and, from the richness of his conversation on every subject, he was pleased but not surprised to find intellectual excellence in conjunction with moral goodness. There is nothing in nature that is solitary or independent of that universality of things which composes one harmonious whole; nothing so insignificant that it may not be associated by a vast variety of connections with something most interesting and sublime; and all the arts and sciences are linked together in one chain, affected by mutual influence, and sustained by mutual support. Hence the copious and disciplined fancy of Mr. Burke, whether in private conversation or public discourse, both in speaking and writing, diffused a captivating charm on every subject, and gave relief and animation to topics the most dry and barren. The sciences have a natural tendency to produce candour and forbearance, by inducing in the minds of their votaries a habit of tracing every action and every effect to its proper cause; and polite literature and the fine arts, by exhibiting human nature in an infinite variety of interesting situations, excite a thousand social and humane emotions which cannot spring from all the occurrences and vicissitudes of the most varied life. Thus the man of letters becomes a citizen of the

world. His enlarged mind acquires a habit of sympathetic indulgence. The antipathies and prejudices which set men at variance with one another, are gradually worn off. Nothing that belongs to human nature, no peculiarity in national character, no common failing or imperfection of the individual member of society, moves either the ridicule or the rage of the man who is accustomed to contemplate nature and humanity under manifold forms, and in whose breast disgust and even indignation at the effect is partly lost in the contemplation of the cause. The character of Mr. Burke, accordingly, was marked by nothing more than by superiority to vulgar prejudices, and unbounded philanthropy to all classes and nations of men. It was this expanded sentiment that on different occasions inspired him with courage to resist the popular fury, when it had broken loose with a savage ferocity against unfortunate criminals and a proscribed religion. It was perfectly natural for such a spirit to enter by a lively sympathy into the sufferings of the Indian nations under European tyranny, and to indulge an honest indignation against their oppressors. He suffered his imagination to dwell with pleasure on the visionary project of uniting the freedom of the natives of India with their dependence on Great Britain, and of bringing to exemplary punishment an individual who had uniformly acted, in the character of the first minister in India,

on those very principles by which our possessions in that country had been acquired, and by which they had been maintained, and by which alone, beyond all manner of doubt, in times of civil convulsion, they could be recovered or preserved. The finest genius, the most generous disposition, is not unusually found in conjunction with an irritability of temper which magnifies its object. Although it may be too much to affirm that belief is nothing more than vivid perception, attention has undoubtedly a microscopical power, and this power we can command at pleasure. Hence that wonderful variety of opinions that prevail on so many subjects among men of equal understandings; for while reason and truth are uniform and invariable, the passions and interests of individuals are various; and when once the will begins to influence the judgment, fertility of invention, instead of being a lamp of light, becomes a source of error. Mr. Burke, in his eagerness to impeach the Governor General of Bengal, lost sight of constant precedent and political necessity; and, for what had become the predominant passion of his soul, his imagination, fertile even to excess, easily found a cover in partial views and plausible theories and conjectures."

Bowser's private life was without a stain. The portrait, in possession of his kinsman, represents him as a man of herculean frame, and of a look

that knew no fear; heightened by the deep scimitar gash on the right cheek inflicted at the disastrous battle of Conjeveram.

He died unmarried, in June, 1833, at the advanced age of eighty-five, at his house near the Regent's Park, in London; and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Portland Road; where you will look in vain for storied urn or animated bust—for more than

> "The warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."*

* We deeply regret that our list of warriors must end here; but we cannot omit to name, for our successors in the task, two other gallant fellows. The first is John Bellafis, who was born at Long Marton, 16th July, 1744, and died 11th Feb. 1808, at Bombay. He was educated at Appleby School. He was Major-General and Colonel of Artillery, and, at the time of his death, Commander of the Forces at Bombay. His death was awfully sudden. Never was man more deeply regretted. See the *Bombay Courier*, Feb. 13, 1808. He married at Bombay, 3rd Nov. 1776, Anna Martha Hutchins, daughter of the Rev. John Hutchins, of Wareham, Kent. She died 14th May, 1797. They had six children. Edward attained the rank of Major-General in the East India Company's service, and died in August, 1843. Daniel was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the same service; he died 23rd Feb. 1836.

The other is our old and gallant friend Major-General George Bowness. He was born in February, 1762, at Little Scales, near Bolton, a small farm long possessed by the family, and now the property of his youngest and only surviving son, Major Bowness, late of H. M. 80th Regiment. He was educated at Bolton and Appleby Schools. He married in India, at an early age, Miss Harriet Robinson, daughter of a London merchant, by whom he had six sons and five daughters. In 1817 he re-

turned to England, after a residence in India of thirty-three years without a furlough. He attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, 21st September, 1804; of Colonel, 4th June, 1813; and of Major-General, 12th August, 1819. His long and arduous services are well recorded in the *United Service Journal* of October, 1833. He died at Sutton Benger, near Chippenham, Wiltshire, on the 6th of July, 1833. He was not only a great soldier, but a good man. To say that he died regretted is but a poor tribute of respect to his memory.

Sir Richard Pearson, Knt.*

REAR-ADMIRAL IN THE BRITISH NAVY;
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL, ETC.

1731—1805.

"'A sail! a sail!' a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
* * * * *
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle, fire, the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

BYRON'S CORSAIR.

PAUL JONES is a name familiar to every schoolboy, while that of "*the brave commodore Richard Pearson,*" is well-nigh unknown. The truth is, that as lads we are industriously inoculated with the idea that the former was a very Dagon, a sea-monster, upward man and downward fish, a Dirk Hatterick, or a hobgoblin, plundering, burning, murdering, and devouring wherever he went; and therefore we are apt, as men, to think that he

* His daughter, Mrs. Crozier, of West Hill, in the Isle of Wight, had a portrait of him.

who strangled the supposed monster did no more than what any other man would have done had he met with him; and for simply doing his duty is not entitled to any uncommon notice or mark of respect, however hazardous or however magnanimous the enterprise might be. But the character of that extraordinary seaman (for in sober truth he was a man and not a monster) is now, though late, cleared of its idle romance, except of the poetic licences of Cooper and Allan Cunningham, and in it, as in a mirror held up to nature, do we behold the stalwart frame of this our gallant countryman.

Richard Pearson was the eldest son of Richard and Hannah Pearson, of Lanton, near Appleby; and was born there in 1731. From the Bongate parish register it seems there was a very large family of sons and daughters; but of the rest of their family we have not a satisfactory note. He was educated at Appleby School, contemporaneously with Jack Robinson. As there were in his boyish days nothing but wars and the rumours of wars, it is probable that the subject was a common theme of conversation among the striplings of the upper forms, kept alive by occasional tidings of the fortunate career or happy fate of one of themselves; it may also be that Mr. Yates fanned the flame now and then by the soul-stirring thesis,

"Dulce et decorum est, pro patriâ mori."

It is not easy in any other way to account for the vast number of gallant young fellows that about this time emerged from this school to enter the lists of fame, and carry off the prizes. We need only mention such men as Sir Thomas Bowser, Sir Richard Pearson, General Bellasis, General Bowness, and a host of others, many of whom could not be led to the service by family connections, family example, or family precept. Indeed, the fair presumption is that about this time there was a war epidemic, or an enlistment mania in the school, which drafted off troops of the hardiest and choicest spirits of the forms for the service of the State, leaving to others to sickly themselves o'er with the pale cast of thought in studies and pursuits more congenial to their feelings and more suitable to their frames. Be the cause what it may, he went from school into the naval service as a midshipman; and by his ability soon reached the top-gallant of his profession, and has left behind him a name his native country may well be proud of. As the most prominent and interesting part of Pearson's service is that in which he was brought into deadly conflict with Paul Jones, it will be indispensably necessary, as pyramids are measured by their shadows, to give a brief outline of the character and doings of that extraordinary man.

John Paul Jones was the son of a gardener, and was born on the 6th of July, 1747, at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean and stewartry of Kirk-

cudbright, in Scotland. As a little boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, he was bound apprentice to a Captain Younger, of Whitehaven; and in the course of trade, in one of his master's vessels, he sailed to America. He was afterwards engaged in the slave trade, which he is said to have quitted in disgust. He returned in 1768 to Scotland. On his homeward voyage the captain and mate of the vessel in which he was a passenger both died; whereupon he took the command, and brought the ship safe to port. Currie, Beck, and Co., the owners, for this well-timed service, made him master; with them, however, he did not remain long, for he soon afterwards obtained command of a West Indiaman, and not long afterwards retired, as he expresses it in his celebrated letter to Lady Selkirk, *to calm contemplation and poetic ease.* Virginia, where his brother William lived, was the chosen spot of this proposed life of contemplative ease. Here he was when dogged war bristled his angry crest—when the American Revolution broke out. He was one of those who thought that the cause of the colonies was the cause of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Full of hope, enterprise, and life, he adopted America as the country of his *fond election,* and her banner as the flag of freedom. His great practical knowledge of a seafaring life, his resolute character, his thorough devotedness to the cause, his great ability as a writer, especially in naval matters, did not escape the Marine Committee

of the Congress, and they sought for and obtained his aid. He entered the service of the infant republic on the 7th of December, 1775; and with his own hand hoisted the flag of America, for the first time raised, on board the *Alfred*, of which he was first-lieutenant. Once on board, with heart and soul in the cause, he rose like a rocket. Rear-admiral in the American service, rear-admiral in the Russian fleet, Chevalier of the Order of Merit, and Chevalier of the Russian Order of St. Ann, are a few only of the distinguished marks of public approbation that he received; enough, however, to show that he was not that lawless and hardened corsair he has so often been represented, even in books of sober history. It is true that he was declared a *rebel* by the English Government; but let us remember that he was placed in the same category with Washington, Franklin, and others, whom we were but too glad, in the end, to acknowledge as friends, and dignify with the name of patriots. It was a leading feature of the war, suggested and planned, it seems, by Paul Jones himself, to harass (in concert with the French fleet under D'Estaing) our men-of-war and merchantmen at home; and so endeavour, amongst other things, to shift the scene of battle from the shores of America to the English coast. To further these designs, Paul Jones was made commander-in-chief of the American squadron in Europe; a duty for which his ability and his zeal had, above all others,

pointed him out—indeed which his former life abaft had so well prepared him to discharge. With reinforcement gained from hope, or resolution from despair, he set sail; and history has confirmed the choice of the Marine Committee of Congress. Such consternation and alarm did the appearance of this squadron cause that the name of its commander even yet lingers on the Solway and around the neighbouring ports as a sound of ill omen. His landing at Whitehaven and St. Mary's Isle, to carry off Lord Selkirk, are daring deeds, too well known to be repeated here. He seemed, too, invisible, as well as invincible; like some Evil Genius, he was seen by night, and disappeared by day. At last, however, as the Baltic fleet was on its way, and under convoy off Flamborough Head, in the afternoon of the 23rd of September, 1779, a strange sail hove in sight.

> "'A sail! a sail!' a promised prize to Hope!
> Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?"

"No flag! no pendant! The American squadron, by George!" exclaimed Commodore Pearson. "All hands on deck!" The signal to the merchantmen to stand in-shore was instantly obeyed; and the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* bore down upon the enemy under a crowd of sail—upon the enemy rejoicing in his speed, and alike impetuous for the fray. About eight in the evening they were within pistol-shot of the *Bon Homme*

Richard and the *Pallas*. On the quarter-deck of the former stood Paul Jones, their great commander—dilated stood; and at each other

> "So frowned the mighty combatants, that night
> Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
> For never but once more was either like
> To meet so great a foe."

"What ship is that?" hailed the *Serapis;* again, "What ship is that?" A broadside from the *Bon Homme Richard* was the answer; a broadside from the *Serapis* was the reply, and soon the vessels were lashed together with their guns muzzle to muzzle—the *Serapis* with the *Bon Homme Richard,* and the *Countess of Scarborough* with the *Pallas.* For nearly three hours, lashed together in this fell and deadly embrace, did will baffle will, and strength encounter strength, until Death itself cried, "hold, enough"—until the labouring moon eclipsed at deeds so ghastly.

But read Paul Jones' own despatch relating to this ever-memorable combat:—

"When the (Baltic) fleet discovered us bearing down, all the merchant ships crowded sail towards the shore. The two ships of war that protected the fleet at the same time steered from the land, and made the disposition for battle. In approaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the *Alliance* showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the commodore's ship

until seven in the evening, being then within pistol-shot, when he hailed the *Bon Homme Richard.* We answered him by firing a whole broadside. The battle being thus begun, was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the *Bon Homme Richard,* gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavours to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the *Bon Homme Richard* athwart the enemy's bow; but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the *Bon Homme Richard's* poop by the mizen-mast, *and I made both ships fast together in that situation,* which, by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the *Bon Homme Richard's* bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's. When this position took place it was eight o'clock; previous to which, the *Bon Homme Richard* had received sundry eighteen-pound shots below the

water, and leaked very much. My battery of twelve-pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieutenant Dale and Colonel Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shot in all. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Colonel de Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. I had now only two pieces of cannon (nine-pounders) on the quarter-deck that were not silenced, and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, M. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterwards played three pieces of nine-pounders upon the enemy. The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the main-top, where Lieutenant Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannons against the mainmast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly

well served with grape and canister shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarter, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under-officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English Commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten-pounders, was incessant; *both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language.* To account for the timidity of my three under-officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe, that the two first were slightly wounded, and as the ship had received various shot under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink; and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop, without my knowledge, to strike the colours. Fortunately for me, a cannon-ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign-staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter. All this time the *Bon Homme Richard* had sustained the action

alone, and the enemy, though much su[illegible] force, would have been very glad to have got o[illegible] as appears by their own acknowledgment, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board; by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them fast to the *Bon Homme Richard.* At last, at half-past nine o'clock, the *Alliance* appeared; and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the *Bon Homme Richard;* yet they passed along the off-side of the ship, and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ships for the *Bon Homme Richard,* there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction. Besides it was then full moonlight, and the sides of the *Bon Homme Richard* were all black, while the sides of the prize were all yellow. Yet for the greater security, I showed the signal of our reconnoissance, by putting out three lanterns, one at the head, another at the stern, and the third in the middle, in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried out that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed; he passed round, firing into the *Bon Homme Richard's* head, stern, and broadsides, and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle only. My situation was really deplorable; the *Bon Homme Richard* received various shot under water from the *Alliance; the*

leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. *My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospects became gloomy indeed.* I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's mainmast began to shake, their firing decreased fast, ours rather increased, *and the British colours were struck at half an hour past ten o'clock.* This prize proved to be the British ship of war the *Serapis;* a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of eighteen-pounders, *and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson.* I had yet two enemies to encounter, far more formidable than the Britons—I mean, fire and water. The *Serapis* was attacked only by the first; but the *Bon Homme Richard* was assailed by both; there was five feet water in the hold, and though it was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown in to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder-magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. In that dilemma, I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity; and it was ten o'clock the next day

(the 24th) before the fire was entirely extinguished. With respect to the situation of the *Bon Homme Richard*, the rudder was cut entirely off; the stern-frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away; and the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast towards the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description; *and a person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, which every-where appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences.* After the carpenters, as well as Captain Cottineau and other men of sense, had well examined and surveyed the ship (which was not finished before five in the evening), I found every person to be convinced that it was impossible to keep the *Bon Homme Richard* afloat, so as to reach a port, if the wind should increase, it being then only a very moderate breeze. I had but little time to remove my wounded, which now became unavoidable, and which was effected in the course of the night and next morning. I was determined to keep the *Bon Homme Richard* afloat, and, if possible, to bring her into port. For that purpose, the First Lieutenant of the *Pallas* continued on board with a party of men, to attend the pumps, with boats in waiting ready to take them on board in case the water should gain on them too fast.

The wind augmented in the night, and the next day, the 25th, so that it was impossible to prevent the good old ship from sinking. They did not abandon her till after nine o'clock; the water was then up to the lower deck, and a little after ten I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the *Bon Homme Richard*. No lives were lost with the vessel, but it was impossible to save the stores of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books, and papers; and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects. Having thus endeavoured to give a clear and simple relation of the circumstances and events that have attended the little armament under my command, I shall freely submit my conduct therein to the censure of my superiors and the impartial public. I beg leave, however, to observe, that the force that was put under my command was far from being well composed, and as the great majority of the actors in it have appeared bent on the pursuit of interest only, I am exceedingly sorry that they and I have been at all concerned."

Such is the despatch which Paul Jones transmitted from the Texel to Franklin in Paris, and afterwards to Congress. Lieutenant Dale's account substantially confirms it; Commodore Pearson's despatch to the Admiralty also agrees with theirs, except as to the conduct of Landais, the commander of the *Alliance*. That despatch seems to clear Landais of every suspicion of foul play; for

it is to the raking fire kept up by the *Alliance* as she sailed round and round the *Serapis* that he mainly attributed his defeat. Certain, however, it is, that the British flag was struck, and by the hand of Commodore Pearson! But it was to the prowess of a Briton that the British flag was lowered, and even to Paul Jones it was

> "A triumph dearly won, which soon did lend
> An impulse swift and sure to his approaching end."

The *Bon Homme Richard* was inch by inch swallowed up and engulphed before his eyes, and with her all his hopes; leaving to the mighty conqueror, in mockery of his victory, but the bare privilege of towing a few shattered planks and miserable prisoners to the Texel, and the melancholy reflection, as the penalty of his foolhardy conduct, that his occupation was for ever gone as the commander of an American squadron in Europe. Pearson and Piercy, it is true, were in his train, to grace his ovation; but with their liberty fell his power. It is hard to say whether the victor or the vanquished had more honours conferred upon them for what they did on that eventful day. Paul Jones received the rank of Rear-Admiral in America, and the Order of Merit from the French King. With *the brave Commodore Richard Pearson* it fared no less in honourable advancement and in public favour; for, by the firmness and address of Sir Joseph Yorke, our ambassador at the States of

Holland, the captured frigates were demanded and exchanged, and our brave commodore, with Piercy and the rest, returned to England, to receive the reward due to their bravery. Commodore Pearson, immediately on his exchange, was knighted; an honour at all times gratifying when bravely won, but an hundredfold more so to him, returned as he was to pay his duty to his sovereign, not crowned with laurels, but covered with cypress—in defeat, not in victory. And it was not from the hand of his sovereign only that pleasing tokens of confidence and admiration came; the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, who were deeply interested in the preservation of the Baltic fleet, presented him and Captain Piercy each with a valuable service of plate, engraved with the gratifying and just tribute of respect: *For the gallant defence of the Baltic fleet.* Hull and other places conferred upon him the freedom of their corporations. If battles are to be measured by their political results, as well as by the quantity of human blood shed, this was an important battle*; for, not to speak of the immediate effect it had upon our relations with the States, it cleared our seas of the most destructive and harassing, if not one of the most formidable squadrons our shipping was ever exposed to. How it was that Paul Jones was not at once supplied

* In the *Bon Homme Richard* there were 306 killed and wounded; and in the *Serapis* 117.—See Schomberg's Naval Chronicle.

with a fleet from the resources of his allies across the channel, we are at a loss to understand; perhaps it arose from a feeling of jealousy on D'Estaing's part; or, perhaps, they thought that another such victory as that of Flamborough Head would be a defeat which they could not afford, even to please Dr. Franklin, the high priest of American independence.

In early life, whilst he was a lieutenant, he married the daughter of Mr. Francis Harrison, of Appleby and Bolton*; and long before this event had given hostages to fortune. By her he had a large family. His eldest son (born at Appleby, in September, 1769), following in the wake of his noble father, attained the rank of rear-admiral in the British service. He died suddenly at Plymouth, in 1838, leaving an only daughter. His wife was a Miss Holmes, of Greenwich. The second son held a civil appointment in India, and was, as we are told, Governor of Prince of Wales' Island. He married Caroline, sister of Sir Edmund Lyons, and left five daughters and one son, Richard Lyons Otway Pearson, in the army, and the only grandson of the name. Sir Richard had several other sons, who died young men. One died in the fortress of Verdun, after a sad captivity of ten years. His eldest daughter, Mary, married first,

* Our gallant friend, Lieutenant-Col. Harrison, of Appleby, is a nephew of Lady Pearson. She died, we believe, at Bath, about the year 1817.

a Mr. Higginson, an Irish gentleman of ancient family and good fortune; and, after his death, a Mr. Mason, of Dent. His second daughter, Hannah Frances, married Captain Crozier, of West Hill, Isle of Wight, and has left a numerous family.

It does not appear that Sir Richard Pearson saw much active service after his conflict with the American squadron. He was afterwards made Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, where he lived some years. He died, and was buried in the vaults of the churchyard behind the Hospital, on the 5th of January, 1805. There is no monument to his memory. Paul Jones, in his despatch to Congress, pronounced upon him what may well be used by posterity as a fitting

Epitaph.

Here lies
The brave Commodore Richard Pearson.

The present Admiral Sir Charles Richardson was born, we believe, at Barker Hill, in Shap parish. Admiral Tatham (Tatham *v.* Wright) was the son of the Vicar of Appleby, and was, we think, born there.

Richard Braithwait*.

1588—1673.

"Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence these rays proceed;
Some give the honour to his tail,
And others to his head."

COWPER'S GLOWWORM.

DRUNKEN BARNABY, *alias* Dapper Dick, is the sobriquet by which this strolling minstrel is better known. The former is a nickname of his own choice, and which an indulgent world readily adopted, as a fair exponent of his character; the latter boys gave him at school, and he rejoiced in it all the days of his life. This *alias dic*tus has at times its conveniences, as well as its inconveniences in life; but while, by the laws of truth, it more often betrays than conceals, it has somehow enabled the author of Barnaby's Journal to elude the grasp of the most lynx-eyed of our detective force. With every desire on our parts to turn

* Braithwait arms.—Gules, on a cheveron argent; three cross crosslets fitchée sable; a crest, or cognizance, thus: upon the helme, on a torse white and black, a greyhound couchant argent, his collar and lyne gules, mantled gules, double argent.

informers, we are obliged, with the rest of mankind, to own that we have violent suspicions, but who the real culprit is we do not know.

All are agreed on this, that he was born in Westmorland; but whether his real name was Braithwait or Harrington; whether he was born at Appleby, Warcop, Burneside, or Kendal; a gentleman, a school-master, or a horse-couper; a saint or a sinner (all of which in turns have had their advocates); are matters which have for upwards of two hundred years perplexed and confounded the world well-nigh as much as the pyramids of Egypt or the identity of Junius.

But as it is admitted on all hands that he was born in Westmorland, we will enter no farther into this controversy than to express an opinion that Richard Braithwait, of Burneside, was *the* man. Not to speak of his marriage at Newsham, the proofs and arguments of the editor of the seventh edition seem almost conclusive, especially that which he adduces, namely, a note in the second edition (1716), at Dallam Tower, in the handwriting of a Mr. Wilson, which asserts that the writer knew the author of it to be Richard Braithwait.

He was, we think, born at Appleby.

"Veni *Appleby, ubi natus;*
Primam sedem comitatus."

"Thence to native Appleby mount I,
The ancient seat of all that county."

He was of the ancient family of Braithwait of Ambleside, and afterwards of Burneside and War-

cop. He was the second son of Thomas Braithwait of Burneside, by his wife, Dorothy Bindloss of Borwick*. When Dapper Dick was born his father seems to have lived at Warcop; hence the assumption that he was born there. He himself, in the two lines above, says that he was born at Appleby. Why doubt his word? Is it not possible? And is it not as sound a rule of construction in poetry as in law, to take a man to mean what he says? Speech was *not* given to man to conceal his thoughts!

Of his school education we know nothing. Anthony Wood tells us that in 1604, at the age of sixteen, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, as a *native of Northumberland*, and thence migrated to Cambridge; that "while he continued in that house (Oriel), which was at least three years, he avoided, as much as he could, the rough paths of logic and philosophy, and traced those smooth ones of poetry and Roman history, in which at length he did excel." As regards Cambridge he adds, "where he spent some time, for the sake of dead and living authors."† In Braithwait's *Farewell to Poetry*, we find an outline of his college life:—

"Much better was my state, and far more free
When I remain'd i' th' Universitie,
Where as I had nought, so I cared for nought
But for the pitch of knowledge; which I sought:

* See Burn's Hist. vol. i. p. 127.
† Wood's Ath. Oxon.

Having both cheerful sleep, and healthful ayre
And stomach, too, hows'ere my *commons* were.
What choice delights were then afforded us
In reading Plutarch, Livie, Tacitus;
Or the Stagyrian's rare philosophie,
Whereto the Inds may not compared be,
With all their precious oares; for I did finde
No mine on earth could so enrich the minde."

His father's will, bearing date the 18th day of February, A.D. 1606, and proved at York, 28th of May, 1610, seems to express an uneasiness on the testator's part that his hopeful son was doing anything but reading Plutarch, Livie, or Tacitus, or making a serious study of the mighty Stagyrite's philosophie. The will is not unimportant also to show that he was then in Oxford; from it we also learn that it was his father's wish that he should enter one of the inns of court. The dispute, which has lasted now for a century and a half at least, increasing in violence as it advances in years, about his being a member of the University of Oxford, reminds one forcibly of the anecdote of King Charles the Second. The witty Monarch once proposed to the Royal Society the question, whence it is that a vessel of water receives no addition of weight from a live fish being put into it, though it does if the fish is dead? Various solutions were proposed, discussed, objected to, and defended by the *savants* of the age. Troubled, perplexed, and despairing, they were asked if they gave it up? They said they gave it up; and the King archly

replied, "Try the experiment." The experiment was thereupon tried, and it was found that the phenomenon they were trying to account for had no other foundation than the witty Monarch's experiment upon the practical wisdom of the Society. Now, one having asserted that Richard Braithwait was a student of Queen's College, Oxford; a second, of Oriel; a third, of neither; a fourth, of Cambridge; a fifth (to be safe in multitude), of both Oxford and Cambridge; a sixth having built him a Dotheboys Hall, and made a Yorkshire schoolmaster of him, it occurred to us to try the experiment. Now the experiment tried shows that he was, as the accurate and industrious Anthony Wood says, a student of Oriel College, Oxford. The entry in the college books is in these words:—

"1604, Feb. 22. Rich: Brathwayte, Northum. gen. fil. 16."

It is remarkable that the name of *Harrington* also occurs contemporaneously in the Oriel books; the following is the entry:—

"1610, Octo. 12. Joh. Harrington, Salop. Gen. fil. 17."

The word *Northum.*, in the former entry, is either a mistake, or means that his father then lived in Northumberland, not that he was a native of Northumberland; because it is clear that he was not a native of that county. When William Murray of *Perth* (Lord Mansfield), entered Christ

Church, Oxford, he was entered by the college dean, or some academic functionary, as William Murray, *Bath*; and Bath for a long time claimed the honour of his birth; indeed, until Sir W. Blackstone asked him about it, when he said that he could not account for the error (as an error it was) except by supposing that Perth and Bath, on the grating chords of a broad-tongued North Briton, had sounded so much alike as to be mistaken and confounded. If the word *Northum.*, in this entry, be not a mistake of the scribe for some word of the same sound, the reader has our permission to use the word in its ancient sense, *Northumbria*, which comprehended Westmorland, where he undoubtedly was born; or regard it as another *incog.*, and to be so described was one of the many eccentric freaks of Dapper Dick's wayward fancy. Of the year 1588—indeed, until many years after—there are no registers at Appleby, Burneside, or Warcop; hence the impossibility of ascertaining from them, as a fact, where he was born.

The rolls of the Inns of Court are silent about him; whether, therefore, he was ever admitted, or entered upon the study of the law in any way, does not appear. It would seem not, for there is not a word or thought in any of his writings indicative of it. The leaven of the law might easily withal have been detected, if there.

In Cambridge his tutor is said to have been

Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

Wood continues, after describing his removal to and residence in Cambridge: "then receding to the north parts of England, his father bestowed on him Burneside, before mentioned; where, living many years, he became captain of a foot company in the trained bands, a deputy-lieutenant in the county of Westmorland, a justice of peace, and a noted wit and poet." There is a tradition that he commanded a troop of horse during the civil wars, and that his eldest son (Captain Braithwait) accompanied Charles II. to Breda, in 1650.

But we must not pass over his domestic matters in so hasty a way, as his identity, amongst other things, depends so much upon it. In May, 1617, he married Frances, daughter of James Lawson, of Newsham, near Darlington.

> "Neare Darlington was my dear darling borne,
> Of noble house which yet bears honor's forme."

She died in March, 1633, leaving a numerous issue. Her worth and virtues are feelingly alluded to in several of his writings. In 1639 he married again, for his second wife, a Scotch lady and a widow, namely, Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts, of Keitlington, in Yorkshire, and had by her an only son, the gallant Sir Strafford Braithwait, who was killed in the ship *Mary*, under the command of Sir Roger Strickland, during an engagement with the *Tiger*

Algerine man-of-war. After his second marriage he left Burneside for the manor of Catterick, of which he was seised *jure uxoris*. How long he continued there is not known. He died at East Appleton, near to Catterick, on the 4th of May, 1673, leaving behind him the character of a well-bred gentleman and a good neighbour.

We must now turn to his works*. It is remarkable that in naming his publications Wood does not mention Barnaby's Journal! Knowing Wood's uncommon industry and consummate accuracy, especially in all that relates to Richard Braithwait, this omission, coupled also with the express declaration that he knew no other *English* work, as if

* Golden Fleece, with other Poems, Lond. 8vo. 1611. The Poet's Willow; or, the Passionate Shepherd: with sundry delightful, and no less passionate, sonnets, describing the passions of a discontented and perplexed lover, Lond. 1614, 8vo., written in Lyric and Anacreontic measures. The Prodigal's Tears. Lond. 1614, 8vo. The Scholar's Medley, 1614. Essays upon the Five Senses, Lond. 1620, 1635. Nature's Embassy, 1621. Divine and Moral Essays; the Shepherd's Tales; Omphale and Philomel's Tears (printed with Nature's Embassy). Time's Curtain Drawn, Lond. 1621. The English Gentleman, Lond. 1630-31, 4to., and again in 1641, fol. The English Gentlewoman, ib. Discourse of Detraction, Lond. 1635. The Arcadian Princess; or, the Triumph of Justice, 1635, 8vo. Barnabie's Journal, (say) 1635. Survey of History, 1638 and 1652. A Spiritual Spicery, Pious Tracts, Lond. 1638. Mercurius Britannicus, 1641. Time's Treasury, 1655-56. Congratulatory Poem to his Majesty upon his happy arrival in our late discomposed Albion, Lond. 1660. Tragicomedia, cui titulus inscribitur regicidium perspicacissimis judiciis accuratius perspecta, pensata, comprobata, 1665.

he had heard of the *Latin* Journal, and would not own it, always pressed heavily on our minds as to the identity of the author. "He wrote and published," adds Wood, "several books in English, consisting of prose and poetry, highly commended in the age when published, but since slighted and despised as frivolous matters, and only to be taken into the hands of novices." These strictures have been censured by some of the editors of the Journal; not seeing, as before observed, that Wood formed his judgment not from the Journal, but from his other works, rejecting altogether, or forgetting, the former. Let us see, then, if the merits of the Journal, assuming him to be its author, thrown into the scale, would or ought in fairness to have made any difference. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," says he is "chiefly remembered, if remembered at all, as one of the minor pastoral poets of the reign of James the First." Dr. Warton does not mention Barnaby's Journal. What writers mean by the terms *major* and *minor*, as applied to poets, we never could nor can understand. Such names are proper when given to material objects, to things capable of being measured by rule and line, as to the great O'Brien or the dwarf Tom Thumb; but when applied to what can be brought to no material standard, seem nothing better than *nugæ canoræ* or babbling nicknames.

"Mediocribus esse Poetis
Non homines, non Di, non concessêre columnæ."
Hor.

> "Both God and man and letter'd post denies,
> That poets ever are of middling size." *

The best test of the value of their psychometer is that not one of them knows how to use it when it is really wanted—when they approach the line where the major is said to end and the minor to begin. They announce with a flourish of trumpets that Homer and Milton are majors, that Collins and Crabbe are minors; but ask them where Chaucer, Dryden, Akenside, Southey, Cowper, Byron, Wordsworth, or Talfourd are to be placed, they scratch their heads and look wise, because they have neither star nor compass to go by. The ancients were more wise in their generation, and more just to the claims of genius. They had nine Goddesses or Muses; namely, Clio, Thalia, Terpsichore, Euterpe, Erato, Calliope, Polyhymnia, Urania, and Melpomene, Apollo (Vates or Lyristes) presiding over them; Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Euripides, Horace, &c. (as a fixed and definite *idea* was attached to each Muse, each being but the *symbol* of an idea, or, as in the case of Calliope, of several), falling into rank under their proper banners with an ease and precision which must have been music to Apollo Lyristes himself. There was then no wrangling about the corps to which each belonged; each knew his own, and his own knew him; nor was there in the ranks any dispute about the proper status of each individual,

* Hor. Art of Poetry, 377.

as it was a matter which could be determined by simple inspection. The introduction of heathen names into our sciences or reading may possibly offend; if so, let us adopt instead the same number of algebraic unmeaning signs, *x*, *y*, *z*, and so forth; the muse or sign, the *idea*, being fixed, a poet's corps and status are easily defined. The *lumen naturæ* will determine the one, and the other may be arrived at (if not to mathematical certainty, to a degree of accuracy quite sufficient for all practical purposes) by Roger Despiles' mode of ascertaining the comparative merits of painters. Thus, maximum 20 not attainable:—

	Composition.	Design.	Colouring.	Expression.
Raphael	17	18	12	18
Michael Angelo ...	8	17	4	8
Titian	12	15	18	6
Rubens	18	13	17	17

Now Barnabie's Journal we place under the tutelage of Erato, as the goddess who presides over his amorous measures; the *lumen naturæ*, which logicians use, will determine this. Every journey was *a month of Erato* to him*. The next inquiry is into its degree of excellence on the scale proposed. By Apollo's decree, remember, Homer is

* See Ovid's Fasti, lib. ii. v. 16, and lib. i. v. 1. 16.

not to be compared with Theocritus, nor Sappho with Shakspeare, nor Milton with Hudibras, but each with one of his own muse or kind; that is to say, Homer with Milton or Virgil, Shakspeare with Æschylus, Euripides, and so on. Now Rutilius, Butler, Prior, and Gay (disciples of Erato) have left us itineraries in verse; and with these itineraries we ought to compare Barnabie's Journal. Thus, maximum 20 not attainable:—

	Composition.	Design.	Colouring.	Expression.
Hudibras.....	8	8	18	12
Rutilius	1	1	5	3
Prior's Excursion..	1	1	5	3
Gay's Journal.....	1	1	3	2
Barnabie's Journal	1	1	10	5

Ut pictura poesis *, poems like pictures are; and we see no reason to change the terms of art. It may be objected that this is an arbitrary self-willed law, as uncertain as the subject matter it would reduce to rule; true: is not matter of opinion always more or less so? Except with the exact sciences, what does not vary with the will of man? Upon this scale Barnabie's Journal rises to no high degree. In the essentials of a great poet, in knowledge, invention, imagination, boldness, enthusiasm,

* Hor. Art of Poetry, 361.

and even in humour, the mercury sinks well-nigh to zero. Although written at the commencement of the civil wars, which called forth the learning, the wit, the invention, and the caustic satire of Butler, yet to all the strange scenes of that eventful period Barnabie's heart is cold and his tongue listless. As its name imports, it is the diary of a drunkard; with folly, not reason, for his guide, he notes what folly shows him; bousing, quarrelling, and fighting by day, in a lock-up house or a stew by night, and its morality the morality of one or the other. Apart from them, and considered as a narrative of facts, it is meagre. There is at times a fulness of circumstance, but only where decency forbids it, and then, Demetrius-like, he is *nimius in veritate*. There is no love of nature's works, no longing after unknown treasures of knowledge, no taste for the fine arts, no historic nor political reminiscences; in short,

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ."*

But every one should have his due; and in colouring, by which we mean raciness of rhyming, we have given it to him. In this respect he stands high in the scale. When we consider that it is in *Latin* (the English being but a translation, if indeed his own), our wonder is great†. Latin was

* Hor. Art of Poetry, 322.

† First edition (say) 1636; second in 1716; third in 1723; fourth in 1774; fifth in April, 1805; sixth in September, 1805; seventh in 1815.

a living language to him. Doubts have been suggested whether he was a real drunkard or one in disguise. Looking at his father's will, the lamentations of age upon the follies of his youth, and the internal evidence afforded by the Journal itself, we are obliged to come to an uncharitable conclusion.

Of his peculiarities we will select a few examples.

"In progressu boreali,
Ut processi ab australi,
Veni Banbury, O profanum!
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quod Sabbatho *stravit* murem."

"In my progress travelling northward,
Taking farewell of the southward,
To Banbury came I, O prophane one!
Where I saw a Puritane one
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

The word *stravit* here is of exquisite felicity; indeed the whole *Latin* text may be compared with the best of Hudibras. And so of the concluding lines of the following verse.

"Veni Oxon, cui comes
Est Minerva, fons Platonis;
Unde scatent peramœne
Aganippe, Hippocrene;
Totum fit Atheniense,
Imo Cornu Reginense."

"To Oxford came I, whose companion
Is Minerva, well Platonian;
From whose seat do stream most seemly,
Aganippe, Hippocrene;
Each thing there's the Muse's minion,
The Horn at Queen's speaks pure Athenian."

The following contains a singular mixture of purity of language, impurity of thought, and *double entendre* of words:—

"Veni Ingleton, ubi degi
Donec Fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres; saxa pluunt:
Queis perculsus, timens lædi,
His posteriora dedi."

"Thence to Ingleton, where I lived,
Till I broke a blacksmith's head;
Which done, women rushed in on me,
Stones like hail showered down upon me;
Whence, astonished, fearing harming,
Leave I took, but gave no warning."

What follows is the only passage in which invention seems to have any claim, and is very clever :—

"Veni Wansforth-brigs, immanem
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam;
Portas, hortos speciosos,
Portus, saltus spatiosos.
Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans 'Miserere mei,'
Atriis, angulis, confestim,
Evitandi cura pestem,
Fugi; mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.
Inde prato peramœno
Dormiens temulenter fœno,
Rivus surgit et me capit,
Et in flumen alte rapit;
'Quorsum?' clamant; 'Nuper erro?'
'A Wansforth-brigs in Angloterra.'"

"Thence to Wansforth-brigs, a river
And a wife will live for ever:
River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, seemly, free from folly;
Gates and gardens neatly gracious,
Ports, and parks, and pastures spacious.
Seeing there as did become me,
Written, 'Lord have mercy on me,'
On the portals, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted:
Though from death none may be spared,
I to die was scarce prepared.
On a haycock sleeping soundly,
The river rose and took me roundly
Down the current, people cry'd;
Sleeping down the stream I hy'd:
'Where away,' quoth they; 'from Greenland?'
'No; from Wansforth-brigs in England.'"

While the following passage fixes definitively the time of his travel to 1634 (quod contigerit *memet teste* *), it shows his unequalled facility of rhyming. Where is there anything happier than what is *in Italics?*

"Ibi Tibicen apprehensus,
Judicatus et suspensus,
Plaustro cõaptato furi,
Ubi Tibia clamant pueri?
Nunquam ludes amplius Billie,
Ad, nescitis, inquit ille.
Quod contigerit memet teste,
Nam abscissa jugulo reste,
Ut in fossam Furcifer vexit,
Semi mortuus resurrexit:
Arce reducem occludit.
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit."

"A piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemned, and titted;
As he was to Knavesmire going,
'This day,' quoth boys, 'will spoil thy blowing;
From thy pipe th'art now departing;'
'Wags,' quoth the piper, 'you're not certain.'
All which happen'd to our wonder,
For the halter cut asunder,
As one of all life deprived,
Being bury'd, he revived:
And there lives, and plays his measure,
Holding hanging but a pleasure."

* See Gent's Hist. of York, p. 223.

Richard Braithwait is said to have been in after life a most amiable man, remarkable for wit and humour, and one of the handsomest men of the age. The figure in his *English Gentleman* is supposed to be a likeness of him; there is also a portrait prefixed to his *Nursery for Gentry*, and in Haslewood's edition a medallion; at Doddington Green there is a portrait of him, said to be an original.

He died, as already stated, at East Appleton, near Richmond, Yorkshire, on the 4th of May, 1673; "leaving behind him the character of a well-bred gentleman and a good neighbour."

He was buried at Catterick: on his monument is inscribed the following

Epitaph.

Juxta sitæ sunt
Ricardi Braithwait,
De Burneshead in Comitatu
Westmorlandiæ Armigeri, et
Mariæ ejus conjugis reliquiæ.
Ille quarto die Maij, anno 1673,
denatus est. Hæc undecimo Aprilis, 1681,
Supremum diem obiit. Horum filius
unicus Strafford Braithwait Eques
Auratus adversus Mauros Christiani
Nominis hostes infestissimos fortiter
Dimicare occubuit cujus cineres
Tingi in Mauritaniâ Tingitanâ
humantur.
Requiescant in pace.

Thomas Hogarth*.

1670—1727.

"The Poetic Genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she inspired."—BURNS.

ADAM WALKER entitles this bard the *Mountain Theocritus;* and records, as a proverbial saying on the edge of Windermere, "that his songs had greater effect on the manners of his neighbourhood than even the sermons of the parson himself." Of his illustrious nephew it may safely be asserted, that he did more by his pencil to correct the vices and follies of his age, not to speak of his own virtuous example and precepts, than the whole Convocation put together.

The name was formerly spelled *Hoggart,* and is still so pronounced†. This fine old name fell a

* See "The Genuine Works of William Hogarth," by Nicholls and Steevens, and Hogarth's own Memoirs, by Ireland.

† Hoggart, Hoggarth, Hogherd.

sacrifice to the cockney taste of the nephew's wife, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill. But as the great artist adopted *Hogarth*, and, as long as the arts endure, will be known to the world at large by it, we must subscribe to it; with a mental reservation, however, to return to *Hoggart*, if the fates ever decree a retrograde movement to the ancient order of things.

This family has been for ages settled at Bampton, where our bard was born about 1670. Dr. Burn, on the authority of Maychell, asserts that they originally sprung from Kirby-thore. This is undeniable authority, especially as it proceeds from a most industrious and enlightened antiquary, himself rector of Kirby-thore; but we cannot help observing, that if the Bampton branch of the family be derivative, it was transplanted to the banks of the Lowther at a much earlier period than they suppose. We say so, from a careful examination of the registers of Bampton, which, as far as they go, are more perfect and better kept than any others in the county that we have examined. Was not Hoggart Foot, Littlewater, the original seat? It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that there is a branch of the family and of the name still living at Bampton. At Kirby-thore the name wholly disappeared a few years ago. The only member of the Kirby-thore family, as far as we know, is a woman of the name of Mary Tweedale, of Long Marton; her maiden name was Mary Hoggart, of that ilk, and is

now married to the parish clerk of our native place. *The happy man* was her uncle*.

ALD HOGGART'S father was a yeoman, at Bampton. He had three sons, John, Thomas, and Richard. The eldest assisted his father at the farm, the second was our bard, and the third was a scholar, and the father of the illustrious William Hogarth. Richard was sent at an early age to St. Bees School, and became a distinguished scholar†; but the two former seem to have received no other education than the literary wants of a farming life required. In all probability, the little they had was at the village school.

Upon the death of the father, the eldest son succeeded to the little family freehold; and our bard took a farm, and settled at Troutbeck, a village about eight miles N.W. of Kendal, where he passed the remainder of his days, like Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd, "fabricating his simple strains while he held the plough, or was leading his

* Edward Beauchamp, *Anglicè, Neddy Beechum.* This well-known individual was lost, twenty-five or thirty years ago, in a snow-storm, on Hilton-fell. A cairn of stones not far from Maize-beck marks the spot; his clogs were there not long ago.

† Richard afterwards kept a school in Ship Court, Old Bailey, London, and was occasionally employed as a corrector of the press. He had two daughters and one son, William Hogarth, who was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, on the 10th Nov., 1697. The father died about the year 1721. An account of the books written by him, the ill-treatment he received from publishers and literati, his life and death, are minutely detailed by his son in Ireland's edition of Hogarth's Works.

fuel from the hills." Allan Cunningham has given us a lively description of Jenny Wilson, Highland Mary, and the sonsie lasses of Ayr, whose winning influences called into play the Æolian harp on the braes of bonny Doon; but as regards the Troutbeck minstrel, and the early dawn of poesy in him, such incidents, at all times so interesting, so charming, and so instructive, are for ever lost, for no Cunningham was there to catch them as they rose. The whole country-side, indeed, is still alive with humorous stories of him. But we prefer the authentic and well-told tale below to volatile anecdotes, however amusing, that throw no steady light upon his character. In a letter to John Nicholls, Adam Walker (a Troutbeck man*) says, "I must leave you to the annals of fame for the rest of the anecdotes of this great genius (William Hogarth); and shall endeavour to shew you that his family possessed similar talents, but they were destined, like the wild rose,

'To waste their sweetness in the desert air.'

Happy should I be to rescue from oblivion the name of ALD HOGGART, whose songs and quibbles have so often delighted my childhood! These simple strains of this Mountain Theocritus were fabricated while he held the plough, or was leading his fuel from the hills. He was as critical an observer of nature as his nephew, for the narrow

* See Life.

field he had to win her in; not an incident nor absurdity in the neighbourhood escaped him. If any one was hardy enough to break through any decorum of old and established repute, if any one attempted to overreach his neighbour, or cast a leering eye at his wife, he was sure to hear himself sung over the whole parish, nay, to the very boundaries of the Westmorland dialect; so that his songs were said to have greater effect on the manners of his neighbourhood than even the sermons of the parson himself. But his poetical talents were not confined to the incidents of his village; I myself have had the honour to bear a part in one of his plays; I say one, for there are several of them extant in Ms. in the mountains of Westmorland at this hour*. This play was called *The Destruction of Troy*. It was written in metre, much in the manner of Lopez de Vega, or the ancient French drama." After describing its qualities, and the part he took in it, he says, "The ceiling of the green room was the azure canopy of Heaven, and the boxes, pit, and gallery were laid into one by the great author of nature, for they were the green slope of a fine hill. Despise not this humble state of the provincial drama; let me tell you, there were more spectators, for three days together,

* Some of them are still in the possession of Mr. Woodburne, of Round Hill, near Ambleside. Mr. W. is said to be a descendant of a brother of Ald Hoggart.

than your three theatres in London would hold; and let me add, still more to your confusion, that you never saw an audience half so well pleased. The exhibition was begun with a grand procession from the village to a great stone (dropped by the devil about a quarter of a mile off, when he tried in vain to erect a bridge across Windermere; so the people, unlike the rest of the world, have remained a very good sort of people ever since): I say the procession was begun by the minstrels of five parishes, and were followed by a yeoman on bull-back." After giving an amusing description of the bull, like another Europa, carrying off the affrighted yeoman, he concludes: "The play was opened by this character with a song, which answered the double purposes of a play-bill and a prologue, for his ditty gave the audience a foretaste of the rueful incidents they were about to behold; and it called out the actors one by one to make the spectators acquainted with their names and characters, walking round and round till the whole *dramatis personæ* made one great circle on the stage. The audience having thus become acquainted with the actors, the play opened with Paris and C., and the whole interlarded with apt songs, both serious and comic, all the productions of *Ald Hoggart*. The bard, however, at this time had been dead some years, and I believe this fête was a jubilee to his memory; but let it not detract

from the merits of Mr. Garrick, to say that his at Stratford was but a copy of one forty years ago on the banks of Windermere." This is Walker's opinion. In justice we must give that of Mr. Steevens. "However Ald Hoggart," says he, "might have succeeded in the dramatic line, and before a rustic audience, his powers of a different form are every way contemptible; want of grammar, metre, sense, and decency, are their undeniable characteristics; an opinion," adds he, "founded on a thorough examination of a whole bundle of them transmitted by a friend."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Of these papers, so examined by Steevens, as well as of the plays and songs alluded to with so much rapture by Walker, we can of ourselves give no account. The only one we have been able to get at is a song called *A Single Life's the Rarest*, consisting of eight verses; the following is the seventh and best:—

"Marry not one that 's old,
Lest thy thoughts do wander:
To match with shrow or scold,
Thou never canst comand her:
To marry one that 's poor,
She 's proud, when once promoted:
To marry one that 's fair,
Worse things may be allotted.
The old she will grow stale,
The scold she still will brawle,

And pride will have a fall,
And fade soon will the fairest;
The best is none at all,
So a single life 's the rarest."

He was never married, and died at Troutbeck about the year 1730. There is no stone nor inscription to mark the spot where he lies.

William Thompson.

1712—1766.

"O whither, whither shall I turn for aid?"

"An amiable and ingenious poet, whose writings seem not hitherto to have received so much attention as they deserve," is the encomium passed upon our fellow-countryman, by Robert Anderson, M.D., one of the fairest and ablest critics of the last century*. "As a poet," he adds, "his compositions are characterized by fertility of invention, splendour of imagination, tenderness of sentiment, facility of expression, and harmony of numbers. He is of the school of Spenser and of Milton, but he imitates the former more than the latter. He seems to have been an enthusiastic admirer and an attentive observer of the charms of nature, as his compositions abound in minute rural imagery and picturesque description. His faults are those of his master. Rich in native stores, he sometimes

* See vol. x. of his "Complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain."

employs traditionary imagery and hereditary similes. His descriptions are sometimes puerile and extravagant, and sometimes overwrought, and lost in a profusion of colours."

But before we go further into his merits as a poet, let us inquire into the pride of his race, and his courtship with the Muses.

He was the second son of Francis Thompson, Vicar of Brough. His mother had been the widow of Joseph Fisher, also Vicar of Brough, and Archdeacon of Carlisle. His elder brother, John, was the father of Langhorne's second wife*. William was born at Brough, in 1712. As there is a dispute about the time and place of his birth, we give the register of his baptism, in Brough Church:—

"1712†.
Jany. 1. William, son of Mr. Francis Thompson."

He was educated at Appleby School. At the usual age he was entered in Queen's College, Oxford, where he completed his studies. He was upon the (Old) Foundation.

"Early in life," says his biographer, "he discovered a propensity to poetry, and wrote, as he himself informs us, *Six Pastorals* in 1734. His early conceptions of love, of friendship, and of virtue were very warm and elevated, and prompted a variety of poetical effusions, amatory, sentimental, and serious. In his retirement in Westmorland,

* Langhorne's Life. † O. S.

on the banks of his native Eden, which 'first heard the Doric reeds' of the unfortunate Pattison*, and the amiable Langhorne, he wrote his *Stella, sive Amores, Elegiarum tres Libri,* in 1736. These *Pastorals* and *Love Elegies,* written when the young poet's soul was high tuned to the tender emotions of nature, without any design of printing them, have not been collected into his works. In 1736, he wrote an *Epithalamium on the Royal Nuptials* as a college exercise, which procured him considerable reputation. He took the degree of M.A. Feb. 26, 1738; and, entering into orders, was presented to the rectory of South Weston and Hampton-Pyle, in Oxfordshire.

"About this time, on his recovery from the small-pox, he wrote his poem called *Sickness;* which was published in 1746, and very favourably received by the polite and religious world. Not long after, he published his *Hymn to May,* in the manner of Spenser, which completely established his poetical reputation.

"In 1751, he was a candidate for the poetry professorship at Oxford, but did not succeed in his application.

"Soon after, he published *Gratitude, a Poem,* on the Countess of Pomfret's benefactions to the University of Oxford, which has eluded the inquiries of the present writer. In 1757, he pub-

* Pattison was educated at Appleby School, but was a Sussex man, brought up by Lord Thanet. He was a great genius.

lished, by subscription, a collection of his *Poems on several Occasions*, and *Gondibert and Birtha*, a tragedy, with a dedication to the Countess of Northumberland. In a short advertisement, he informs the reader, 'that the greater part of the poems were written when the author was very young, and without any design of printing them, which,' he says, 'is only mentioned with hopes to procure the reader's pardon for the imperfection of some, and the lightness of others. Yet

> "Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quemquam
> Nulla venenato litera mista joco est."—Ovid.

The tragedy,' he adds, 'was likewise chiefly composed when the author was an under-graduate in the University, as an innocent relaxation from those severer and more useful studies for which the College, where he had the benefit of his education, is so deservedly distinguished. I have caused it (with all its juvenile imperfections on its head) to be printed as it was first written, and have even added the original motto, that it might be all of a piece.' This seems to be the language of unaffected modesty; some of the earlier little pieces might probably have admitted of some improvements, if he had judged it proper to retouch them afterwards; but as a spirit of ingenuousness is manifest throughout his sentiments, he has probably given his most private productions as they were first conceived and written; upon which sup-

position, there appears very little reprehensible in them, and not a little, for their quantity, that may be justly commended. 'The poem called *Sickness*,' he says, 'was republished at the request of several of my subscribers; to which, without regarding the additional expense, I very readily agreed. I have made some alterations, which, in the divisions of the books, I hope will be thought improvements.'

"He survived this publication several years, and intended to republish 'Browne's Britannia's Pastorals,' upon which he left some short notes, inserted in T. Davies's edition, 1772.

"He was made Dean of Raphoe, in Ireland, and died there about [in] 1766*.

"His *Poems on several Occasions*, with the omission of a few trifling songs, and his *Garden Inscriptions*, were published in the 'Poetical Calendar' for August, 1763.

"His capital performance is *Sickness*, a poem, in five books, in blank verse. In this work, boldness of personification, energy of language, sublimity of sentiment, pathetic representation, and the most exquisite beauties of poetry, are ennobled with Christian and moral truths. Almost every line glows with devotion, rises into the most exalted apprehensions of the Creator, and is animated with the most lively faith in the all-sufficient mediation

* He ought to have been included in the same division with his kinsman Langhorne, but we could not obtain in time the necessary information.

of the Redeemer of mankind. In the first book, which bears only the general title of *Sickness*, after proposing his subject, he thus reflects on the levity of some of his earlier poetical amusements:—

* * * 'Too long the muse,
Ah! much too long, a libertine diffus'd,
On Pleasure's rosy lap, has idly breath'd
Love-sighing elegies, and pastoral strains,
The soft seducers of our youthful hours,
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,
And energy of virtue. But farewell,
Ye myrtle walks, ye lily mantled meads
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale!'

"The second book is called the *Palace of Disease*. This palace is very poetically imagined and executed, and the malignant power inhabiting it is very correctly portrayed. He thus describes one of her six attendant furies, the small-pox, whose severe infection occasioned the poem:—

'The last, so turpid to the view, affrights
Her neighbour hags. Happy herself is blind,
Or madness would ensue, so bloated black,
So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,
Such foul corruption on this side the grave,
Variola yclep'd; ragged and rough,
Her couch perplex'd with thorns. What heavy scenes
Hang o'er my head, to feel the theme is mine!'

"In the third book, called the *Progress of Sickness*, after a succession of dreams of different complexions, which are very poetically enumerated and contrasted, on waking affrighted from the imaginary

blast of *Astolpho's* horn, in 'Orlando Furioso;' he thus energetically exclaims:

'Pain empties all her vials on my head,
And steeps me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd shirt
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
Eat up the marrow frying in my bones.
O whither, whither shall I turn for aid!'

"The metaphorical display of friendship at the close of this book is warm and delicate.

'Friendship's
——————— a holy fire,
Where honour beams on honour, truths on truths,
Bright as the eyes of angels, and as pure.
An altar whence two gentle loving hearts
Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze
And spotless union.'

"The fourth book is called the *Recovery*. In this, Mercy sends *Hygeia* or Health to the well of life, in which he ingeniously feigns the angel who descended into the pool of Bethesda to have previously moistened his wings. His surprise at the first return of sight, and his succeeding exultation on it, are finely expressed.

'I thank thee, *Sleep!*—Heav'ns! is the day restor'd
To my desiring eyes? Their lids, unglew'd,
Admit the long-lost light, now streaming in
Painfully clear! O check the rapid gleam
With shading silk, till the weak visual orb,
Stronger and stronger, dares imbibe the sun,
Nor, wat'ring, twinkle at unfolded day!

Sight, all-expressive! Though the *feeling* sense
Thrills from Ianthe's hand; at Handel's lyre
Tingles the ear; though smell from blossom'd beams
Arabian spirit gathers; and the draught,
Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vines,
Streams *nectar* on the *palate;* yet, O *Sight!*
Weak their sensations, when compar'd with thee.'

"The last book, styled the *Thanksgiving*, is replete with much devout and animated gratitude. The following parody of a very poetical passage in the 'Psalms,' is well executed.

——'For me (who late
A neighbour of the worms) when I forget
The wonders of thy goodness ray'd on me,
And cease to celebrate with matin harp
Or vesper song thy plenitude of love
And healing mercy, may the *nightly Pow'r*,
Which whispers on my slumbers, cease to breathe
Her *modulating* impulse through my soul;
Untun'd, unhallow'd! Discord, string my lyre,
Idly, my finger, press the fretted gold,
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
When indolent to swell the notes for thee,
FATHER of heav'n and earth!'

"The *Hymn to May* is a professed imitation of Spenser; and without ostentatious praise, it is but just to observe, that in opulence of imagery, brilliancy of colouring, distinctness and propriety of attribute, and harmony of numbers, it challenges every modern production, and rivals, if not surpasses everything of the kind, even in Spenser, from whom he caught his inspiration. The diction

is florid and luxuriant, and the sentiments rapturous and tender in the highest degree. He gives a loose to the luxuriance of his imagination, and indulges himself in every extravagance that poetry allows. The exuberance of his diction invests his thoughts with splendour, through which, perhaps, they are not always easily discerned. Spenser being not less celebrated for his description of the beauties of nature, than for his dress and portraiture of allegorical personages, Thompson has thus charmingly delineated and arrayed his poetical *May*:—

'She comes!—A silken camus, emerald-green,
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen,)
And with the labours of the needle glows,
Purfled by nature's hand! The amorous air
And musky western breezes fast repair,
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair.

'Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)
With the gay honours of the spring entwin'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glitt'ring on the sun, and scents the wind,
Love-sick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

'Young circling roses, blushing round them, throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays;
And lilies dipt in fragrance freshly blow,
With blended beauties, in her angel face.
The humid radiance beaming from her eyes,
The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies,
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

'On zephyr's wing the laughing goddess views
Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
Attended by the silver-footed dew,
The ravages of winter to repair.
She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
Her naked bosom down the ether sails;
Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the spring
exhales.'

"In stanzas 47, 48, 49, 50, and 51, the supposition of Venus being born in this month, and celebrating her birth-day near Acidalus, a fountain in Bœotia, is happily imagined, and expressed with that softness of sentiment which he professes to have indulged in this poem, though with an avowal of the purest intention. The stanzas 19, 20, 21, &c., show him a great master in the descriptive. The *Nativity*, a college exercise, and the *Epithalamium on the Royal Nuptials*, are also fine imitations of Spenser. In the *Nativity*, the lines beginning, *Hark, the jolly pipe and rural lay*, and ending, *Hell groan'd through all her dens, and grim death dropp'd down dead*, are remarkably fine. The verses *On Pope's Works* are agreeably various and spirited. Those especially on his translation of 'Homer' are exquisitely animated. The *Epistle to the Author of Leonidas*, the *Fall of Coresus and Callirhoe*, from Pausanias; and the *Magi*, a Sacred Eclogue, are all masterly. The lines in the Eclogue in which the sages are introduced paying their adoration to the infant Saviour, are eminently beautiful. His *Epitaphs*

on both his parents comprise two most worthy characters portrayed by filial poetry. The verses *Written on the Holy Bible*, in his grave religious character, have an original air. The *Garden Inscriptions* prove him no languid admirer, but a fervent worshipper of the excellencies of his favourites, particularly Spenser, Milton, Thompson, and Young. The eulogy is sometimes overcharged; yet the overflowing fulness with which he measures out to others, springs from a most amiable source. It is the very contrast of narrow self-love, of envy and detraction, and entitles him to the most liberal regard from every lover of candour and benevolence.

"His *Love Verses* are, for the most part, tender and unaffected; dictated by his own feelings, when the passion is quite new, romantically sweet, and, perhaps, at the utmost purity which is compatible with desire.

"His two Latin odes on *Winter and Summer* rank with the best compositions of our English writers, who have cultivated Latin poetry with success. Poetical versions, by Mr. Tattersal, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, were published along with the originals; 'which I believe,' says he, 'will be thought the best verses in the collection: they are finished in so easy and masterly a manner, that I must own, that I had rather have been the author of them than of the originals themselves.'

"His tragedy of *Gondibert and Birtha*, taken from Davenant's poem of 'Gondibert,' seems very

little adapted to the stage, being much more poetical than dramatic. The sentiments are warm and elevated; but seem rather such as he had collected from an acquaintance with the illustrious dead, than from being 'hackneyed in the ways of men,' as he appears more delighted with what *Syphax* malignantly calls the 'extravagance of virtue,' than experienced in a knowledge of the world, and the ordinary conduct of mankind."

All writers commend him as a man of great goodness.

He died at Raphoe, in Ireland, in 1766. But there is no trace of any tomb.

Ephraim Chambers*.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

1680—1740.

. . . . . "Didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

EPHRAIM CHAMBERS is a name that sounds well; there is a pleasure in pronouncing it; one feels for the moment in the society of a man who by common consent has not passed through life as an arrow through the air—leaving no trace behind. He was one of the most useful men of the last century. Although he calls himself *nec eruditus nec idiota*, he was, in truth, one of those who, by unwearied industry and good ability combined, enlarged the foundations of that grand superstructure of human knowledge, under whose dome Britannia exalted sits—now sits, attended by the Arts and Sciences as her handmaids—the Empress, and Majesty, and

* See Nicholl's Lit. Anec. vol. ii. pp. 129. 132; vol. iv. p. 713; vol. v. pp. 30. 659; vol. viii. p. 432. Nicholson's Annals of Kendal.

Emblem of civilization. His whole life was devoted to literature—to a literature whose end with him was the development of Man, and a progressive advance towards the great ends of his social being. Since Chambers' death some of his works have been republished by men who comprehended not their merits; but as there is in mud a detergent quality, so here the mischievous industry with which they are overlaid only serves to render more transparent and clear the bold traces of his energetic mind.

He was the son of a small farmer at Milton, near Heversham; and was born there about 1690. In *The Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century* it is asserted, upon authority supposed to be derived from a Mr. Ayrey, Chambers' amanuensis, that his parents were Quakers, and that he was bred up for a while in the tenets of that sect*. Mr. Nicholson, however, in the Annals of Kendal, denies it so positively that we would rather rely on his well-known accuracy and caution than upon the other, which is at best but hearsay evidence.

He had two elder brothers, Nathaniel, afterwards an eminent solicitor in Chancery, and Zachary, who was bred a writing-master. Zachary afterwards became steward to Sir Harry Gough's grandfather and father, and lastly, deputy-surveyor of the Crown lands, an office he enjoyed for near half a century. His daughter married (1765) Sir William Wolsley, Bart., by whom she had several children.

* Nichols, vol. v. p. 659.

Ephraim was educated partly at Heversham School, and partly at the free school in Kendal.

"If schoolmasters," says Bishop Watson, "may properly be allowed to participate in the honours of those whom they have educated, *the greatest honour of my father's life will be the education of Ephraim Chambers.* I have seen among my father's papers two school exercises, one in Latin, the other in Greek, signed *Chambers.* These circumstances render it probable that the author of the Dictionary was not, as has been said of him, merely educated to qualify him for trade and commerce."

On leaving school he went to London, and was there apprenticed to Mr. Senex, the globe-maker; and, during his connection with that skilful mechanic, acquired that love of knowledge and energy in its pursuit which so distinguished his after career in life.

Upon leaving Mr. Senex, more, as it is said, a geographer than a globe-maker, he took up his residence in Gray's Inn, where he devoted himself day and night to his books, writing for many of the periodicals of the day, and earning his livelihood entirely by his literary labours. His masterpiece is the *Cyclopædia.* It was the result of many years' labour and steady application. Mr. Bowyer, the celebrated printer, writing of this work, calls it *the pride of booksellers, and the honour of the English nation; a magnificent work.* And the late Mr.

Clarke, in a letter to Bowyer, says, "Your project of improving and correcting Chambers is a very good one; but, alas! who can execute it? You should have as many undertakers as professions; nay, perhaps, as many antiquarians as there are different branches of ancient learning." His Cyclopædia was first published by subscription in 1728, and has since been often republished. The *Lexicon Technicon* of Harris, and this Cyclopædia, led the way to such magnificent works as the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1729. About this time he joined in a translation and abridgment of *The Philosophical History and Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris.* His assistant in this work was Mr. Martyn, Professor of Botany in Cambridge.

The following is a letter addressed by Mr. John Martyn to Mr. Knapton the bookseller*:—

"Chelsea, May 6, 1742.

"Sir,

"When I saw you last, I told you that the declension of the sale of our Abridgment was entirely owing to the papers translated by Mr. Chambers. To prove my assertion, I have sent you the first paper that came in my way, which, I assure you, is very far from being one of the worst; and desire you would give yourself the trouble to look over it. The author writes with great prolixity; and Mr. Chambers is so far from having *abridged* him, that he has paraphrased him; sometimes using two or three words where the author contents himself with one. But, what is worse, the English style (if it may be called

* Lit. Anecd. vol. viii. p. 432.

English) is very low and poor, and full of blunders; I shall only point out to you some of the errors of a few pages, which I wish you would read over carefully, and try if you can even make sense of them:—P. 160, *Remarkables are discoverable;* this sounds very ill to the ear; and I question whether *remarkables* is English. In the French it is *ce qu'il y a de singulier.* I have extended my observations to *see nettles,* instead of *sea nettles,* p. 161. *Folding,* or *two-leaved,* might be expressed by one proper word, *bivalve.* P. 165, *Laverison* instead of the French word *Lavignon.* Mr. Chambers was ignorant of the English names of most of the shell fishes. Thus he translated *œil de bonc* the goat's eye, instead of *limpet,* which is a well-known name; and these Lavignons are called *Purrs* on our coast. I shall trouble you with no more; the paper goes on in the same manner, or rather worse. I will only desire you to turn to p. 182, where you will find my hand again to some French words spelt in a surprising manner. Mr. Chambers never makes use of any stops, which occasions a great deal of trouble both to the printer and me. Most of his papers are so ill done that it would be as little trouble to translate them from the original as to reduce his to common sense and tolerable English."

Chambers was likewise concerned in *The Literary Magazine* (begun in 1735), and wrote many articles therein, particularly the review of Dr. Morgan's book. Mr. Ayrey, who was his amanuensis from 1728 to 1733, said, that in that time he copied near twenty folio volumes, which Chambers used to say comprehended materials for more than thirty volumes in that size; though he at the same time added, they would neither be sold nor read if printed. Dr. Hill, a botanist, at last got possession of them, and, as was well remarked by one to whom we are under great obligations, "made such use of it as to render the work rather a Gar-

dener's Calendar than a Supplement to a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences;" or which, as John Wilson (Black Jack) would have said, "proved Dr. Hill himself to be more of a gardener than a botanist."

The memoir of him in the Literary Anecdotes, so largely quoted from, concludes thus:—"He was represented as a man equally indefatigable, perspicuous, and attentive, yet never acquired much money by his labours; very cheerful, but hasty and impetuous; free in his religious sentiments; kept little company, and had but few acquaintance. He was also very exact in money matters. He made a will shortly before his death, but it was never proved. In it he declared he owed no debt, except to his tailor for a roquelaure. He lived in chambers in Gray's Inn, but died at Canonbury House, Islington. He was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. There is a tablet with the following inscription, written by himself:—

Epitaph.

Multis pervulgatus,
paucis notus;
qui vitam, inter lucem et umbram,
nec eruditus nec idiota,
literis deditus, transegit; sed ut homo
qui humani nihil à se alienum putat.
Vitâ simul, et laboribus functus,
hic requiescere voluit,
Ephraim Chambers, F.R.S.
Obit xv. Mart. MDCCXL.

Peter Collinson*.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LONDON;
FELLOW OF THE SOCIETIES OF ANTIQUARIES, LONDON, BERLIN, AND UPSAL.

1693-4—1768.

. . . . . "Let us read
The living page, whose ev'ry character
Delights, and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed."

HURDIS.

PETER COLLINSON, the eminent Naturalist and Antiquary, the friend of Linnæus and of Hans Sloane, was a Westmorland man. Natural History has, within the last one hundred and fifty years, found in the barony of Kendal some of her most

* Nicholls' Lit. Anec. vol. v. p. 309. "Some Account of the late Peter Collinson, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries in London, Berlin, and Upsal, in a Letter to a Friend, 1770." By Dr. Fothergill. See also Gent. Mag. vol. xxxiv. pp. 203. 266.

devoted, most successful, and most illustrious disciples. Peter Collinson, John Wilson, William Hudson, Thomas Shaw, John Gough, and Thomas Holme, are names that prove, if they prove no more, that Westmorland has contributed more than her fair proportion to the advancement of Natural History. There is not in the wide world, as we have had occasion to remark elsewhere, a more pleasant soil for a true lover of Nature, than the neighbourhood of Kendal; a place pre-eminently favoured by the Sovereign Planter, when He framed all things to man's delightful use*. Here grow

"Flowers worthy of paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pours forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smites
The open fields, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrowns the noontide bowers. * * *
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste.
* * * * * * * *
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess. * * *
* * * There murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,

* See Annals of Kendal, p. 221, containing a list of rare plants, with names of places, &c. See also the *Complete Guide to the Lakes*, published by Mr. Hudson, Kendal (3rd edit. 1846), containing botanical notices, and Professor Sedgwick's geological papers on the Lake District.

Breathing the smell of field and grove,
The trembling leaves. While universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Leads on th' eternal spring." *

And we may venture (holding in our hands the lives of those we have mentioned) to say, that not a stone has been left unturned, not a floweret has blushed unseen; that Man in this district has, in this respect at least, known and knows to value right the good before him. Kendal, we repeat, may boast of being the birth-place of a greater number of eminent natural philosophers than any other given place in the universe! And in saying so, remember always, that we speak of the illustrious dead and not of the illustrious living.

Peter Collinson was of an ancient family of that name, at Hugal Hall, or Height of Hugal, near Windermere Lake, in the township of Stavely; and was born there on the 14th of January, 1693-4.

Where he was educated does not appear. The first trace we have of him is in London, still a youth, making a collection of dried specimens of plants, visiting the best gardens in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and in the society of the most eminent naturalists of the day—Derham, Woodward, Dale, Lloyd, and Sir Hans Sloane, Bart., with the last of whom more especially, their inclinations and pursuits being the same, he lived on the most familiar terms.

He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on

* Milton, Par. Lost, book iv.

the 12th of December, 1728, and was one of its most diligent and useful members. He not only supplied it with many curious observations himself, but promoted and preserved a most extensive correspondence with learned and ingenious foreigners in all countries, and on every useful subject. In 1730, a subscription library being set on foot at Philadelphia, he encouraged the design by making several very valuable presents to it, and procuring others from his friends; and he voluntarily and gratuitously, for more than thirty years, assisted in the choice of books for it. In 1745, he sent over an account of the new German experiments in electricity, together with a glass tube and some directions for using it, so as to repeat those experiments. And it was to Collinson that Dr. Franklin of Philadelphia, in a series of letters, communicated his first Essays on Electricity, which were there printed, and are to be found in the later editions of Dr. Franklin's writings. For the account of the management of sheep in Spain in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxxiv. p. 203, 266, we are also indebted to his extensive and invaluable correspondence. He was also well known in his day for his taste in planting and horticulture; and for his knowledge and entertaining conversation on such subjects was courted by Lord Petre, the Duke of Richmond, and by others of the first rank in life and letters*. "He was," continues Nicholls,

* Nicholls' Lit. Anec. vol. v.

" the first who introduced the great variety of seeds and shrubs which are now the principal ornament of every garden; and it was owing to his indefatigable industry, that so many persons of the first distinction are now enabled to behold groves transplanted from the Western Continent flourishing so luxuriantly in their several domains, as if they were already become indigenous to Briton. He had some correspondents in almost every nation in Europe; some in Asia, and even at Pekin; all of whom transmitted to him the most valuable seeds they could collect, in return for the treasures of America. The great Linnæus, during his residence in England, as we said before, contracted an intimate friendship with him; a friendship reciprocally increased by a multitude of good offices, and continued to the last. His nephew, Thomas Collinson, in a letter to Dr. Ducarel, assures us that " he left behind him many materials for the improvement of Natural History;" if by materials is meant writings, we must own that we cannot find them. Besides his attachment to Natural History, he was very conversant in the antiquities of our own country. He was elected a member of the Society of Antiquaries, April 7, 1737; and he supplied them often with many curious articles of intelligence and observations, respecting both our own and other countries.

He married Mary, daughter of Michael Russell, Esq., of Millhill, and left Michael Collinson, his only

son, and Mary, who afterwards married John Cator, Esq., Beckenham, Kent, M.P. for Collington. Michael Collinson of the Chantry, Suffolk, and of Hendon, Middlesex, died August 11, 1795. There is a monument erected to his memory by his son, C. S. Collinson, in Sproughton Church, near Ipswich. He was a man greatly distinguished for his knowledge of Natural History. The claims of Michael and Thomas Collinson to public favour as naturalists should not be overlooked. He had now arrived at his 75th year, when, being on a visit to Lord Petre, for whom he had a singular regard, he was suddenly dangerously seized. He hastened to town; Drs. Reeves and Russell, Surgeons Cowell and Adair, attended him, but their attempts to relieve him were in vain, and on the 11th of August, 1768, he died. It is a singular coincidence that father and son should die on the same day of the month, namely, the 11th of August.

There is an excellent engraving of him, by Miller, prefixed to Dr. Fothergill's letter. On his deathbed he said, "Few men have enjoyed life more, been more exempt from pain and disease, and now it comes so late in life, I am thankful to Providence he has preserved me so long. I cheerfully resign, and am not afraid to die."

We are unable to find the place of his interment.

John Wilson.

1702—1751.

. . . . . "Labor omnia vincit
Improbus." VIRGIL.

THE mind that is worth educating will educate itself, is a remark peculiarly applicable to this distinguished naturalist.

He was born in Highgate, Kendal, in the year 1702. It may safely be asserted that the blood of all the Howards did not run in his veins; for, in truth, he was a man of humble origin.

He was firstly a journeyman shoemaker, and afterwards a baker; "a calling he left for the idle trade" of botany. His wife, it is said, attended to the flour department at home, while her husband (*Black Jack*) attended to the flowers abroad—the flowers of the field and forest, which he seems to have converted into a lucrative as well as delightful employment.

He was a man quite self-taught. It has been suggested that he had some assistance in his bo-

tanical studies from Pettiver and Ray*; but the reason assigned is equally consistent with this, that his acquired fame had attracted their notice, and that when he wrote the article *Gentiana*, in which Fitz-Robert's name appears, and which is so much relied upon for evidence, they had become acquainted. The other hypothesis rather supposes them to be equals in station of life, or neighbours, which was not the case.

In 1744 he published in Newcastle his *Synopsis of British Plants*. It is an arrangement of the indigenous plants of Great Britain, in Ray's method†. Ray's method was proposed to the world in 1682. It was after the manner of Morrison's *Historia Plantarum*, and divided originally into twenty-five classes. But this Ray from time to time altered, and the system which now bears his name consists of thirty-five classes. He arranged the plants according to their duration, the absence or presence of the flower, the number of petals, the adherence or non-adherence of the calyx to the germen, the modes of inflorescence, disposition of the leaves, &c. The system was afterwards much improved by Tournefort, yet the foundation of it was laid by Ray. "His principal division into herbs and trees is extremely faulty, and separates plants otherwise very closely allied. His method, however, being a great approximation

* Nicholson's Annals of Kendal.

† In 8vo; Ray was born in 1628.

to a *natural* one, deserves much praise; and we believe it was the opinion of the late Sir J. E. Smith, who was well qualified to judge, that Ray, as a botanist, was eclipsed by few but Linnæus."* The *sexual system* of Linnæus, founded on the number and situation of the stamens and pistils, is, we need hardly observe, the one now generally received and acted upon. Wilson's *Synopsis of British Plants* is, as we have said before, on Ray's method; he did not, however, live to complete his plan. It was for the time he wrote a work of considerable ability; for Linnæus had not given to the science that body and shape it afterwards had impressed upon it by the hand of the gifted Swede.

Wilson also lectured at different places on Natural History.

In the biographical sketches of the *Annals of Kendal* there are two very clever anecdotes told of him, which we give in full, for the benefit of all whom it may concern†. "Being once in the county of Durham he was introduced to a person who piqued himself highly on his cultivation of rare plants, and would show Wilson through his garden, animadverting in a high tone on the list of rarities before them, and referring to authors where they were described. Wilson, in his turn, plucked

* Encyclopædia Brit., Botany, p. 71; Encyclopædia Metr. There is a slight anachronism in p. 79, n.

† Nicholson's Annals of Kendal, p. 244.

a wild herb, growing in a neglected spot, and presented it to his host, who endeavoured to get clear of the difficulty of classing it by pronouncing it a *weed;* but Wilson immediately replied, 'a weed is a term of art, not a production of nature;' adding, 'your explanation proves you to be a gardener, not a botanist.' He was peculiarly remarkable for his eccentricities, which, in a literal sense, attended him to the grave; for his last short walk was to the churchyard, where, addressing the sexton, and pointing to an unseemly puddle, he made this whimsical request: 'If I have done but little good during life, I desire to be of use after death; let my body fill up this hole.' The petition was strictly observed, and the remains of the celebrated botanist were deposited in the puddle."

He died in Highgate, Kendal, in July, 1751, and was buried on the 15th of the same month, in Kendal Church, in the place he himself had thus pointed out. It would seem (as no stone can be found) that he had, in addition to his other eccentric requests, desired that the spot he had chosen for his resting-place should be unknown to posterity.

William Gibson*.

1720—1791.

"The mind that is worth educating will educate itself."

"WILLIAM GIBSON was born in the year 1720, at Bolton, a few miles west of Appleby. At the death of his father, being left young without parents, guardians, or any immediate support, he went to live with a farmer in the neighbourhood, where he remained several years. Having obtained some knowledge of farming, he removed to the distance of about thirty miles, to be the bailiff or superintendent of a farm near Kendal. After being there some time, he was informed that his father had been possessed of a tolerable estate in landed property, and that he was of the same family with Dr. Edmund Gibson, then Bishop of London. He

* Gent. Mag. 1791, p. 1062, whence this memoir is taken, except a few verbal alterations.

spent the little money he had acquired by his industry to come at the truth of the matter, when he found, to his sorrow, that the estate was mortgaged to its full value and upwards. He therefore continued his occupation, and soon afterwards rented and managed a little farm of his own, at a place called Hollins, in Cartmell Fell, not far from Cartmell, where he applied himself vigorously to study. As he had not been taught either to read or write, he turned his thoughts to these objects. He purchased a treatise on arithmetic; and, though he could not write, he soon went through common arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, the extraction of the square and cube roots, &c., by his memory alone, and became so expert therein, that he could tell, without setting down a figure, the product of any two numbers multiplied together, although the multiplier and the multiplicand each of them consisted of nine places of figures; and it was equally astonishing how he could answer in the same manner questions in division, in decimal fractions, or in the extraction of the square or cube roots, where such a multiplicity of figures is often required in the operation. Yet at this time he did not know that any merit was due to himself, conceiving other people's capacity like his own; but being a sociable companion, and when in company taking a particular pride in puzzling his companions with proposing different questions to them, they gave him others in return, which from the cer-

tainty and expeditious manner he had in answering them, made him first noticed as an arithmetician, and a man of most wonderful memory. Finding himself still labouring under farther difficulties for want of a knowledge of writing, he taught himself to write a tolerable hand. As he did not know the meaning of the word *mathematics*, he had no idea of anything beyond what he had yet learned. A question was once proposed to him concerning Euclid; but as he did not understand the meaning of the word he was silent, but afterwards found it meant a *book* containing the elements of geometry. He purchased it, and applied himself diligently to the study of it, and against the next meeting, in this new science he was prepared with an answer. He now found himself launching out into a field of which before he had no conception. He continued his geometrical studies; and as the demonstration of the different propositions in Euclid depend entirely upon a recollection of some of those preceding, his memory was of the utmost service to him; and as it did not require much knowledge in classical education, but principally the management of straight lines, it was a study just to his mind; for while he was attending the business of his farm, and humming over some tune or other, with a sort of whistle, his attention was certain to be solely engaged upon some of his geometrical propositions, and with the assistance of a piece of chalk, upon

the cap of his breeches-knee, or any other convenient spot, would clear up the most difficult parts of the science in a most masterly manner. His mind being now open a little to the works of Nature, he paid particular attention to the theory of the earth, the moon, and the rest of the planets belonging to this system, of which the sun is the centre; and considering the distance and magnitude of the different bodies belonging to it, and the distance of the fixed stars, he soon conceived each to be the centre of a different system. He well considered the laws of gravity, and that of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, and the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tides; also the projection of the sphere, stereographic, orthographic, and gnomonical; also trigonometry and astronomy. He paid particular attention to, and was never better pleased than when he found his calculations agree with observation; and being well acquainted with the projection of the sphere, he was fond of describing all astronomical questions geometrically, and of projecting the eclipses of the sun and moon that way. By this time he was possessed of a small library. He next turned his thoughts to algebra, and took up Emerson's treatise on that subject; and, though the most difficult, he went through it with great success, and the management of surd quantities, and the clearing equations of high powers, were amusement to him while at

work in the fields, as he generally could perform them by his memory; and if he met with anything very intricate, he had recourse to a piece of chalk, as in his geometrical propositions. The arithmetic of infinites, and the differential method, he made himself master of, and found out that algebra and geometry were the very soul of the mathematics. He therefore paid particular attention to them, and used to apply the former to almost every branch of the different sciences. The art of navigation, the principles of mechanics, the doctrine of motion, of falling bodies, and the elements of optics, he grounded himself in; and as a preliminary to fluxions, which had only been lately discovered by Sir Isaac Newton as the boundary of the mathematics, he went through conic sections, &c., to make a trial of this last and finishing branch. Though he experienced some difficulty at his first entrance, yet he did not rest till he made himself master of both a fluxion and a flowing quantity. As he had paid a similar attention to all the intermediate parts, he was become so conversant in every branch of the mathematics, that no question was ever proposed to him which he did not answer, nor any rational question in the mathematics that he ever thought of which he did not comprehend. He used to answer all the questions in the Gentleman and Lady's Diaries, the Palladium, and other annual publications, for several years, but his answers were seldom

inserted except by or in the name of some other person; for he had no ambition in making his abilities known, farther than satisfying himself that nothing passed him which he did not understand. He frequently has had questions from his pupils, and other gentlemen in London, the Universities, and different parts of the country, as well as from the University of Göttingen in Germany, sent him to solve, which he never failed to answer; and from the minute inquiry he made into natural philosophy, there was scarcely a phenomenon in nature that ever came to his knowledge or observation but he could in some way or other reasonably account for it. He went by the name of Willy o't Hollins for many years after he left the place. He removed to Tarngreen, where he lived about fifteen years; and from thence into the neighbourhood of Cartmell; and was best known by the name of Willy Gibson, still continuing his occupation as before. For the last forty years of his life he kept a school of about eight or ten gentlemen, who boarded and lodged at his own farm-house; and having a happy turn of explaining his ideas, he has turned out a great many very able mathematicians; and a great many more gentlemen he has instructed in accompts for the counting-house, as well as for the sea, and for land-surveying, which profession he followed himself for these last forty years and upwards. In the course of his life he had very

great practice that way, and having acquired a little knowledge of drawing, could finish plans in a very pretty manner. He has been several times appointed by Acts of Parliament a Commissioner for the inclosing of commons, and was a very proper person for that purpose; for, as well as his practice in land-surveying, he had equal experience and judgment in the quality of land, as well as the quantity; also in levelling or conveying of water from one place to another, for he was well acquainted with the curvature of the earth's surface. He used to study incessantly during the greatest part of the night; and in the day-time, when in the fields, his pupils frequently went to him to have their different difficulties removed. He was fond of society, and his company was courted by all who knew him. He left a disconsolate widow to mourn for the loss of an indulgent and affectionate husband. They had been married, and lived together in the purest harmony and friendship, for nearly fifty years; and in all probability, if it had not been for a fall from his horse, they might have lived together many years longer, as before that he had never been out of health an hour in all his life. He left ten children living to lament the loss of a tender and indulgent parent. He was well known and respected by a numerous acquaintance, by several eminent gentlemen in the city of London, and in other parts of the kingdom, and particularly so for a consider-

able distance round his place of residence. He had but four days' illness; and though he was in the greatest agony from the bruise he had got by the fall, he bore it with the greatest patience, and died in the greatest composure, aged 71 years."

There is no monument to his memory.

William Hudson*.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY;
FELLOW OF THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY; AND
BOTANICAL DEMONSTRATOR TO THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY.

1734—1793.

"Two great sexes animate the world."
LINNÆUS.

THE *Flora Anglica* is a work well known to lovers of botany; yet, who was Hudson? is a question few could answer. We must inform them.

This eminent naturalist was born at Kendal, in 1734, at the White Lion Inn, kept by his father; and was educated at the grammar school of his native place.

In early youth he was apprenticed to a Mr. Hole, an apothecary in Panton Street, Haymarket, London. While an apprentice he carried off the

* See Gent. Mag. vol. lxiii.; Rees' Cyclopædia; Pulteney's Sketches of Botany.

botanical prize at Apothecary's Hall; the prize was a copy of Ray's *Synopsis*. From this fact we may safely infer his early attachment to the pursuits of natural history. "His acquaintance with the amiable and learned Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet greatly advanced his taste and information in natural history. This gentleman directed his attention to the writings of Linnæus, and gave his mind that correct and scientific turn which caused him to take the lead as a classical English botanist, and induced him to become the author of the *Flora Anglica*."*

The plan of this book was, taking Ray's *Synopsis* as a groundwork, to dispose his plants in order according to the Linnæan system and nomenclature, with such additions of new species, or of new places of growth, as the author or his friends were able to furnish. The particular places of growth of the rarer species were given in Ray's manner in English, though the rest of the book was in Latin. The elegant preface was written by Mr. Stillingfleet, and probably the concise, but not less elegant, dedication to the late Duke of Northumberland—*Artium tam utilium, tam elegantiarum judici et patrono*. The work materially hastened the introduction of the Linnæan system into this country. It also gave its author a considerable rank as a botanist, not only in his own country, but on the Continent, and derived no small

* 1762, in 1 vol. 8vo; 1778, in 2 vols. 8vo.

advantage from a comparison with Dr. Hill's attempt of the same kind. He had, indeed, previously in the course of his medical practice formed some valuable connections, which were cemented by botanical taste; and his correspondence with Linnæus, Haller, and others, as well as amongst his countrymen, was frequent, and very useful to him in the course of his studies, which were extended not only to botany, in all its cryptogamic minutiæ, but with great ardour also to insects, shells, and other branches of British zoology.

He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society November 5, and admitted November 12, 1761.

He took the lead very much in the affairs of the Apothecary's Company, and was their Botanical Demonstrator in the Chelsea Garden for many years.

Hudson, having never married, continued to reside in Panton Street, with the last surviving daughter of his friend and master, an amiable and valuable woman, married to Mr. Hole. His *Flora* being grown very scarce, he published, in 1778, a new edition, in two volumes, with many additions and various alterations, which on the whole was worthy of the advanced state of the science.

His tranquillity received a dreadful shock in the winter of 1783, when his house, and the greater part of his literary treasures, were destroyed by a sudden fire, caused, as it was believed, by the villany of a confidential servant, who knew of a consider-

able sum in money which his master had received a day or two before. The insurance had been neglected, and the loss was severely felt for a while. From a resolution to save the property from the mob, Hudson and the servants had a narrow escape from the flames. This accident of the fire entirely defeated a project Hudson had for many years kept in view, of publishing a *Fauna Britannica*, on the plan of his *Flora*, for which he had long been collecting materials. His taste for his favourite pursuit remained to the last unimpaired and unembittered by these disappointments.

He became a Fellow of the Linnæan Society early in 1791, liberally contributing to its infant funds, and attending the meetings as often as his now declining health would allow.

He bore the whole like a philosopher and a Christian; giving up his practice, and retiring with Mr. and Mrs. Hole to a more economical residence in Jermyn Street.

He died in Jermyn Street, on May 23, 1793, and was buried in St. James's Church.

There is no monument there now.

Adam Walker*.

1731—1821.

"Nitor in adversum."

Adam Walker was born at Troutbeck, near Windermere. His father had a small woollen manufactory there or in the neighbourhood. Adam was born in 1731. Though taken from school and placed at his father's business before he could well read, his turn for mechanics developed itself very early, in spite of the obstacles thrown in his way. He employed his leisure hours in the construction of models of corn-mills, paper-mills, fulling-mills, &c., which he erected in miniature on a little brook near his father's dwelling; and having borrowed a few books, built himself a hut in a neighbouring thicket, that he might enjoy their perusal undis-

* Biog. Dict. vol. xix. p. 1143. See Hogarth's Life, by Ireland, and Life of *Ald Hoggart*.

turbed. An offer of a situation as usher in the school at Ledsham, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, drew him from his retreat at the age of fifteen; in which capacity he so far improved his opportunities, as to qualify himself for the mathematical mastership in the free school at Macclesfield, which he obtained three years afterwards.

In this town he engaged in business, but trade appears not to have suited him, and becoming bankrupt, he is said to have entertained at one time a romantic intention of passing the remainder of his life as an anchorite, in one of the small islands of his native Windermere. Fortunately, the ridicule of his friends induced him to give up this absurd project, and the reception which a public lecture on astronomy delivered by him met with at Manchester decided his future prospects. Relinquishing an extensive seminary which he had established in that place, he visited most of the principal cities and towns in the kingdom, as a lecturer on astronomy, and with such encouragement, that at length, in 1778, he undertook, at the instance of Dr. Priestley, to open the Haymarket Theatre in that capacity. His success was decided; and now, fixing his abode in the metropolis, he continued to read a course of lectures every winter, in a house which he had taken for that purpose, in George Street, Hanover Square; attending at intervals Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and other great foundation schools.

His death took place on the 11th of February, 1821

His writings consist of an *Analysis of his Lectures;* a treatise on the *Cause and Cure of Smoky Chimneys; Philosophical Estimate of the Causes, Effects, and Cure of Unwholesome Air in Cities; Ideas suggested in an Excursion through Flanders, Germany, Italy, and France; Remarks made in a Tour to the Lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland,* in the summer of 1791, to which is annexed a *Sketch of the Police, Religion, Arts, and Agriculture of France,* made in an Excursion to Paris in 1785; a *System of Familiar Philosophy,* in Lectures; a *Treatise on Geography and the Use of the Globes,* 12mo; and various papers in the Magazines, Philosophical Transactions, Young's Annals of Agriculture, &c. His mechanical skill is attested by several ingenious inventions, and especially by his *Eidouranion,* or transparent Orrery, and the revolving lights on the rocks of Scilly.

In the Monthly Magazine we find this:— "William Walker, the son of Adam Walker, born at Kendal, in Westmorland, in 1766. At the age of sixteen he exhibited in public as a lecturer on Natural Philosophy, and explained the Eidouranion, or Planitarium, invented by his father." He drew up an 'Epitome of Astronomy, with the latest discoveries,' 1798. He died at Hayes, in Middlesex,

in 1816. Mr. George Browne, of Troutbeck, is said to be the sole representative.

Of Adam Walker's boyish days we have already narrated a pleasant incident or two in the Life of Ald Hoggart.

We do not know where he died, nor where he lies.

John Gough.

1757—1825.

"Has he a defect? * * * Man is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl."—Emerson.

John Milton, when he composed the third book of his Divine Poem of *Paradise Lost*, was blind; therefore it was that in notes of seraphic tone he thus began:—

"Hail, holy light, offspring of heav'n first born,
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night.
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muse's haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides;
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note: thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented, with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,

Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

How befitting would this devout prayer have been on the lips of the blind philosopher, John Gough! for in very infancy *a dim suffusion* had veiled his orbs; and with the year seasons returned—but not to him; clouds and ever-during darkness—instead of even and of morn; yet

"So much the rather did celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate."

How wonderful is the law of compensation which pervades and animates the universe! But we write not here of that law of compensation which bisects nature and pervades the universe, but in a narrower sense, as it underlies the nature and condition of man*; how, because of one defect he retires within himself, and there, finding materials of self-help, like the wounded oyster, mends his shell with pearl. The subject of the present memoir is a perfect illustration of it in Man.

He was born at Kendal, in 1757. On his father's side he was a lineal descendant of William Goff, a General in the Parliamentary army, and a member of the High Court of Justice which passed sentence of death on King Charles the First. William Goff

* See Emerson's Essay on *Compensation*; and Wilson's Lives of the Blind.

was also, it is said, the son-in-law of Colonel Whaley. On his mother's side, John Gough was of an ancient and respectable family of Wilson, living on their own estate on the west bank of Windermere*.

When between two and three years of age he lost his eyesight from an attack of the small-pox. He was never stone-blind; the extent of his affliction seems well expressed by Milton's words, *a dim suffusion veiled his orbs.* He could, for instance, distinguish day from night; but colours, and the image of any outward object, were beyond his ken. He used to say, "the only thing I remember ever seeing was a soldier;" a saying which, while it records the degree of vision left him, records also the amazing retentiveness of his prodigious memory.

The minutest incidents in the education and studies of such a man; the progress of a mind like his, under such physical disadvantages, are at all times highly interesting and instructive. Now, although such important facts are beyond our reach, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not lost to the world. Let us implore his excellent and able son to hasten his avowed resolve of giving the philosopher's own biography to the public, with a continuation by himself down to the last moments of his illustrious father. We know no man more competent for the task†. Whatever

* See Nicholson's Annals of Kendal.

† Thomas Gough, of Kendal, Surgeon.

relates to such a man as John Gough, is it not, in some measure, *public* property? A word to the wise is sufficient. In the meanwhile we must be permitted, in conformity with the plan of the present work, to give a summary, however imperfect, of the leading features of the character and fortunes of his father.

About the usual time boys go to school he was sent to one in Kendal, supported by the Society of Friends. Mr. Bewly was then master of it; a gentleman not only well stored with classical knowledge, but devotedly fond of natural history. With like tastes and like sympathies in the master and pupil, instruction readily finds its way through its proper avenues to the understanding, and there takes root. The master's bent to natural history stimulated that of his pupil, and gave it a like direction. Botany, henceforth, was one of his fondest and most cherished pursuits. It will be asked how one so blind as he was could distinguish one plant from another? That great law of compensation already alluded to in a wonderful manner developed itself in him. He could, without any exaggeration or metaphor of speech, *see* with his fingers,—with his whole body. We need not here discuss the means whereby we all become acquainted with external things; indeed, if we wished it, we could only say what science is still limited to—that it is through the medium of our senses. Galvani's

doctrine and Newton's theory of the ethereal fluid are too familiar to our readers to remark upon. Suffice it to say, that external objects generally act upon the living principle through the organ best adapted for the purpose, as light through the eye, sound through the ear, and the like; but they do not *necessarily* act so. Experience shows that they pierce through all the senses of the body at one and the same time; destroy, therefore, or impair the working power of the eye, the means of perception are not destroyed: the sufferer may (by force of habit, or, speaking more correctly perhaps, by eccentric development) *see* with his hand, as accurately as with his eye; especially by the tips of his fingers, where perhaps a greater amount of nervous vision is distributed and fixed than in any other given part of the human frame*. It was by this sense of touch that he could and did distinguish the minutest shades and differences in the genus and species of the vegetable kingdom†. In this way, also, was he able to tell with the utmost certainty whether he was approaching a vacant or an occupied space. There is a very prevalent opinion that he could distinguish by the sense of touch the colours of plants and other

* See Garnett's *Zoonomia* (tit. Vision).

† An extraordinary instance of this will be found recorded in the following passage from the "Excursion" of his friend Wordsworth.

objects, but this is not exactly true. His father was a dyer, and he was in the habit of going daily to the dyehouse, and handling the wools. Now he certainly could tell the different colours of the dyed wools; but this was from the feel of the wools, that is, from the degree of hardness or softness imparted to the wools by the dye material. He could not at all tell the colour of a flower. In having the description of a plant read to him, what related to the colour was generally, at his request, passed over, at least as far as his own information was concerned; occasionally the passage was read to him, and the reader was desired to give the resemblance or similarity between the colours of the plant described and the one in hand. From his essays on sound we are led to the belief that his sense of hearing was well-nigh as extraordinary as that of his touch. Had any man ever so fine an ear*? Indeed, on all these points, so numerous and so surprising are the anecdotes, that he seems to have equalled Blind Jack of Knaresborough: John Metcalf, though stone-blind, was huntsman to a neighbouring squire; he also fought in the ranks at the battle of Culloden. Of course we mean a physical equality; for, metaphysically viewed, the man of Knaresborough in comparison

* "Protected, say enlightened, by his ear,
And on the very brink of vacancy
Not more endanger'd than a man whose eye
Beholds the gulph beneath."

is a mere cypher. The following passage from the "Excursion" of his friend Wordsworth, while it presents to the reader a happy illustration of the descriptive powers of our lamented poet, gives to us a still happier portrait of his friend John Gough:—

"Soul-cheering light! most bountiful of things!
Guide your way, mysterious comforter!
Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and heaven,
We all too thanklessly participate;
Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.
Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained;
Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
A safer, easier, more determined course?
What terror doth it strike into the mind
To think of one, who cannot see, advancing
Towards some precipice's airy brink!
But, timely warned, *he* would have stayed his steps;
Protected, say enlightened, by his ear,
And on the very brink of vacancy
Not more endangered than a man whose eye
Beholds the gulph beneath. *No floweret blooms*
Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,
Or in the woods, that could from him conceal
Its birth-place; none whose figure did not live
Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth
Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind;
The ocean paid him tribute from the stores
Lodged in her bosom; and, by science led,
His genius mounted to the plains of heaven.
Methinks I see him—how his eye-balls rolled,
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired;
But each instinct with spirit; and the frame
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,
Fancy, and understanding; while the voice

Discoursed of natural and moral truth
With eloquence, and such authentic power
That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood
Abashed, and tender pity overawed!" *

There is a story afloat connected with this which we must correct. The story is that Wordsworth and Coleridge went one day with a plant called the *silene acaulis* (moss campion), plucked in Grisedale Tarn, with the avowed resolve to puzzle their old friend; that the plant was put into his hand; that he examined it, and immediately said, *I have never examined this plant before but it is silene acaulis.* It is also added that this incident gave rise to the poetic effusion above cited. The true version of it is this:—Wordsworth plucked the plant, and sent it to him, and then it was that Gough used the words. Again, a moment's reflection will be enough to show that this incident could not be the cause of the passage in the "Excursion." Wordsworth first published this in 1814; the plant was not sent to him until 1817, nearly three years after it was written. Hence it is clear that it could not be so. But that the whole passage is descriptive of his friend Gough stands upon the recorded testimony of Wordsworth himself. He had never, as he says, examined the *silene acaulis* before; yet the floweret's figure had lived upon his touch, and its native bed was well

* Wordsworth's "Excursion," pp. 6, 7.

known to him. Wordsworth, in his elegiac verses over his brother, John Wordsworth, had beautifully described the *silene acaulis*.

> "And let me calmly bless the power
> That meets me in this unknown flower,
> Affecting type of him I mourn.
> * * * * * * * *
> * * * * * * * *
> He would have loved thy modest place,
> Meek flower! To him I should have said,
> It grows upon its native bed,
> Beside our parting place;
> There cleaving to the ground it lies
> With multitude of purple eyes
> Spangling, a cushion green-like moss."

There is every reason to believe that the whole passage, especially those parts of it descriptive of the plant, an *unknown flower* and *multitude of purple eyes*, arrested Gough's attention and excited his curiosity. Hence the supposed reason why he had so vivid and so quick a recollection of it. Wordsworth published this in 1805, and Gough examined the plant in 1817, so that nearly twelve years had elapsed since he had heard the description of it read, and from its description alone it lived upon his touch.

We must now, however, turn to another subject. While yet a youth the works of the immortal Boyle by some means or other got into his hands, and enlarged his mind to the loftiest heights of experi-

mental philosophy. His essays communicated to the Manchester Philosophical Society, and those published in Nicholson's Journal, demonstrate at once the extent and variety of his knowledge.

List of Mr. Gough's contributions to Nicholson's Journal :—

1. On the supposed Revival of Insects after long immersion in Wine or other Intoxicating Liquors.
2. A Statical Inquiry into the Source of Nutrition in succulent Vegetables.
3. Instances of Suspended Animation in Vegetables.
4. On the exhibition of a series of Primes, and the resolution of a compound number into all its Factors.
5. Facts and Observations to explain the curious phenomenon of Ventriloquism.
6. Reply to Dr. Young's Letter on the Theory of Compound Sounds.
7. On the Nature of Grave Harmonics.
8. On the Nature of Musical Sounds, in reply to Dr. Young.
9. The Theory of Compound Sounds.
10. Experiments and Observations in support of that Theory of Ventriloquism which is founded on the Reflection of Sound.
11. Scoteography; or, the Art of Writing in the Dark.
12. On the Solution of Water in the Atmosphere; and on the Nature of Atmospherical Air.
13. Narrative of some less common Effects of Lightning, by the Rev. Jonathan Wilson; with Remarks, by Mr. Gough.
14. Strictures on Mr. Dalton's Doctrine of Mixed Gases; and an Answer to Mr. Henry's Defence of the same.
15. Atmospherical Air not a mechanical mixture of the Oxygen and other Gases, demonstrated from the specific gravities of these fluids.
16. Experiments proving the Necessity of Atmospherical Oxygen in the process of Vegetation.

17. Further Observations on the Constitution of Mixed Gases.
18. Experiments and Remarks on the Augmentation of Sounds.
19. Mathematical Theory of the Speaking Trumpet.
20. Theorems respecting the Properties of the Sides of Triangles, intersected by Right Lines drawn from the Three Angles, so as to meet in one Point.
21. Investigation of the Properties of the Lines drawn in a Circle, by Mr. Boswell.
22. On the Division of an Arch of a Circle into two such parts that their sines, or co-sines, or versed sines shall have a given relation.
23. On the Cause of Fairy Rings.
24. Experiments on the Magnetism of Slender Iron Wire.
25. Experiments on the Temperature of Water surrounded by freezing mixtures.
26. Observations and Experiments to show that the Effects ascribed by Mr. Dispan to the perpendicular descent of Hoar-Frost are not so general as to support his theory.
27. Remarks on Torpidity in Animals.
28. Description of a correct Chamber Barometer.
29. An Essay on Polygonal Numbers, containing the demonstration of a proposition respecting whole Numbers in general.
30. A Mathematical Problem, with the investigation.
31. Answer to Mr. Barlow's Remarks on the Essay on Polygonal Numbers.
32. An Abstract of a Meteorological Journal for the Years 1807 and 1808, kept at Middleshaw, near Kendal.
33. Experiments on the Expansion of Moist Air raised to the Boiling Temperature.
34. An Inquiry, Geometrical and Arithmetical, into certain properties of Solids in general, and of the five regular bodies in particular.
35. On the Place of a Sound produced by a Musical String.
36. Remarks on the Perforations made in Paper by Electrical Batteries.

List of Essays contributed by Mr. Gough to the Memoirs of the Manchester Philosophical Society:—

1. Reasons for supposing that Lakes have been more numerous than they are at present, with an attempt to assign the causes whereby they have been defaced.
2. The Laws of Motion of a Cylinder compelled by the repeated strokes of a falling Block to penetrate an obstacle, the resistance of which is an invariable force.
3 & 4. Experiments and Observations on the Vegetation of Seeds.
5. On the Variety of Voices.
6. An Investigation of the Method whereby Men judge by the Ear of the position of Sonorous Bodies relative to their own persons.
7. The Theory of Compound Sounds.
8. A Description of a property of Caoutchouc, or Indian-Rubber; with some reflections on the cause of the Elasticity of this substance.
9. An Essay on the Theory of Mixed Gases, and the state of Water in the Atmosphere.
10. A Reply to Mr. Dalton's Objections to a late Theory of Mixed Gases.
11. Theorems and Problems intended to elucidate the mechanical principle called *Vis Viva*.
12. Observations on the Ebbing and Flowing Well at Giglewick, in the West Riding of Yorkshire; with a Theory of Reciprocating Fountains.
13. Remarks on the Summer Birds of Passage, and on Migration in general.
14. The Laws of Statical Equilibrium analytically investigated.

He was generally reputed to be one of the first mathematicians of his age. The rudiments of them were acquired at Mungrisdale, in Cumberland, under John Slee, afterwards of Tyril, near Ullswater. As a mathematical teacher himself he was eminently successful. Whewell and King (senior

wranglers) were two of his many successful pupils; Dr. Dalton, the President of the Manchester Philosophical Society, was some years his pupil in the mathematics and experimental philosophy.

In 1800 he married the sister of our friend Mr Daniel Harrison, of Kendal. By her he had a large family; besides those mentioned on his tombstone, there are still living, Thomas, John, Nathan, and (Anne) Mrs. Atkinson. His widow still lives at Fowl-Ing, near Kendal, where he lived and died.

In every relation of life he won the respect of all who knew him. He could number among his friends some of the greatest men in the world of science.

He died at Fowl-Ing, in 1825; and lies buried in Kendal Churchyard, where we find a plain flat stone over him with this

Inscription.

In memory of
John Gough,
Who died July 28th, 1825,
Aged 68 years.

Harrison Gough,
Died June 8th, 1814, aged 5 years.

Dorothy Gough,
Died Octr. 24th, 1821, aged 5 years.

Elizabeth Gough,
Died March 6th, 1836, aged 22 years.

Susannah Gough,
Died March 29th, 1847, aged 45 years.

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